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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

HOW THE NEW PEACE-LEAGUE PLAN IS RECEIVED

THE OUT-AND-OUT OPPONENTS of the League of Nations covenant apparently have not been won over by the amendments adopted in Paris to meet their objections, altho as a result of these changes the Monroe Doctrine is specifically recognized, matters solely within a state's domestic jurisdiction are declared outside of the League's concern, and a nation is free to withdraw from the League on giving two years' notice. Thus the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), which has suggested that an alliance with the Entente nations would afford better insurance against war than a League of Nations, finds the "denatured covenant" powerless for either good or evil; while the New York *Evening Sun* (Ind.) goes further and declares that "it is both an all-'round invasion of sovereignty and, at the same time, impotent for the enforcement of peace." And Senator Borah, just returned from a speaking tour against the League of Nations, says that the amendments will cause no let-up in his fight. In fact, "the real issue is now formed and the real contest now begins," he declares; and his words are interpreted by a Washington correspondent of the New York *World* as meaning that "henceforth the fight will be on the single question as to whether or not there shall be a League of Nations." In the New York *Sun* (Ind.), whose evening edition we have already quoted, we find these reasons why *The Sun* doesn't like the League idea:

> "Left to ourselves to develop in our own way, free from foreign entanglements, and ready in the future as we have been in the past to lend a hand where a helping hand is needed, we shall become the great stabilizing force of the world. . . . . . .
>
> "Why, then, break our necks to get into and become a part of European diplomacy, with its entanglements, its individual and national ambitions, and its constantly recurring national rows?
>
> "*The Sun* believes that America can be of much greater service to the world independent of such association than we can be as a part of such association, and that in our independence we shall be a happier people and a people quite as ready to go the limit in helping to keep the peace of the world as we should be tied up in a League of Nations that would hamper our freedom and exasperate us."

While the Kansas City *Star* (Ind. Rep.) is satisfied that the League's critics "have won sweeping victories," it is unwilling to judge whether the amendments have made the covenant safe and useful until it has studied something more than the cabled summary of those amendments. With this same reservation the Chicago *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.) notes that "an agreement which could not be amended has been amended to advantage," and goes on to say:

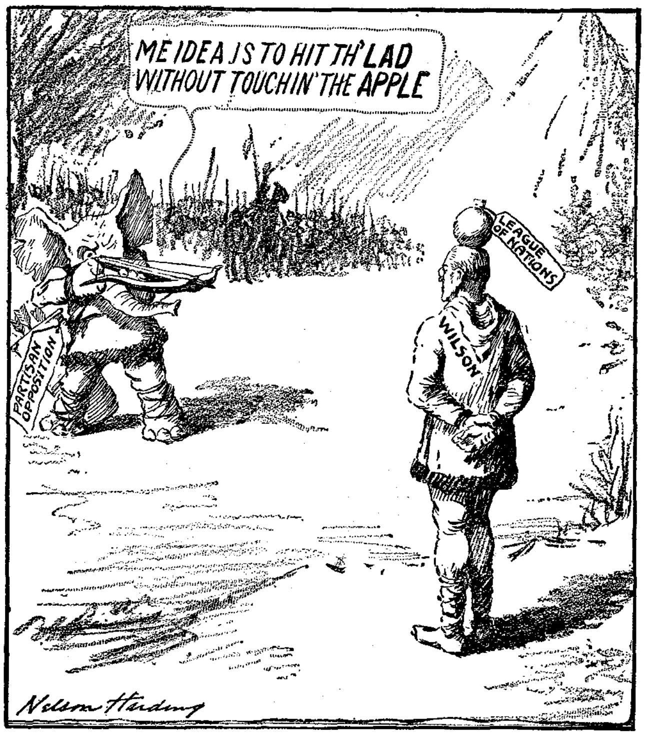
> "Offhand it could be pointed out that several unsatisfactory statements are contained in the summary. It is provided, for instance, that nations shall reduce their armaments with the advice of the Council of Nations, and that having reached a point of military equilibrium, whatever it may be, they shall not increase armament without the consent of the Council.
>
> "The United States may wish, as a matter of citizenship-training, to adopt universal service. No plain, sensible interpretation of this provision regarding armament, as contained in the summary, would permit the United States to do so without the consent of an international council of nine.
>
> "Great Britain is traditionally opposed to universal service, being devoted to navalism. Consequently, Great Britain does not favor universal service in any other country. A reduction of armament may be the *sine qua non* of an effective League of Nations, but it would be poor policy for the United States to subject its own peculiar needs to the dictation of a group of nations.
>
> "We are for the League of Nations if it is understood for what it is, if its real virtues are the virtues which cause America to accept it, if illusion does not warp American policies because we have joined a League of Nations, and if the wording of the agreements into which we enter is so clear and so well understood that no possibility of error or misunderstanding exists.
>
> "The great value of the League of Nations, we believe, is that it offers a sign of progress to the war-tired people of Atlantic Europe. They are very tired and restless. If the order of society to which they have submitted can not offer them any better guaranty against international tragedy than it has done, their inclination will be toward the violent social revolution which has been a greater disaster than war.
>
> "Therefore a League contained within practical terms and expectations will be a stabilizing influence where a stabilizing influence is needed most. But the United States ought to sacrifice nothing to this, nothing of its own essential importance and security.
>
> "The amended form of agreement protects us much better than the form which President Wilson said could not be changed. It has been changed; it may have to be changed further.
>
> "We hope it reaches the Senate in an amendable form. It ought not to be presented to the treaty-ratifying authority of the United States in a fashion which offers only acceptance or rejection."

Senator Borah, already quoted, sees the amended covenant as "a league of diplomats, of officials, of imperialists," the effect of which would be "to hold in subjection all small nations and to sterilize all progress." In a published statement setting forth categorically his objections to the amended covenant, he says:

> "It is difficult to discuss in detail the effect of the changes in the proposed constitution in view of the fact that we have not the language of the instrument, but only some one's construction.
>
> "But it would seem, first, that the proposed League would commit us to alliances with European and Asiatic Powers and oblige us to take part in the ordinary conflicts and turmoils of Europe.
>
> "Secondly. That we still assume the tremendous obligation of guaranteeing the territorial integrity and political independence of all nations members of the League.
>
> "Thirdly. That under the voting arrangements of the League control of the entire machinery of the League remains in the hands of European and Asiatic Powers.
>
> "Fourthly. The whole matter of disarmament rests, as it is now, with the judgment and discretion of each nation. Of course, this is no disarmament at all.
>
> "Fifthly. If the jurisdiction and power of the executive

council remain the same as heretofore, then the language preserving the Monroe Doctrine is inappropriate and wholly inadequate.

"Sixthly. The League still fails to provide any machinery for the application of the principle of self-determination, without which there never can be peace.



WILLIAM TELL, REVERSED.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"Seventhly. It still fails to provide any check or control whatever upon the part of the people over the five or nine men within whose unlimited and undefined discretion rests the question of peace or war. It still leaves it in the power of those five or nine men to commit us to war."

Turning, however, to those papers which opposed or supported the League conditionally, we find that here the amendments have distinctly scored. "The covenant of the League of Nations has been greatly improved by the changes," remarks the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.), and the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.) admits that the amendments "seem to go far toward meeting American objections lodged against the original draft." *The Journal* (Ind. Rep.), of the same Western city, thinks that the American people "may now safely approve" the covenant and the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind. Rep.) remarks that "we can all rejoice that this stupendous project is thus brought so much nearer fruition, and that our system of coordinate powers has been approved and strengthened by the palpable victory of the Senate." The official summary of the revised covenant "looks good" to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), and in the Tacoma *Ledger* (Rep.) we read:

"Completion of the revised covenant of the League of Nations will relieve the tension created over the fate of the idea. The heart of the world will take on renewed hope now that all doubt is removed that such an institution is to become a reality. It is a matter of little moment to whom is ascribed a victory for the inclusion of amendments to the document. The thing that really counts is the fact that an agreement has been arrived at to afford the peoples of the earth an opportunity to work out humanity's problems in peace. With the means of obtaining peace assured, the nations of the earth can now whole-heartedly set themselves to the greater task of practical application of the ideals of the centuries."

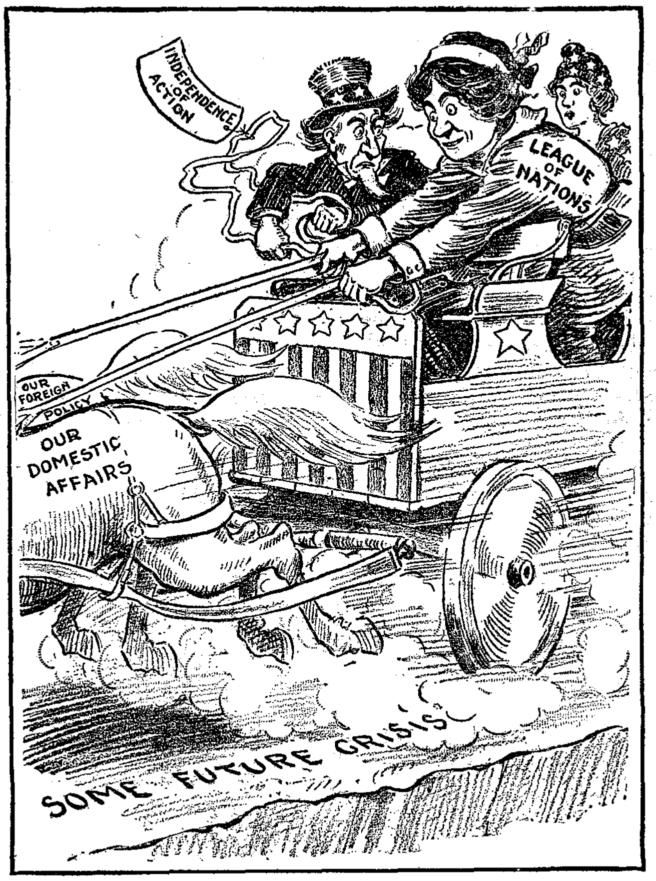
Citing certain advocates of a League of Nations who are disappointed by the changes and regard the revised covenant as "worthless," the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.) says:

"They are mistaken. What they would regard as an effective covenant could not possibly receive the approval of the majority of the American people. A sound, a promising, a vital beginning is all that discerning friends of peace and progress should ask at this time. The League will develop in actual use, it can not get its growth before it has even been born. The essential thing at this time is to make a good start, to lay a firm foundation."

The President, remarks the Buffalo *Express* (Ind. Rep.), "is plainly trying to meet the objections to the plan, and the effort should be received in a fair and unpartizan spirit with an earnest wish to ratify if that can be done without violation of the Constitution or surrender of a vital American policy." In a later issue *The Express* argues that the amendments result in what is virtually a new League, and it goes on to say:

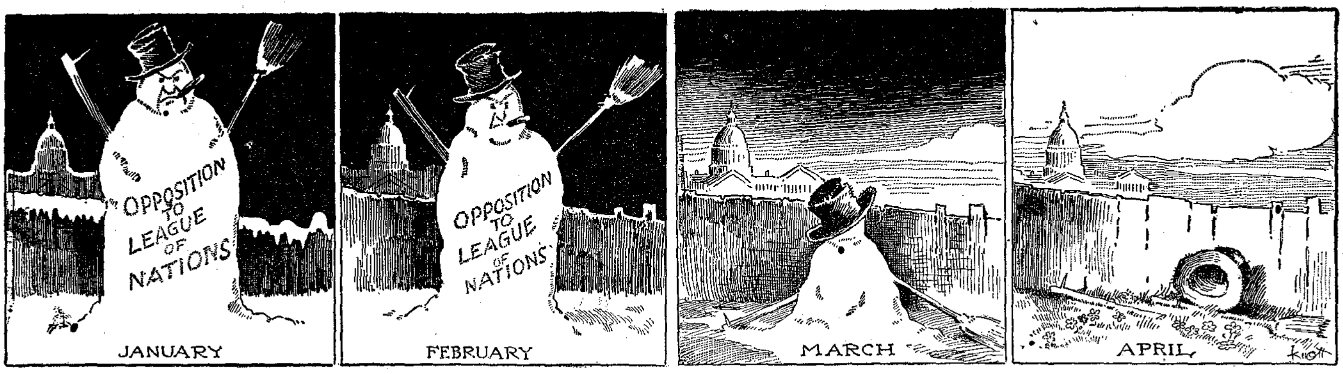
"The result is that from a federation to which the constituents were required to surrender a large part of their independent nationality, the League has taken more the character of an alliance in which the independent nationality of the constituents remains predominant.

"Perhaps the most vital change stipulates that in the application of force against any nation which may resist the mandates of the League's council the approval of the national governments is necessary. In the case of the United States, for example, the council could merely recommend that it supply a certain quota for operations against some resisting nation, but it would rest entirely with the United States to decide whether it should furnish the desired force. We would not be obliged to go into a war at the dictate of other nations without consulting our own Congress and public opinion. The recommendation of the Council would be submitted to Congress, which might declare war and vote to supply the desired troops or refuse to do so, according to its own judgment. If the complete text bears out this interpretation, as indicated by the summary, the strongest objection to the League is removed, so far as the United States is concerned. It would have been unconstitutional to transfer the right of deciding on war from the Congress of the United States to an international parliament, as well as a very dangerous surrender of nationality. We can, however, consent that an international parliament shall make a request or recommendation to be acted upon according to our own judgment. . . . . .



WOULD SHE GRAB THE LINES?
From the Portland *Telegram*.

"Another very important point tending to restore the principle of independent nationality is the clause allowing any nation which has fulfilled its obligations to withdraw after two years'


OPPOSITION TO LEAGUE OF NATIONS
JANUARY
OPPOSITION TO LEAGUE OF NATIONS
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
Knott

MELTED. —Knott in the Dallas *News.*

notice. The United States is thereby allowed to enter the League as an experiment without binding itself to perpetual membership. If after two or three years the issues of the present war shall have been settled and a reorganized Europe shall find its politics on a new basis, the United States will be free to withdraw to its old isolation on the ground that the conditions which drew us into the affairs of the Old World have been ended. We may never wish to withdraw and the settlement of the war-issues may be so prolonged that many years will pass before it will be advisable to withdraw, but the right to withdraw will exist. That is a very great improvement. . . . . . .

"Another clause greatly strengthening independent nationality denies the right of the council to pronounce an opinion on any dispute whose subject matter falls solely within a state's domestic jurisdiction."

But the amendment which attracts the widest attention in the American press is that which specifically recognizes the Monroe Doctrine. In the cabled official summary this reads:

"The covenant does not affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace."

For a time, the correspondents tell us, this amendment was opposed by the representatives of France and Great Britain, but they were won to its acceptance by President Wilson, whose argument is thus summarized by Richard V. Oulahan in a dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"A century ago, said the President, when the nations of Europe were powerless before absolutism, the United States declared that the system should not prevail in the western hemisphere. That declaration was the first international charter of human liberty and the real forerunner of the League of Nations.

"In this last war against absolutism in Europe, which brought about the fall of absolutism throughout the world, the United States took part in accordance with those principles of liberty laid down a century ago. Is she to be denied recognition of the fact that she was the first in the field? Is there to be withheld from her the small gift of a few words which only state the fact that her policy for the past century has been devoted to the principles of liberty and of independence—which are to be consecrated in this document as a perpetual charter for all the world?"

This amendment had been demanded by Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes, Senator Lodge, and Senator Knox. Its acceptance, says the New York *World* (Dem.), "eliminates the one objection to the constitution of the League of Nations for which there was any considerable measure of public support in this country." Even the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), which has been able to find little virtue in the League constitution, admits that this amendment "may save the covenant." "The League of Nations," it adds, "would have been still-born without it." "Had this reservation been omitted, there is little doubt the United States Senate would have made its incorporation a condition of ratification," remarks the Peoria *Transcript* (Dem.), which adds that this change will give the opposition Senators "a plausible excuse for a change of front." Without it, says the Montgomery *Advertiser* (Dem.), the covenant "would not have received the deliberate approval of the majority of the American people." And in the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) we read:

"If the amendment as adopted will not satisfy the American assailants of the covenant, no amendment will which has a chance of being accepted at Paris. It should be understood in this country that this is the first time in history that the Monroe Doctrine has been specifically and explicitly recognized by an international congress of the great and small Powers of both hemispheres. The recognition is an integral part of the covenant itself and not a mere reservation accompanying the signatures of our delegation, as was the case in the Hague and the Algeciras treaties. If there are still 'triumphs of diplomacy,' this is one."

In many quarters political and journalistic observers see in the amended covenant the removal of the chief obstacles separating the League's critics from its advocates. These vital changes "will win for it many votes and may prove sufficient to secure its ratification," affirms the Republican Philadelphia *Press,* which adds that the credit for these changes is due to the constructive criticism of such Republicans as Mr. Taft, Mr. Knox, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Root. "All the serious objections have been overcome," remarks the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer,* which predicts that "the round robin of thirty-seven Senators will become a reminiscence." "In the form in which it now stands it ought to have the indorsement of the Senate, as it has the indorsement of all who are committed to the spirit that is behind it," declares the Republican Buffalo *News,* which adds that while it is now acceptable, it is not necessarily perfect. Another Republican friend of the League, the New York *Globe,* welcomes the amendments on the ground that they meet most of the honest criticisms and misgivings, altho it thinks that they "have probably weakened the instrument by emphasizing national differences, giving latitude to independent action, and placarding the way out." The independent New York *Evening Post,* another champion of the League idea, thinks that the Monroe Doctrine amendment alone "will assure the acceptance of the League by the United States Senate." And in the Democratic New York *World,* a strong supporter of the Administration, we read:

"Public discussion during the last six weeks has shown that the country is overwhelmingly in favor of the League, and the amendments made in Paris have met most of the objections which were advanced in good faith, or apparent good faith. Whether the constitution of the League is the better for all these changes is a matter of divided opinion. The irreconcilable Tories, whether British or American, have not been placated, but the changes have made it impossible to rally a third of the Senators against the treaty."

The "round-robin" Senators will now be able to go over to the camp of the League supporters without embarrassment, affirms ex-President Taft in a dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.* A Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun* claims that the amendments "meet all the points raised by Senator Lodge in his debate with President Lowell, of Harvard." A Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune* quotes Senator Chamberlain, Democrat, of Oregon, as confident that "the covenant will come to the Senate in such form that it can be accepted as a part of the treaty of peace"; and it represents Senators Hitchcock, of Nebraska; Walsh, of Montana; and Pomerene, of Ohio, all Democrats, as sharing this conviction.

WHAT GERMANY CAN, MUST, WILL PAY

WHEN THE "TIGER" OF FRANCE told the anxious Deputies that the question of reparations and the Saar Valley had been "settled to our satisfaction," he apparently might well have been speaking for the American press. The principle of "no indemnities" is not violated, some of our writers hold, for Germany is merely paying to repair her damage; and the French occupation of the Saar Valley is similarly regarded not as "annexation," but as the only practical way of paying France for Germany's systematic and thoroughgoing destruction of French mines and French industries. The reparation plan, as outlined in the Paris dispatches, seems "just and reasonable" to the New York *World*. "As a measure of punishment," it may, the Washington *Star* thinks, "be regarded as effective justice." A twenty-five-billion-dollar bill of damages does not seem in the least unreasonable to an American pacifist of German birth who had just returned from a visit to the devastated regions of France. Even this sum, declares Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, will not make good all the damage, but it is "a satisfaction" that Germany "will at least be asked to pay a sum which can not in the least degree be regarded as unreasonable in view of the period of years granted to them in which to make the payment."

Writers of Paris dispatches to American newspapers quote a provisional text of the reparation clauses of the peace treaty which sets the German indemnity at one hundred billion gold marks, or approximately $25,000,000,000, to be paid as follows:

> Five billion dollars in two years without interest.
>
> Ten billion dollars during thirty years beginning in 1921 with interest.
>
> Ten billion dollars to be paid at such time as the Allied Indemnity Commission shall determine.

This sum is only a minimum. The Commission has wide powers to determine not only how the money should be paid, but whether it is sufficient to cover Germany's complete indebtedness. The payments mentioned do not include "restitution in kind in the case of property seized or sequestered." The allotment of the sum among the enemies of Germany has not been determined, but one press correspondent hears of a tentative arrangement giving France about fifty-five per cent.; Great Britain between twenty and thirty per cent.; and the United States between two and five per cent. Allied troops, according to one dispatch, will hold the left bank of the Rhine for fifteen years, to enforce payment. The clause in which Germany's liability is asserted will appear substantially as follows in the peace treaty, we are told:

> "The Allied and associated Powers affirm and Germany admits responsibility for all losses and damages of the Allied and associated Governments and their nationals from the unjustifiable warfare waged by the enemy Power against the Allied and associated Governments."

Protests a plenty have come from Germany against "an unjustly extorted peace," against "dismembering and paralyzing Germany," against "a mailed-fist peace." In an editorial appearing after the publication of the reparation plan, the *Vorwärts* says: "The indemnity could not be extracted if we take the last sheet from our beds and the last boot from our feet." But such eloquence does not affect American editors, who in general agree that Germany must pay, and can pay, and will pay.

The Germans are reminded by the New York *World* that the Allies' war-expenses are not included in this bill. A bill including the total expense might have reached a figure as high as $240,000,000,000, according to some calculations. Nor are there any punitive damages such as the Germans levied against the French in 1871. *The World* reminds the rest of us that the only guaranty for the ultimate collection of these $25,000,000,000 from Germany "must lie in a League of Nations," which "could settle all differences about settlements and could immediately enforce an economic blockade in case Germany should prove recalcitrant." Moreover, says *The World:*

> "In order for the German Government to pay either in full or in part, it is evident that the blockade must be lifted as soon as possible and the German people allowed to go to work. German industries must have raw materials. German manufacturers must have access to foreign markets. To retard the economic rehabilitation of Germany will be to deprive the tens of thousands of individual victims of German military destruction of the compensation to which they are entitled and without which they will remain impoverished for life. This is not a matter of justice to the Germans, but of justice to everybody concerned; for $23,000,000,000 is not picked from the bushes along the roads. It must be earned by economic production."

The New York *Sun* agrees with writers we have quoted that Germany has sufficient resources to set aside two or three billion dollars a year for payment on indemnity, tho in the meantime it will be necessary for her to shelve her own domestic war-debt, amounting to some $35,000,000,000. But in the *Sun's* opinion, "the question is not, could Germany pay the $25,000,000,000 or more, but would she pay it?" *The Sun* is confident that any one who really understands the German nature, who knows Germany's economic situation, and can weigh her trade future, "will conclude that Germany will be very glad to pay the announced reparation, will be very glad to pay any reparation that she is able to pay." Germany needs the world's markets, and "until she signs the treaty of peace, not merely accepting its terms but fulfilling them," she can not get into those markets "either to buy or to sell." Indeed,

> "Nobody knows better than Germany that the very peace treaty, with the gigantic reparation to be paid, is going of necessity to put Germany back into the markets of the world. The Allies themselves must put her there so that she can pay them. Then, once she is back in the markets of the world, is getting her material from them, and is sending it back again as the finished product from her industries to Great Britain, to France, to Italy, and to other countries in payment of her war-debts to them, Germany, as she thus cuts her international debts lower and lower, will be rising year after year higher and higher to the economic power she possest and exercised before she went forth to war in madness and returned to expiation in grim resolve."

But while economists speculate over the future effects of the Allies' reparation policy, Frenchmen and Belgians are calling for German money to rebuild their homes destroyed by German shells. The "immediate, pressing, absolute need for to-day" in both Belgium and France, according to a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "is that Germany should pay an amount on the indemnity which she owes for the devastation worked by her, not for war, but to destroy industrial competitors." On the one side, as the French newspaper *L'Intransigeant* vividly pictures it, is the German, with his huge debt to pay, it is true, "but not a stone of his house has been tumbled down, not a window broken, not a loom or a screw wanting to his mills, his boilers hot, his engines working, his wheat growing, his fruit-trees all budding." And—

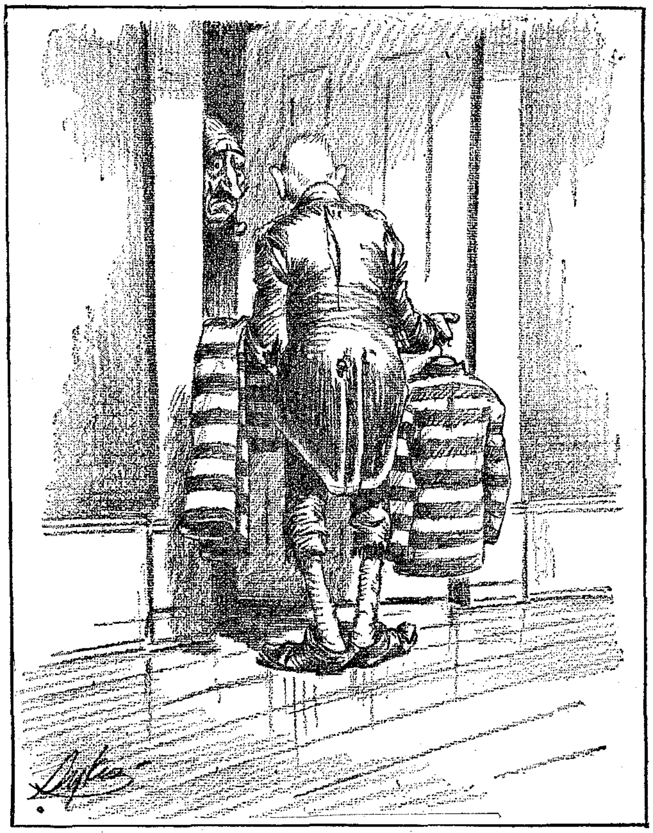
> "On the other side is the Frenchman, with his million and a half of dead and as many maimed, with $36,400,000,000 debt and $3,700,000,000 to pay on it each year, with everything destroyed in his richest and busiest working regions, mills, looms, mines, and all, with his fields ravaged and his fruit-trees cut dedown—and two, five, ten years needed to set going again work in its sacred order. Let those come forward and say who they are that pretend the first account to be settled is not that of France against Germany."

Thus, as the Washington *Post* sees it, "the recovery of France hinges upon the collection of indemnities from Germany." The people of devastated France want to rebuild—

> "But their bare hands can not accomplish the task. They must have money and materials. Germany must pay the cost of the renewal work as far as she is able to pay, and she must return the machinery she has stolen, if she can be made to return it."

HOW AMERICA WOULD PUNISH WILHELM

THIRTY VARIETIES OF MONSTROUS CRIME are laid at the ex-Kaiser's door by the subcommittee of the Commission on War Responsibility in Paris, but, while the British, French, and Italian members are reported to have prescribed capital punishment, the Japanese and American members can not agree to it. Japan still holds that emperors rule by divine right. To hang even an ex-emperor would be a sacrilege. The American members seem ready to content themselves with a "moral indictment," not through any chicken-hearted reluctance to deal squarely with "the world's greatest criminal," but because the machinery for bringing him to trial and execution appears to them inadequate if not altogether lacking. As the New York *Tribune* puts it, "Mr. Lansing is a lawyer, with a lawyer's concern for legalities and precedents. He could not find what express statute the Hohenzollern violated or discover international machinery for conducting his trial on joint account." To *The Tribune*, Mr. Lansing's position looks legitimate enough in principle, but nevertheless conducive of huge injustice:



"YOUR SPRING SUIT, YOUR EX-MAJESTY!"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.

> "The whitening bones of the *Lusitania* children still strew the sea. The body of Edith Cavell is in the grave. Across a continent rise the crosses of the unidentified dead. In countless homes there is a vacant place. But the arch criminal, with a retinue, lives in a luxurious castle, and to his credit stands a great sum of wealth while Germany pleads inability to make reparation. 'A strange world, my masters!'"

The Springfield *Republican*, a paper not commonly given to advocating rash measures, thinks it is time we broke with legality in such matters and created outright a basis for the future prosecution of rulers who may lay the foundation of wars:

> "If there could be a grand inquest after every war, in order to fix the moral guilt of every one concerned in causing it, the world might be the gainer. A trial of the Kaiser, however far removed it might be from an impartial or legal procedure, might be an excellent departure from previous international practise if it should establish a precedent that in later times could be broadened and applied on a comprehensive scale."

Desirable tho this radical procedure might be in certain respects, it appears to the New York *World* a pronouncedly un-American, not to say un-Anglo-Saxon, way of handling the case, and at the same time anything but good policy, for—

> "All the traditions of the English-speaking peoples are squarely opposed to the principle of *ex-post-facto* laws, whatever the offense may be and however just the demand for punishment.
>
> "A trial of the former German Emperor without due process of law would not be an impressive proceeding, and might do far more harm than good. It would enable his supporters in Germany to picture him as a martyr, and in the end the Wilhelm legend might become as prolific a source of mischief as the Napoleon legend."

This, however, is not necessarily an argument for giving him his liberty, and the New York *Times* would cage him up and claims to see ways of doing it legally, and believes that, on the whole, it would come nearest to punishing him as he deserves, since "capital punishment seems miserably inadequate in his case."

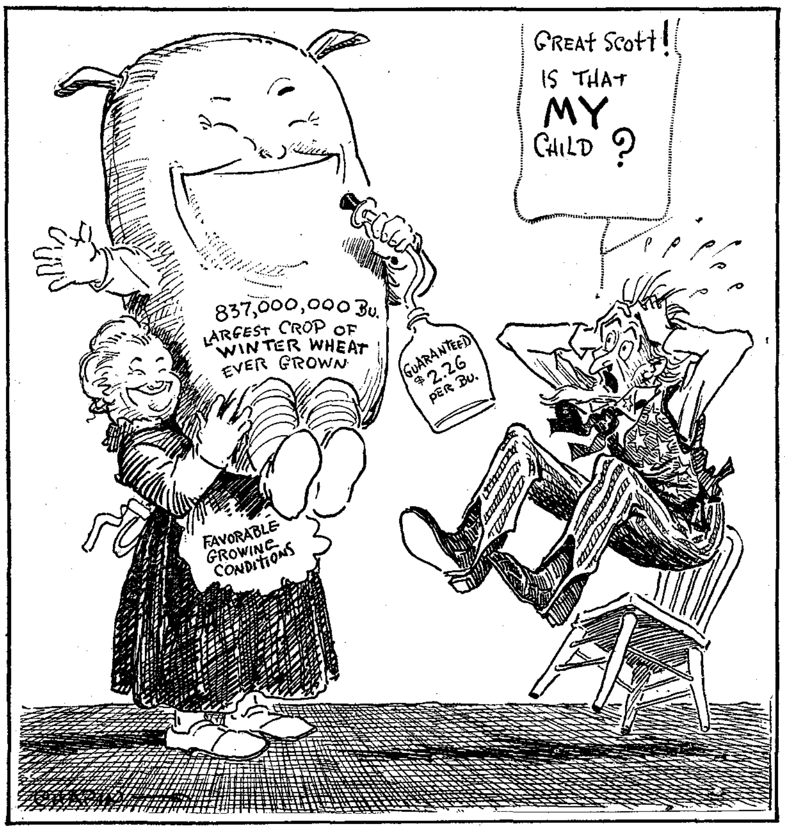
> "That would end his sufferings at once. Remorse, the tortures and torments that will prey upon his mind and soul, would seem to be a penalty more nearly commensurate with his crimes; so long as he holds his former greatness in memory he must be the most miserable man on earth. That he must be under restraint, a prisoner, that he must never be a free man, is indicated by common prudence. There the Conference will be upon solid ground, with a multitude of precedents to justify the process against the ex-Kaiser, with the whole body of international law for the guidance of the court. There will be no difficulty in drawing up the indictment against him for many and flagrant violations of international law; and the supreme law of self-defense and safety gives abundant sanction, after conviction, for a sentence imposing restraint or imprisonment. The decision of the Council that he must be placed on trial may be expected to lead to that end."

Under the head-line, "Naughty, Naughty Wilhelm!" the Pittsburg *Gazette-Times* ridicules the plan to let him off with a mere reprimand, and declares, "Keen disappointment will be felt over the decision reported to have been made at Paris that the former Kaiser can not be legally executed for starting the world-war and ordering or approving the atrocities which characterized the German operations." As for the objection that it is bad policy to make a martyr of him, the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* asks: "When a vile criminal has been hanged, does he become a martyr?" and the Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen* emphatically objects to "cheating the gallows." As cabled from Paris to the New York *American*, the list of crimes with which the former German Emperor has been officially charged is as follows:

1. Massacre of civilians.
2. Killing of hostages.
3. Torture of civilians.
4. Starvation of civilians.
5. Rape.
6. Abduction of girls and women for purposes of enforced prostitution.
7. Deportation of civilians.
8. Internment of civilians under brutal conditions.
9. Forced labor of civilians in connection with military operations of the enemy.
10. Usurpation of sovereignty under military occupation.
11. Compulsory enlistment among inhabitants of occupied territory.
12. Pillage.
13. Confiscation of property.
14. Exaction of illegitimate or of exorbitant contributions and requisitions.
15. Debasement of currency and issue of spurious currency.
16. Imposition of collective penalties.
17. Wanton devastation and destruction of property.
18. Bombardment of undefended places.
19. Wanton destruction of religious, charitable, educational, and historical buildings and monuments.
20. Destruction of merchant ships and passenger vessels without examination and without warning.
21. Destruction of fishing-boats and of a relief-ship.
22. Bombardment of hospitals.
23. Attack on and destruction of hospital-ships.
24. Breach of other rules relating to the Red Cross.
25. Use of deleterious and asphyxiating gases.
26. Use of explosive and expanding bullets.
27. Orders to give no quarter.
28. Ill-treatment of prisoners of war.
29. Misuses of flags of truce.
30. Poisoning of wells.

TOO MUCH OR NOT ENOUGH WHEAT?

EVEN SUCH OBVIOUS BLESSINGS as bumper crops are received nowadays with doubts. Here is a world needing nothing so much as to be clothed and fed, yet our cotton-farmers are reducing cotton acreage, and the prediction of a record-breaking wheat crop "does not meet with an unqualified welcome by any means," as one editor notes. Really, comments the New York *Times*, "if ever there was a country distrest by excess of materials for food and clothing this is one."


GREAT SCOTT! IS THAT MY CHILD?
837,000,000 BU. LARGEST CROP OF WINTER WHEAT EVER GROWN
GUARANTEED $2.26 PER BU.
FAVORABLE GROWING CONDITIONS

ISN'T HE A BOUNCING BOY!

—Chapin in the St. Louis *Republic.*

Reporting on the condition of winter wheat, the Department of Agriculture forecasts a crop of 837,000,000 bushels. The spring wheat crop will bring the total well over a billion bushels, it is believed. Correspondents remind us that the Government guaranteed the farmers a minimum price of $2.26 a bushel for all 1919 wheat, and that Congress set aside a billion dollars to back up the guaranty. Since the bargain holds, and no one seems to advocate any evasion of it, editors wonder what it will cost this nation in the end to secure this bumper crop. If world wheat-prices do not fall below the guaranteed price, the consumer must forego his hopes of cheaper food; if the price does fall below $2.26 the United States Treasury will be involved in heavy losses, supposing, with the New York *Evening Post*, "that our exported wheat has to be sold far below that figure, with the probably inevitable corresponding reduction to the home consumers." In either event, remarks the Washington *Post*, the taxpayer must pay in the end, and,

"The fact stands that in this year, when nature appears ready to empty her horn of plenty upon this land and we are to be blessed with a wheat crop far beyond the flights of our imagination, the people of the United States will pay war-prices for their bread. Whether they pay it to the baker or to the tax-collector is of small consequence."

With a total wheat crop almost certain to beat the 1915 record of 1,025,000,000 bushels, the implication of the situation is, as the Philadelphia *Inquirer* sees it, "that we shall 'have wheat to burn,' and that it will be necessary to pay the farmer his contract price out of the appropriation for that purpose which has been provided." The effect of such a record wheat crop can only be, in the opinion of President Barnes, of the Food Administration's Grain Corporation, "that present prices in primary markets will fall to the Government level and that it will be reflected immediately thereafter in a moderate decline in flour prices." Mr. Barnes also says that the Grain Corporation will help to keep flour prices down by cutting wheat-supplies to neutrals and by encouraging the importation of wheat. Several dailies call attention to the prediction of Sir James Wilson, a British authority on grain, to the effect that there will be a large world surplus of wheat this year for 1920 and that wheat prices are likely to be low for several years. Sir James expects the price of wheat in England—"in England, with all the rail- and ship-transportation charges, profits, commissions, insurance-rates, etc.," one editor notes—to drop to $1.25 a bushel. So cautious an organ of finance as the New York *Journal of Commerce* avoids prophecy, but does think that the crop report "certainly suggests a normal price of wheat abroad considerably below $2.26." And in this case, even after the money has been provided to meet the Government's guaranty, there will be difficult problems:

"Does Congress seriously contemplate charging the American consumer $2.26 per bushel while it lets the foreign consumer have the grain at less than that figure? If so the consumer is likely to feel aggrieved, particularly with living costs at their present level and retail prices of foodstuffs showing no disposition to recede. Does Congress, on the other hand, contemplate the idea of letting the world price (if lower than $2.26) govern in the American market as well? If so, the Government's function would be merely that of paying the grain-grower a subsidy equal to the difference between the market value and $2.26. This latter is perhaps the cheapest and best way out of the situation. . . . The whole situation is one which is charged with immense possibilities of injustice and unwise management. There is ground for deep regret that this guaranty should ever have been made."

The New York *Sun* voices the same regret with less restraint:

"In this year of bursting granaries, of superabundant breadstuffs of all kinds, of national plenty, the Government Food Trust, to save its face in the matter of its wheat-price guaranty to the farmer, will cost the American consumers billions of dollars which, under the free workings of the law of supply and demand, they never would have to pay for their bread and meat; which, under the law of common sense, they never would be permitted to pay, but which, under an administrative policy of the darkness of the Middle Ages and under a political policy of the madness of bedlam, they will be compelled to pay to the last penny that the Government Food Trust can squeeze out of them."

But "Wheat Doctors Disagree," as one newspaper head-line has it. And those who contend that our great prospective supply will be matched by a demand for wheat that will keep prices up are led by no less an authority than Herbert Hoover. Food needs of Europe and Asia indicate, says Mr. Hoover in a statement to the press, that there will be no surplus left from the 1918 crop when the new crop is harvested. And we are reminded that while our 1919 crop will be huge,

"Before the war Russia, India, Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania all exported large amounts of wheat. The war-famine, loss of seed, lack of fertilizers, and anarchy have turned these countries into importers of wheat for the whole of next year."

It is Mr. Hoover's opinion "that the world price of wheat, if there is a free market, may be above $2.26." And he gives another jar to consumers who are looking for cheaper bread when he asserts that an investigation would show "that to lower the price of flour by 50 per cent. would only reduce the price of a one-pound loaf from nine or ten cents, as at present, to seven or eight cents, because too large a proportion of the increased cost of a loaf since the war, is due to higher wages, manufacturing costs, and the cost of other supplies." Food Administration officials even figure that the European wheat shortage may be greater than our own surplus over normal domestic needs, and ask us to eat less wheat and more corn, oats, and rice for one year longer.

In the Middle West the Oshkosh *Northwestern* warns us that "there is small prospect that the price of flour and bread in this country will materially decline for at least another year. The government guaranty practically fixes the farm price of wheat for a full year ahead, and the world demand will help to sustain the price to consumers around present levels." But the Wisconsin paper offers the consoling thought that "the higher the price of wheat, the more profit will come to this country from its foreign sales." Representative dailies like the New York *Times, World,* and *Evening Post,* Newark *News,* Buffalo *Express,* Syracuse *Post-Standard,* Baltimore *Sun,* Indianapolis *News,* and St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* are convinced by Mr. Hoover's statement that our vast wheat surplus will be met by the world's vaster need, and that the world market is likely to sustain the Government's guaranteed price. There is no reason, other papers remark, for us to sell our surplus to Europe at a loss. Since we are lending European buyers the money to buy food, "we have every right to call upon them to pay fair prices for our wheat and other foodstuffs," so it seems to the Spokane *Spokesman-Review.* This journal adds that the United States Government "can not afford to throw a billion dollars away in fool philanthropy to provide foreign nations and the consumers of the non-wheat growing regions of the country with cheap flour."

That the Government's price guaranty was in a large part responsible for the bumper crop, since it induced the farmers to plant winter wheat so extensively, is asserted by the Springfield *Republican* in an editorial which may perhaps be considered a reply to the statements quoted above from the New York *Sun* and *Journal of Commerce. The Republican* does not believe that the Government will lose money on its guaranty, but however this may be, it considers that guaranty to have been "vindicated in a broadly humanitarian sense," and,

> "The Government really shares with nature the credit for the largest winter wheat crop in American history, at a time when the world's need for food was never more desperately acute. If the Treasury eventually loses money on the transaction, it should be remembered that this money will be merely transferred from one class of Americans to another class, and that there will be no decrease in the national wealth if money drawn from individual income-tax payers and corporations finds its way into the pockets of the American farmers.
>
> "It is clear that the wheat-growers will play a great part in carrying the country through the difficult readjustment period following the war. Their large profits on a huge crop will enable them to offer an excellent home market for Eastern-manufactured goods and to absorb Victory Liberty bonds in still larger measure than hitherto."

Representative journals of finance in centers like New York and Boston grow eloquent over the prospect of a record-breaking production of wheat. Coming at a time when famine is counting its victims in Europe by the thousands, the April crop report "reads like a message from Heaven itself," to the Boston *News Bureau.* This crop means prosperity, as *The Wall Street Journal* sees it, "for it means automobiles, machinery, and implements, buildings, clothing, and everything that goes into a farmer's needs and wants." And it also "means food and life to the starving millions" of the world, the New York *Commercial* declares.

Finally, it seems to the New York *Globe* that the matter of price is of small moment. For such a boon as this unprecedented supply of the world's chief food staple "governments can well afford to pay any price in money; vast stores of wheat insure against starvation, and at this curious period the fate of civilization, of all law and order, in large sections of the earth, depends upon whether or not hungry millions can be fed."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

When nations run amuck, muck becomes their element.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Unity of demand seems harder to establish than unity of command.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Wanted to exchange—Oratory for wheat and bacon. Address L. and T., Moscow.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Try freedom of the seeds on your own backyard.—*Wall Street Journal.*

From the way Germany is talking, one gathers that it is willing to grant a reasonable peace to the Allies.—*Chicago Daily News.*

When we speak of enduring peace these days, it is taken for granted that Germany will have to do the enduring.—*Manila Bulletin.*

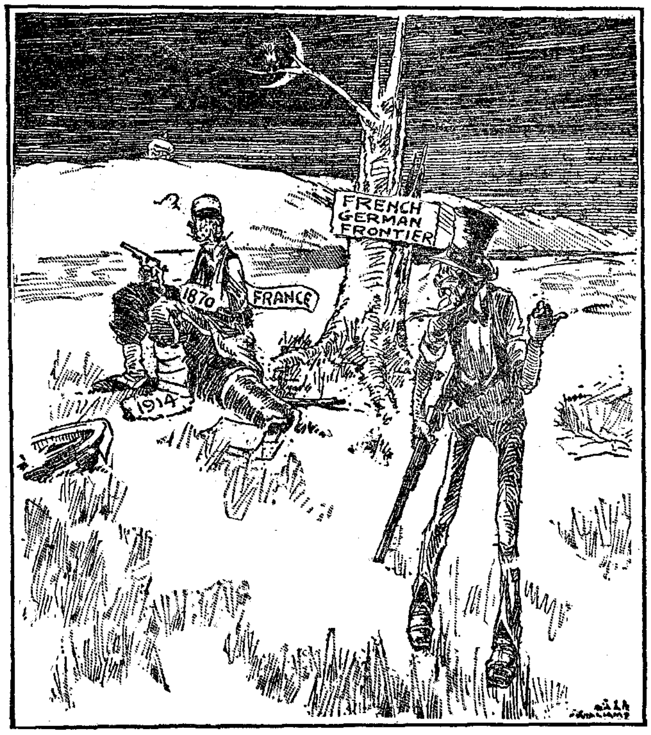
Senator Jim Reed, looking upon the proposed League of Nations, apparently fears the best, but hopes for the worst.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Chicago packers tell us the removal of profit restrictions will result in no change in the prices of meat. That is the way it is now: No change.—*Detroit News.*

The Bolsheviki are weakening at home and growing stronger away from home. The home-folk know the Bolsheviki best.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

If the good ship *George Washington* ever gets a chance to make a farewell address it may have something to say about foreign entanglements.—*New York Sun.*

There's only one end when Miss Liberty rides Anarchy tiger. They come back from the ride with the lady inside and a smile on the face of the tiger.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*



DON'T BE NERVOUS.
I'll be right over here, only 3,000 miles away.
—Williams in the Indianapolis *News.*

Let us confine the waving of the red flag to our railroad crossings.—*Dearborn Independent.*

Those who once were saying "Amen" to the League idea, now merely cry "Amend."—*Newark News.*

"Peace without victory" seems to have shifted around to victory without peace.—*New York Call.*

If ever a place was misnamed it is Archangel.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The Koreans have been doing their best to signal to Japan that they, too, are a proud and sensitive people.—*Washington Star.*

The President's desire to recognize Lenine ought to bring a snort of sardonic mirth from the Shade of Huerta.—*New York Evening Sun.*

It's reported Trotzky has ordered the Russian Fleet to sea. We thought all Russia had been at sea for the last two years.—*Newark News.*

It has come to the point where a body has to earn twice as much as he is worth in order to get half enough to live on.—*Jefferson City Democrat-Tribune.*

Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" can not compare in contemporaneous human interest with the daily correspondence from that city nowadays.—*New York Sun.*

There are moments when we wonder if, perhaps, the money that the war cost could not have been spent to better advantage in some other way.—*New York Call.*

Germany simply would dance, but she is startled at the size of the fiddler's bill, which she thought was going to be paid by the guests she forced to attend.—*Dearborn Independent.*

"IF YE BREAK FAITH WITH US WHO DIED WE SHALL NOT SLEEP"

AT THIS TIME when prayers of gratitude and devout thanksgiving are on the lips of millions of mothers of America, when each day thousands of our boys are being returned to the arms of those who so love them, when each city, each village, is echoing with cheers for its heroes—at such a time it is peculiarly fitting that we should be called upon to help pay the price of the victories and the triumphs that our sons have achieved.

We are now asked to subscribe to the glorious Victory Loan. Asked to subscribe? No, let us rather say that we have been invited to share the opportunity and honor of subscribing. What man is there worthy of the title of manhood who did not yearn to stand shoulder to shoulder with our splendid boys who fought those memorable, those bitter and bloody battles at St. Quentin, Cambrai, and St. Souplet; at St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, and in the Argonne Forest? What man is there who will not covet the honor of paying in money for the victories that our boys bought with their own life's blood.

Oh, how little have we done, how little can we do to repay those who have suffered and died for us, those brave sailor lads who kept grim watch on ocean lanes, themselves in constant peril from the marauding murderers of the sea; those other lads who went into the hell of battle with a smile on their lips, who were shot to pieces, seared by poison-gas, burned with liquid flames, wrenched soul from body by bursting shells, killed by the flying scythe of steel, frozen in the icy waters of the trenches, drowned like rats in the bogs of Flanders, who fought and bled and died until the cemeteries behind the lines grew to forests of white crosses.

We can do little for them, and yet we can do this. We can preserve and sacredly maintain the honor of the nation that they defended. We can pledge our labor and our substance to a complete payment of the debt incurred by this nation in the cause for which they died.

Four Liberty Loans to the astounding total of more than eighteen billions of dollars have borne eloquent testimony to the unity, the loyalty, and the enduring patriotism of our Nation. Now must our people put the capstone to this splendid structure.

This will not be easy of accomplishment with the fever of conflict past, for it takes a higher, a finer type of patriotism to serve the nation now than was required in the delirium of war. For the other loans were raised in the heat and passion of battle, when the spurs of defeat were being prest against our sides, when the black battalions of the enemy with their thundering millions of men and guns were rocking the world with fearful blows, when the Prussian legions stood on the very heights of Paschaendale Ridge and looked upon the coveted waters of the English Channel.

Now that task is finished. The incorruptible and supreme equity is asserting itself once more. The disturbers of the peace and balance of the world have been put down, and the fires of patriotism, turned to white heat in the roaring converter of war, are dying. We are again returning to the sober processes of normal life and we are forced to face the cold facts of our hard obligations in the solemn light of reason.

But our imaginations would indeed be cold and our hearts would be hard if we were so soon to forget the magnitude of the enterprise that we have won, if now at this time of triumph we were even to haggle over the price of victory.

For this is indeed and in truth a Victory Loan. No longer are we asked to give our money to an uncompleted cause. This great business is finished. By these commitments now presented for payment we have silenced—eternally pray God—the frightful crash and roar of the artillery that belched and blazed from the North Sea to the Alps; by these commitments we have stilled the poignant grief that was wringing millions of mother-hearts; by these same commitments we have stopt at last the vast casualty lists that day by day cast their black and frightful shadows over our imaginations—lists whose every name sent a shaft of agony into some woman's breast.

Were these colossal expenditures then worth while? Were these billions well spent? Was it right that we should have been prodigal with money that we might not be prodigal with human lives—that we might bring this agonizing conflict to so *swift* and so victorious a conclusion?

To such a consummation how gladly would America have pledged every dollar of her resources! How willingly would any true American give all he possest to this cause and for this purpose, if such a supreme sacrifice were required! And yet we are now asked merely to lend—not give; to lend our money at interest—at a most generous interest and with the United States Government itself as security.

What man could be deaf to such an appeal or recreant to such a compelling duty? What man could name this act a sacrifice? Can it be called a sacrifice to invest our money in interest-bearing bonds of the Government, to make secure the liberty and freedom that have been won by the blood of our sons?

Sacrifice? How lightly—how easily—that word falls from our lips. Have we sacrificed? Where then are our ruined cathedrals, our shattered and broken homes, our devastated fields and factories? *We* sacrifice who have known nothing of the horror of huge guns that ranged our countrysides, ravaging them with harassing fire, nothing of great *Zeppelins* hovering over our cities and dropping death. Where are our refugees, our widows, and our orphans? Where in this wide land does hunger stalk or pestilence claim whole townships for its victims? What can we say, whose bins are bursting with grain? Where are our bankrupt and prostrate industries? How can we answer, whose trade is past all computation, epochal in its unprecedented figures? There is only one real sacrifice that with bowed head and brimming eyes we have laid on the altar. Seventy thousand of our beloved sons sleep under little white crosses on the hills and plains of France. This is our offering. Shall we dishonor their names and diminish their glory by faltering in the cheerful performance of our imperative duty?

No! It cannot be that the mothers and fathers who gave four million sons to die, if need be, that liberty might survive, will now higgle and quibble over the material cost of saving the very soul of civilization. It cannot be that one hundred million Americans will forfeit the glorious inheritance received from their fathers who fought first for American liberty, an inheritance that has gained an added radiance, an increased glory, a new splendor, that has been made more precious by the victories of our own boys in an even higher, an even greater cause—the emancipation of the world.

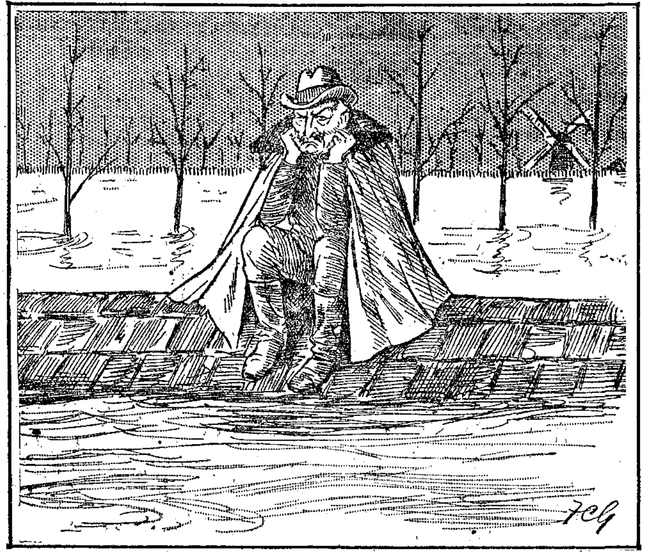
The patriotism of our nation will not be appealed to in vain. The fountains of enthusiasm in the hearts of the people must be renewed and sustained. We must come to this great undertaking with a loyalty, with a courage not bred of passion for war, but a passion for right and for honor, with that higher courage, that more enduring partiotism so necessary to the great undertakings of peace. We must and will respond to the call as never before, knowing that our own sons are here among us, bearing witness to our acts. This loan must be subscribed and oversubscribed so that a last glorious chapter will be added to the bright lexicon of America's achievements in the Great War.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT PUNISHMENT FITS THE EX-KAISER'S CRIME?

THO SAFELY ENSCONCED IN HOLLAND since the eve of the armistice, press reports indicate that the ex-Kaiser is in anything but a tranquil frame of mind, as he sees the day of his personal reckoning approaching. Amid disputes over the ability of the Allies under international law to extradite the ex-Kaiser legally, one positive suggestion in various quarters is that he should be interned somewhere remote from contact with his Junker and Imperialist supporters in Germany, who still hope to see the rule of the Hohenzollerns reestablished. Meanwhile, among the German press we find some journals advising the world with a surprized and innocent air that the ex-Kaiser was not really to blame for German policy before the war or during the war. One of these organs, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, apparently considers that the best way to defend him against the action of the Peace Conference is to unmask him as a mere vain puppet of his royal entourage. This German daily puts forth the argument that he can not be extradited, because his actions were political and not personal. If he is to be made responsible for "atrocities" such as are mentioned in his letter to the late Emperor Francis Joseph, it must be remembered that this letter "in so far as it is genuine" could not be applied generally. Naïvely enough, the Frankfort paper goes on to say that it will discard further legal distinctions and consider the matter on broad human lines, because—

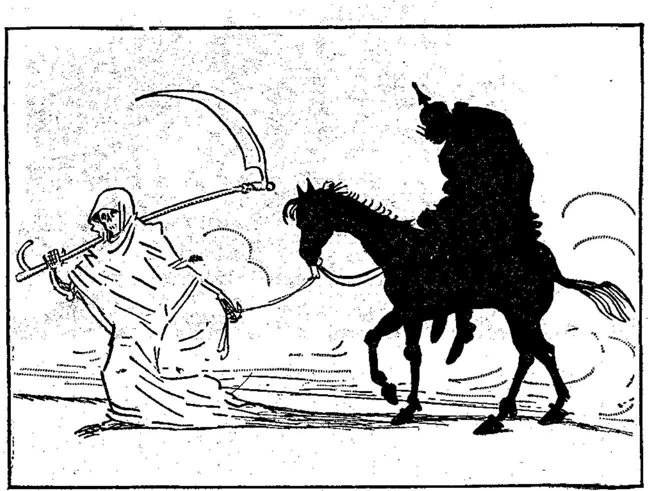
> "With legal conceptions one can play a very deft game, but if one probes deeper the situation is different. Thanks to our wretched Constitution, William II. without doubt possest powers so extensive in matters of the highest importance that he seemed to be an absolute ruler. Now it is an old story that more or less absolute rulers do not devise their policies, except in the case of mighty personalities such as Frederick the Great. The others are leaders only in appearance, for, in reality, they are managed by groups of persons who know how to suggest their views to a weak potentate in such a way that he takes them for his own. Even if he is not surrounded by an organized camarilla, there is always some irresponsible person who manages affairs. The intention may be very good, but the effect always is that the policy is not the policy of the ruler, or it is his only in part. Yet it seems to be wholly his, and while it is seldom possible to produce documentary evidence in these matters, the fact is well known and there are times when we come across positive evidence."



THE EX-KAISER'S *WACHT AM RHEIN.*

Press reports say the waters of the Rhine have inundated the country around Amerongen. —*The Westminster Gazette* (London).

The *Zeitung* then refers to published statements on the responsibility for the German policy which wrecked progress at the two peace conferences at The Hague. It cites Professor Zorn as saying in a pamphlet of recent publication that the "disastrous policy" which he supported as a German delegate at the second conference was inspired by the German Foreign Office. As to the first Hague Conference, the *Zeitung* refers to the memoirs of the former American Ambassador in Berlin, the late Mr. Andrew D. White, who, according to this German paper, discovered that the Kaiser was cleverly used by the chief German delegate at The Hague, the late Count Münster, to cover the latter's successful opposition to the principle of compulsory arbitration. Disclaiming any taint of excessive royalism, the *Zeitung* insists at the same time that it hates injustice, and avers that—

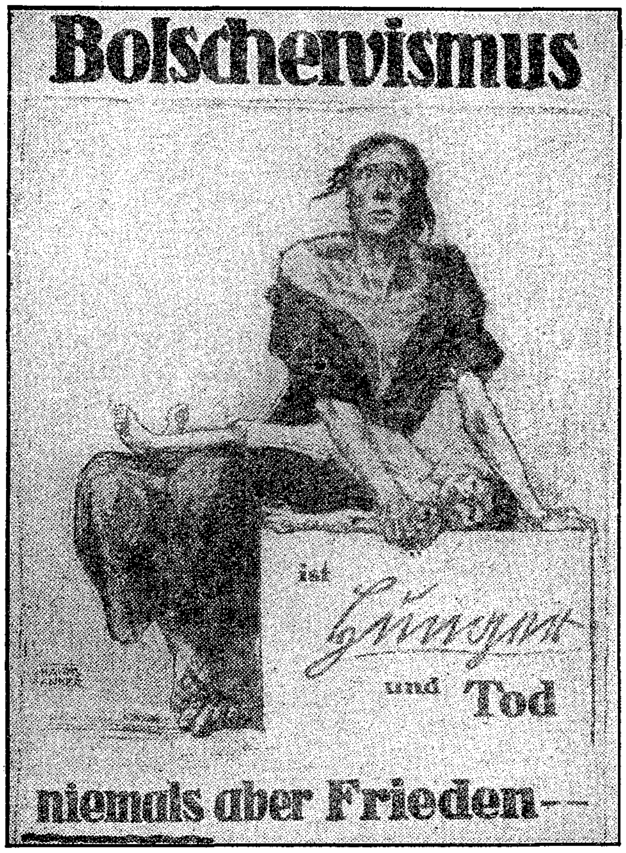


THE WAR-LORD'S MASTER.

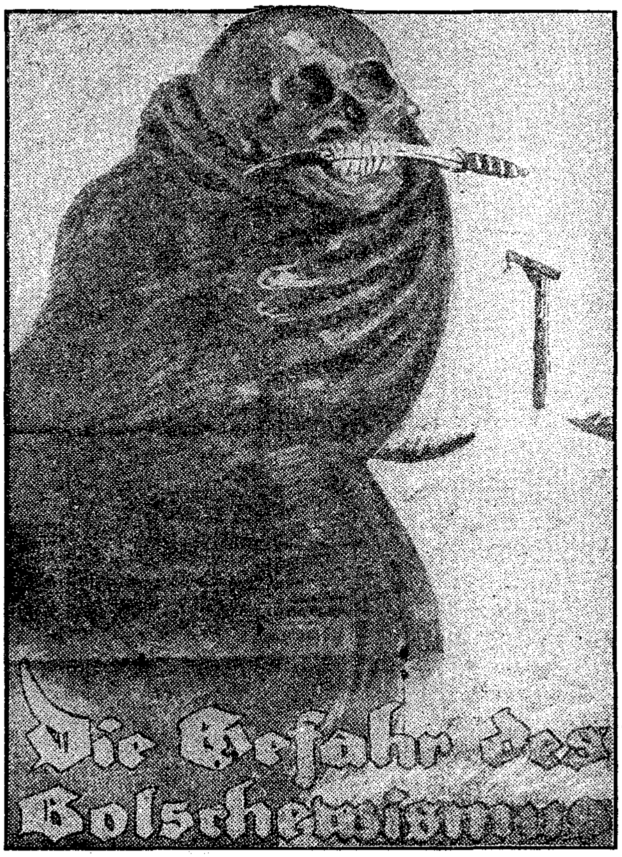
—*Esquella* (Barcelona).

> "It is an injustice of the Entente to speak only of German 'atrocities' and to be silent on the horrors committed by the other side. But it is equally unjust to pile everything on the shoulders of a man who, far from being the powerful personality he was considered by so many people in foreign countries, was, on the contrary, a feeble character quite ignorant of how he was being led. To be sure a monarch of such great power ought not to be weak and he ought to have been opposed by everybody in a position to oppose him. . . . . . .
>
> "In actual truth, the Kaiser is not responsible for many things that have happened in the war. At least in the first years of the war we know that he did not interfere in military affairs except perhaps that in some cases he worked along lines contrary to those our enemies believed he was following. When in August, 1918, Admiral Holtzendorff asked permission to establish a submarine blockade of the American coast, the Kaiser would not allow it. To-day he is in exile, thrust to the depths from his exalted position in life—one such as few mortals have occupied. What must be his frame of mind? In simple truth it may be said that William II. has been punished by fate and history. He should be left in quiet."

But no such sentimentality is to be noted in the report of Mr. Larnaud, Dean of the Faculty of Law, and Mr. de la Pradelle, Professor of International Law, in the University of Paris, who, on examination of the evidence, conclude that the ex-Kaiser is answerable in his own person both in penal and civil law for the war and for the crimes committed by the forces under his



"BOLSHEVISM MEANS STARVATION AND DEATH—NEVER PEACE."



"THE DANGER OF BOLSHEVISM."

SOME OF THE POSTERS THAT ARE BEING USED IN A NATION-WIDE PICTORIAL CAMPAIGN BY

command. Their report is published in *Le Bulletin Officiel*, in which we read that the authorities on penal law argued that this law can not be applied to a nation, and that the German Empire, therefore, apart from the ex-Kaiser, is liable only in civil law. But as the directors of a public company can be punished by criminal law, altho the shareholders as a body can not, so, altho the German nation can not be subjected to legal punishment, its former sovereign can and should be made to answer for his crimes in person. We read then:

> "It would be unjuridical in the highest degree to allow the Kaiser to escape the responsibility for his acts, his responsibility for the war, a decision upon which in terms of the German Constitution belongs only to him; for the violation of Belgium, which was willed by him; and for the numerous acts of terrorism committed by his troops, which were ordered by him."

Even if the ex-Kaiser is allowed to spread the responsibility for the beginning of the war over his fellow German sovereigns, this would not enable him to avoid his personal share, which is the largest. As for the acts of the German Army and Navy this French report shows that the ex-Kaiser is personally responsible as the Supreme War-Lord, and that he ordered the methods of warfare which have blackened the name of the German Army is plain from the letter he wrote to the Emperor Francis Joseph early in the war, in which he said:

> "My soul is torn, but everything must be put to fire and sword; men, women, children, and old men must be slaughtered, and not a tree or house be left standing. With these methods of terrorism, which are alone capable of affecting a people as degenerate as the French, the war will be over in two months, whereas if I admit humanitarian considerations it will last years. In spite of my repugnance, I have therefore been obliged to choose the former system."

Noting that the Dutch press stoutly maintain that the surrender of the ex-Kaiser must be made according to international law, the London *Saturday Review* observes:

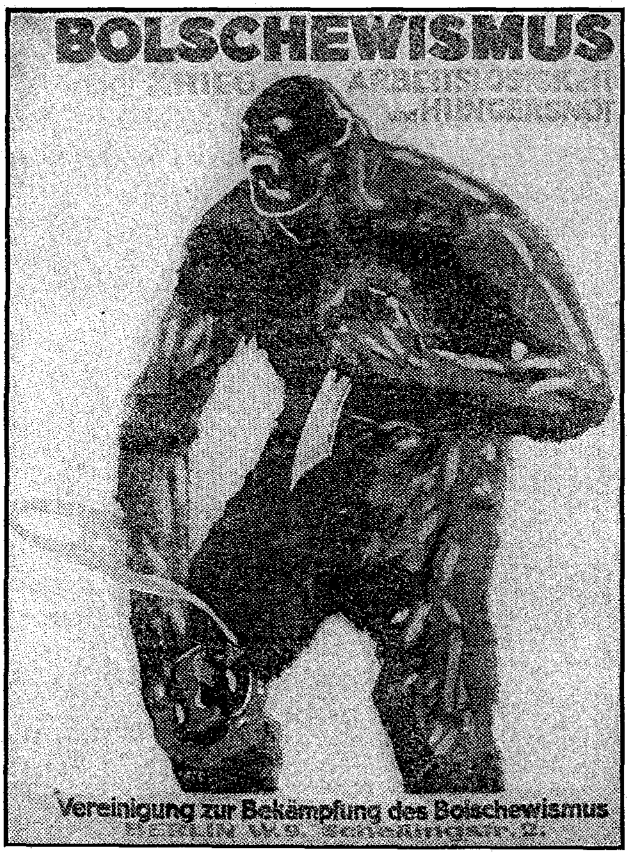
> "Those who know anything about international law are aware that William can not legally be extradited, because he has not committed any of the specific offenses set forth in treaties of extradition. An extraordinary tribunal must be set up for his trial; but suppose the Dutch refuse to give him up? The Dutch may yield to *force majeure*, and probably they will do so under protest. The best thing would then be to try the ex-Kaiser, slowly and solemnly, so that the record of his crimes may sink drop by drop into the conscience of mankind.
>
> "And then, having found him guilty, he should be interned in one of the Pacific Islands. He is a danger in Europe, for there is a strong Kaiser party in Germany, which will grow stronger if the disorder continues. A few more months of Spartacism, and the Germans would begin to sigh for a Hohenzollern. In fact, were there a clever Hohenzollern or Hapsburg in existence, he would have to-day a great chance."

The London *Times* says there can be no two opinions about the moral guilt of the ex-Kaiser and of his agents, and adds:

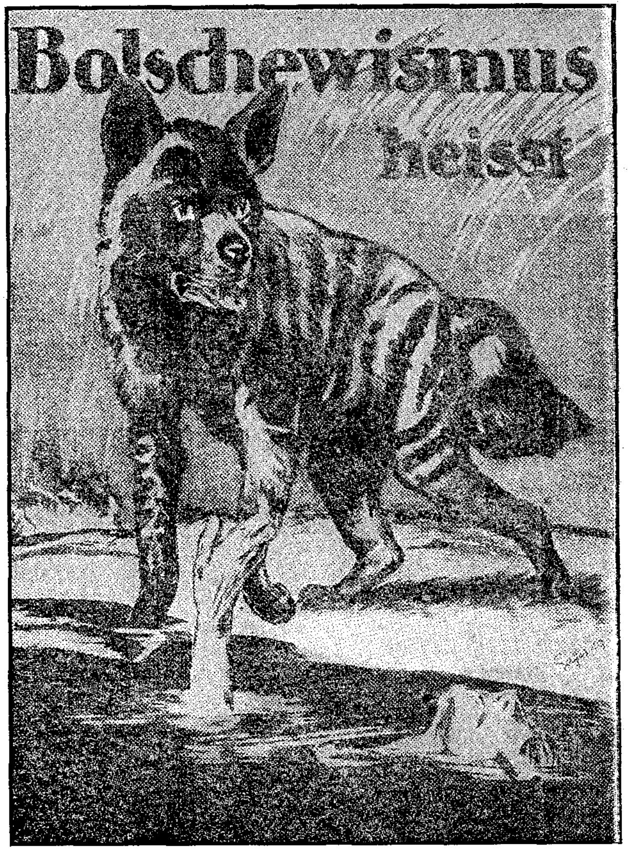
> "Even municipal law is, as a rule, far too reluctant to establish criminal responsibility; and in international law there are few, if any, precedents for such punitive measures as it is proposed to take against the Kaiser. Yet on establishing some sort of correspondence between moral guilt and legal guilt the whole future development of international law may be said to depend. But the judiciary in international as in municipal law should be independent of the executive, or it loses its dignity and becomes, like an act done under martial law, the mere continuance of the operations of war. It is for the executive to collect the evidence and to prepare the indictment. The right court to settle such questions would be some judicial committee of the new League of Nations, when it is set up."

In his weekly *John Bull* (London), Mr. Horatio Bottomley professes cynicism as to the trial of the ex-Kaiser and his confederates when he says:

> "Personally, I should not be greatly surprized if, when the tribunal is constituted and meets to formulate its procedure, many weeks are spent in learned wrangling on this point. In other words, I do not believe that in the end the Kaiser will be held personally responsible for the crimes and infamies of the war; or, if he be, then I fancy such responsibility will be declared of so purely technical a character as to secure his escape from the condign retribution which is his due. However, we have not got the court yet, and by the time it is ready to start business I am afraid that many of the culprits will be in their graves."


BOLSCHEWISMUS
Vereinigung zur Bekämpfung des Bolschewismus

"BOLSHEVISM BREEDS WAR, UNEMPLOYMENT, AND FAMINE."



"BOLSHEVISM MEANS DRENCHING THE WORLD IN BLOOD."

THE GERMAN REPUBLIC TO FIGHT BOLSHEVISM BY DEPICTING ITS DISASTROUS RESULTS.

CAUSE OF EGYPTIAN DISORDERS

PREMATURE ATTEMPTS at self-determination made chiefly by irresponsible political agitators are named as the causes of the trouble in Egypt, which resulted in sending General Allenby, the hero of the Mesopotamia campaign, as special High Commissioner with supreme civil and military powers. According to the press, in the rioting that has occurred about half a hundred persons have been killed, including some British officers and soldiers. Much damage was done to railway and telegraph-lines, with the result that communication with Egypt has been seriously deranged. Trouble has been brewing there for months, according to a statement made in the House of Commons by Mr. William Dudley Ward on behalf of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who reported that last November a deputation of Egyptian Nationalists, under the leadership of Said Pasha Zagloul, vice-president of the Legislative Assembly, called at the British Residency to advocate a program of complete autonomy for Egypt, which would leave to Great Britain only the right of supervision in regard to the public debt and facilities for shipping in the Suez Canal. They wished to go to England immediately to present their program, and at the same time the Nationalists elected a committee of fourteen leaders and began agitation in support of it throughout Egypt. The British Government, we learn from press reports of Mr. Ward's statement, expresst sympathy with the idea of allowing the Egyptians an ever-increasing share in the government of the country, but added that it could not abandon its responsibility for order and good government in Egypt, over which a British protectorate was formally declared in 1914, and for safeguarding the rights and interests of the native and foreign populations. No useful purpose, it was stated, would be served by allowing the Nationalist leaders to go to London and advance immoderate demands which could not possibly be entertained. Prime Minister Rouchdi Pasha and Adly Pasha, Minister of Education, were invited, according to Mr. Ward, to come to London in the middle of February, but they refused to come unless the Nationalist leaders also were permitted to proceed to London. The British Government felt unable to accept such a condition, and the resignations of the two ministers, which had been pending, were accepted by the Sultan of Egypt. When steps were taken to form a new ministry the Nationalists resorted to intimidation of the Sultan and of those ministers who were ready to remain in office or persons who were ready to accept it. Because of the Sultan's appeal for protection from insults and intimidation, Said Pasha Zagloul and three other National leaders, conspicuous agitators, were arrested and deported to Malta. Said Pasha Zagloul was released, however, about the middle of April and joined a deputation of Egyptian Nationalists who were on their way to England by permission of the British Government. The first duty of England, according to the London *Times*, is to preserve the strength of her "guiding hand," and this must be done in the interests of the masses of the people. We read then:

> "We are bound to make it clear that we have no intention of permitting the destruction of that order and prosperity which we have established both in Egypt and the Sudan. That changes must be made with the object of giving Egyptians a still larger share in the control of their own affairs is not a matter of dispute. We can not introduce spacious reforms into India and leave Egypt untouched. When the protectorate was proclaimed in 1914, it was understood that constitutional developments would be framed after the war. The position of Great Britain is that we can not do so in a moment, that we were confronted with the most sweeping claims before the ink was dry on the draft of the first armistice, and that changes made now require the most careful consideration. In Egypt, as elsewhere, violent pressure will retard reforms, not hasten them, and there never was a time when such a warning was more required. There is, however, one aspect of the Egyptian disturbances which has a more than local significance. They have unquestionably some connection with that spirit of unrest which is rapidly deepening throughout the Islamic world. One of the defects of the Peace Conference at Paris is that Mohammedan opinion finds far too little expression in the councils of the delegates. A thread of religious unity stronger than any Christian community of interest runs through all Mohammedan lands and peoples. It should never be lost sight of in the decisions now being framed."

CANADA'S DAYLIGHT-SAVING TANGLE

CANADIAN CITY AND COUNTRY DISTRICTS are sharply at odds on the question of changing Canadian clocks to keep daylight-saving time with those of the United States. The conflict was brought to a head by the decision of the Canadian Railway War Board to follow the American plan of advancing railroad clocks one hour in spite of the defeat of the daylight-saving bill in the House of Commons by a vote of 105 to 50. Many cities in Canada are following the example of the railroads, notes the Vancouver *Sun*, which reminds us that as a province British Columbia also has adopted the measure. The eastern farmer, not satisfied with beating the measure in Parliament, this Vancouver daily proceeds, wants Parliament to prevent the railways from adopting it, but "as the railways are acting under an order of the Railway War Board, Parliament will be placed in the position of repudiating its own Board by complying with the farmers' demand." We read then:

> "So far the one big reason advanced by the farmer for his opposition is that the dew is not off the grass at the hour of his rising if the clock is set at daylight-saving time, and the hired man wants to quit work at the same time as the city worker.
>
> "The hired man on the farm has to work a certain number of hours a day, and the farmer ought to be able to arrange with him to begin work when the dew rises, otherwise make him milk the cows and feed the pigs until he could go to work in the fields."

The Daylight-Saving Act does not affect the farmer who does his own work, remarks the Ottawa *Citizen*, and the average farmer works by the sun, the clock having little or no significance as such for him. It is usually the hired man who insists on the daylight-saving scheme, especially when he is in proximity to towns or villages, *The Citizen* proceeds, for the advance of the clock an hour gives the hired man so much more daylight in which to enjoy himself. This Ottawa journal adds:

> "The present mix-up is to be regretted because it serves not only to confuse time schedules but to accentuate the fact that the urban and rural centers are more or less antagonistic even on matters not related to the really serious things which require the united efforts of the country to bring to a solution. To have 'country' time and 'city' time is to complicate much business unnecessarily. Perhaps it could be solved by the unionizing of farm labor."

The Regina (Sask.) *Leader* strongly advocates an agreement of time between the United States and Canada in view of the fact that the Dominion of necessity has "closer commercial relations and a more intimate exchange of business with that country than any other," so that it is inevitable that two methods of computing time will result in great inconvenience, annoyance, and loss. This daily recalls that:

> "The Montreal Trades and Labor Council has unanimously declared for the reenactment of the daylight-saving bill this year. Last year many of the leading men in the labor movement in Montreal opposed the scheme, believing it to be a dodge on the part of the employers to get more work out of them, but after last year's experience they have come to recognize daylight saving as a boon to themselves and have completely altered their views and are now enthusiastically in favor of it."

While it is true that international travel would be thrown out of gear if the schedules on both sides of the line were not the same, observes the Toronto *Globe*, the railway companies make confusion worse confounded for the communities which do not adjust themselves to railway time. Business of all kinds will be greatly disturbed, and *The Globe* thus explores the complexities further:

> "The stock exchanges in any event must be governed by American time. The newspapers will have to go to press an hour earlier to catch trains, with a corresponding loss of efficiency as news purveyors. Even the farmer who complained that last summer he had to milk the cows an hour sooner in order to catch the milk-trains may be no better off this summer because Parliament sided with him.
>
> "If the decision of the Canadian Railway War Board is not overruled by the Government or Parliament, urban municipalities must in self-defense adapt themselves to the new system."

The London (Ont.) *Free Press* admits that the railroads were in a difficult position when American clocks were advanced one hour, but the obstacles they would have had to face are not considerable when compared with the demand of a great majority of the people of Canada, as represented in Parliament, for adherence to the old time. "We were not bound to follow the United States in this matter, but the railroads of Canada are morally bound to recognize the will of Canadians," according to *The Free Press*, which adds:

> "It is doubtful if the daylight-saving principle will continue to prevail beyond the present season. While it holds some large advantages, these are offset by the grievances which are created for many factory workers, as well as for the farmers, all of them early-risers in any event. Daylight saving makes its special appeal to the classes who are in no great haste to bestir themselves in the morning, and who desire the long afternoon for the better opportunity it gives for pleasure and sport. Economically, a good case can be made out. There is a saving of artificial light under the daylight-saving plan. No advantage can, however, compensate the worker, who fails to get his due amount of rest, which unfortunately is too often denied him when he must lose the precious hour of the cool morning in exchange for the hot hour of the afternoon."

BULL-FIGHTING UNPOPULAR IN SPAIN

THAT WITTY SCOTCH PREACHER, Dr. John Watson, once said, "Heresy-hunting is the national sport in Scotland, just as bull-fighting is the national sport in Spain," and many persons in this country, holding a similar opinion, assume that bull-fight "fans" are not less numerous in Spain than baseball fans in America. Every Spaniard is supposed to like to see bulls disembowel decrepit horses, attempt to kill men, and finally succumb to the skill and ferocity of their tormentors. Yet a famous bull-fighter named Delmontito has returned to Madrid, and from one end of Spain to the other the press seize the opportunity to denounce bull-fighting. The crusade calls forth a very significant contribution to *Blanco y Negro* (Madrid) by Wenceslao Fernandez-Florez, who has made a careful investigation of bull-fighting, and concludes that its popularity in Spain has been greatly exaggerated. Says he:

> "It is not true that the Spanish people as a whole are enamored of bull-fighting. In all Spain you will discover only fourteen or fifteen thousand individuals who are. These fourteen or fifteen thousand individuals keep on the go perpetually, making the rounds of all the bull-fights. They go to Gijón, to Santander, to Valencia, to San Sebastián, to Seville, to Granada. They noisily crowd the trains. They swarm on the terraces in front of the cafés. Once the fight is over they return home.
>
> "A proof that I am not mistaken is to be found in the care with which dealers in bulls avoid having a sale on the day of a bull-fight, for in that case the sale would be neglected.
>
> "Among people connected with King Alfonso's court there are three thousand bull-fight enthusiasts; at Barcelona there are two thousand; at Seville two thousand more; at Valencia one hundred and fifty, and so it goes; in the country at large a mere sprinkling. Many a town is without a single enthusiast. At Monforte there are but two. Cangas de Onis has one for certain and another under suspicion.
>
> "You will find innumerable Spaniards who never attend a bull-fight, and among those who do attend it appears that powerful stimulants are necessary. Some will tell you that they can not spend an afternoon at a bull-fight without drinking two or three bottles of montilla. Others say a man must smoke ten cigars and double his brandy ration."

To Fernandez-Florez, bull-fighting as "a national sport" is a good deal of a humbug, and "nothing in Spanish life has less influence." He goes on to say that all the Spanish writers are aware of this, but see reasons for not letting out the truth.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

SAVING 13,000 WORKERS' LIVES YEARLY

"SAFETY PAYS" is the conclusion of Lew R. Palmer, who writes in *The Scientific Monthly* (New York, April). According to Mr. Palmer the result of the "safety-first" movement during the past ten years has been to reduce our annual toll of fatal industrial accidents from 35,000 to 22,000, with a corresponding prevention also of maiming and disabling accidents. In other words, the movement is saving 13,000 American lives yearly—or one-sixth of the number of American lives lost in the war—and presumably will steadily increase this rate of saving until the loss becomes negligible. Further, Mr. Palmer tells us that the safety movement has been the entering wedge whereby a better understanding is coming about between employer and employee—itself a measure of economy. In conclusion, the writer suggests closer cooperation among all accident-prevention agencies and between the States and the casualty companies. He urges us to "educate our children to live through carefulness rather than die by carelessness," and finally reminds us that universal peace and universal safety go hand in hand. He says:

Is not
  An accident prevented—
    many dollars saved?
  An accident prevented—
    a productive life or limb conserved?
  An accident prevented—
    uninterrupted, therefore, increased production?
  An accident prevented—
    a father saved to his family?
    a family saved from charity?
  An accident prevented—
    a mine well ventilated?
    a thousand happy homes?
    a million dollars saved?
  An accident prevented—
    a high-explosive plant properly located?
    a town still on the map?
  An accident prevented—
    a boiler filled with water?
    a plant still in operation?
  An accident prevented—
    an engineer educated to caution?
    "The Limited" at its destination?
    the passengers home in safety?
    the railroad's first duty fulfilled?
Is not accident prevention the best and cheapest compensation?
Is not the White Cross of Prevention an even greater national asset than the Red Cross of First Aid?

"While it can not be claimed that accident prevention has always been recognized as essential to good business, it can not be denied that to-day it is a generally accepted fact that safety pays.

"A striking example of the effectiveness of a well-organized and active safety department is illustrated in a chart recently published by the United States Steel Corporation. From it we learn that in the past twelve years there have been saved from death and serious injury within the plants of this organization, approximately, 23,000 workmen.

"Surely, when you take account of the productive value of these workers thus saved to their task in the 'trenches of labor,' bearing in mind what that increased product has actually meant to our Allied armies, fighting our fight for universal safety in the trenches 'over there,' all must agree that the money and effort expended in developing that safety organization had its return, and that many fold.

"This highly specialized and important branch of plant management has not been the growth of a day; it has been a gradual evolution, with many elements involved, including the patient development of methods of education in order to combat that arch-enemy of safety—carelessness—by opposing it with a united front, the man cooperating with the management.

"Important as have been the installation of mechanical safeguards—many of which are monuments to some fallen pioneer—and the remodeling of plant arrangement and plant equipment, the human factor—the personal equation—still holds a bridge-head in the bloody arena of accident causation.

"'How to reach the man' is a hard-fought problem of long standing, against which we have repeatedly directed our major offensives, on which we have trained our big guns, and, I fear, wasted not a few highbrow speeches. . . . . . .

"Mass-meetings, or safety rallies, to be of permanent value, should be reenforced with the rapid and continuous fire of education that comes from well-directed foremen's meetings, interspersed with the hand-to-hand personal contact of the workmen's committees. This should, in a large measure, insure that development of plant morale necessary to put safety 'over the top.'

"In a recent bulletin published by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics on 'The Safety Movement in the Iron and Steel Industry' appears an interesting chart showing the variation in accident frequency as compared with the coincident variation of employment.

"It will be noted that, following the period of minimum employment (at which time there was a parallel depression in the accident curve), with the introduction of new men came an increased accident frequency. This was to be expected, as it is in accordance with past experience.

"However, the accident frequency was soon checked and the curve eventually brought down, even at a time of maximum employment, to a point as low as the best record at any period of minimum employment.

"To those who have had experience in dealing with the new-man problem as related to accident frequency, this will appeal as a really remarkable achievement, and to my mind proves without a doubt that safety organization, even in the face of unprecedented stress of war-work, has 'made good.'

"It might be added that, when these figures have been brought up to date for the year 1918, they will indicate that there has been a further reduction as compared with the already good showing for 1917."

Many agencies have been active, Mr. Palmer reminds us, in the development of the safety movement. In the Pittsburg district, where "mules were once held of more value than mortals," a group of engineers, in cooperation with insurance officials, sowed the seed of the National Safety Council, to-day one of the foremost accident-prevention organizations. Allied with this is the American Museum of Safety, a pioneer in promoting the 'safety spirit' throughout the industries by holding exhibitions of safety and sanitation, distributing publications, and making investigations that have exerted marked educational influence. To quote again:

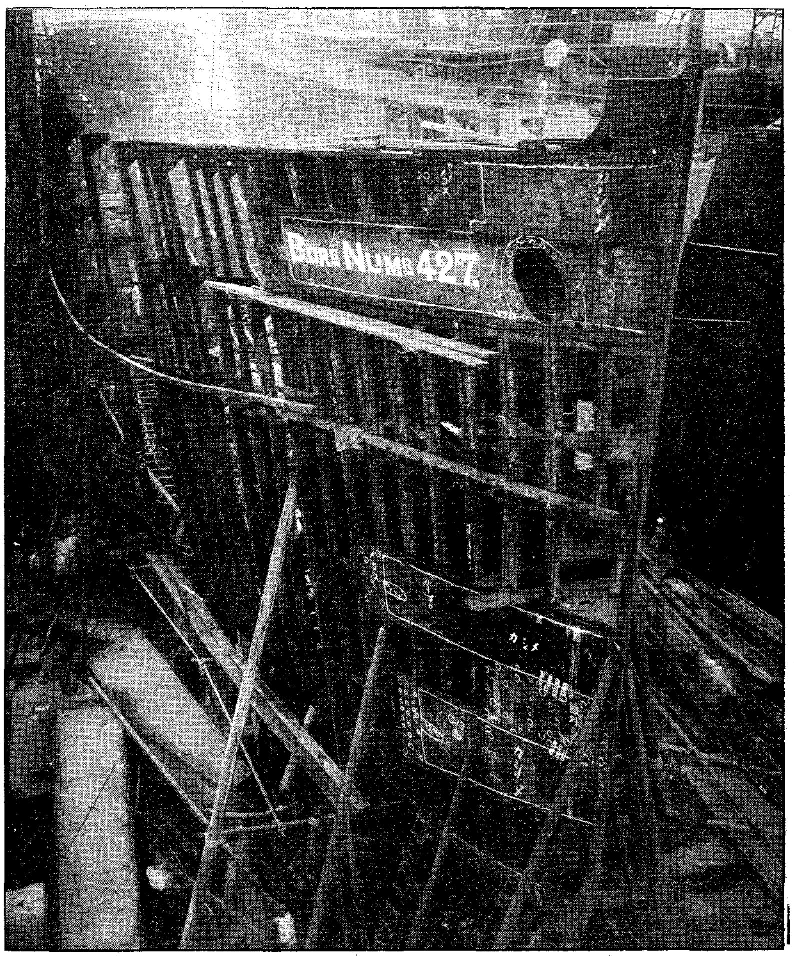
"Focusing the industrial thought and purpose upon this special branch of plant management soon revealed the fact that, as we had been sadly negligent in conserving our minerals, forests, and other natural sources, so had we been wofully wasteful of the lives and limbs of our industrial workers; and we were awakened to the realization that this annual toll of life and limb was not the sad necessity we had believed it to be, but that, by the proper application of organized effort—purpose plus money—amazing reductions in accident frequency could be effected.

"From such records as were available ten years ago, we were shown that in the neighborhood of 35,000 fatal industrial accidents occurred each year, carrying with them approximately 2,000,000 disabling accidents for a like period.

"In the light of the new day, with its avowed purpose to eliminate waste, the safety movement has played its part, and to-day it is estimated that the annual rate of fatal industrial accidents has been reduced to approximately 22,000, with a corresponding reduction in the disabling accidents."

JAPAN MAKES A SHIP-BUILDING RECORD

THE JAPANESE last fall built a 5,800-ton steamer in less than twenty-nine days—a feat which, according to the London *Weekly Times*, gives her the world's speed record; for altho we have built a ship in the same number of days, it was less than half as large as this. Ship-building in general is looking up in Japan, according to the *Times* writer, and the earnings of the steamship lines in that country have also jumped about 30 per cent. in the last few months. Japanese builders, however, must use American steel, as native steel is not produced in sufficient quantity. In view of the rapid progress of ship-building both in this country and Japan, the *Times* writer is inclined to bewail the "very unsatisfactory" condition of the same industry in the United Kingdom. He writes:



ONE DAY'S WORK ON THE *RAIFUKU MARU.*

This picture was taken exactly twenty-four hours after the keel was laid down.

"While ship-building conditions in this country continue in some respects very unsatisfactory, it is desirable to remember that ship-building in other countries is making rapid progress. A notable reminder of this progress is the feat which has recently been accomplished in Japan of building a steel steamer of 5,800 tons gross and 9,000 tons dead-weight within twenty-nine days, of which details have now been received here.

"The keel of the steamer, the *Raifuku Maru*, was laid down at 7 A.M. on October 7 last; the vessel was launched at 6 A.M. on October 30; the official trials were successfully carried out on November 5, and within a few days she sailed, laden, for South America.

"The length of this vessel is 385 feet, her beam is 51 feet, and her molded depth is 28 feet. She attained a mean speed of 14.39 knots on the two trial runs of three miles each. The whole of the construction was carried out under the survey of Lloyd's Register.

"This feat of rapid construction is clearly an important and creditable incident in the development of the Japanese ship-building industry, for the short time taken represents a very remarkable reduction on the period hitherto required. Even in the United States, where, last year, feats of rapid construction quickly succeeded each other, great prominence was given to the building of the steamer *Crawl Keys*, at Ecorse, Detroit River, within twenty-nine days. Yet the *Crawl Keys* was a much smaller steamer than the *Raifuku Maru*, being of 2,300 tons gross and 3,300 tons dead-weight. . . . When, immediately after completion, she sailed away laden, she bore below the bridge a large placard with the words printed in bold type: 'I am twenty-nine days old—look me over.' In each case the American and Japanese builders had a series of construction-progress photographs taken, with which I have been kindly supplied. Doubtless, in each case, a certain amount of preparatory work was done before the keels were laid. But, making full allowance for any such fabrication, it was found in the United States during the height of the crusade that 'records' bred 'records,' and a general expediting of construction was secured. Not impossibly, the same process will be repeated in Japan. . . . . . .

"One cause alone seems to be restricting the output of Japanese tonnage—the lack of sufficient native steel, and it is probable that the *Raifuku Maru* was built of American steel. When difficulties of securing steel, as well as prices, were at their height during the war, such an impetus was given to the Japanese steel industry that about 150 works were started in Japan to deal with the iron of the Far East, but the present position and prospects of these new enterprises have naturally been affected by the fall in steel prices in this country and in the United States. Japan is not troubled with labor difficulties. According to *The Financial and Economic Annual* of Japan for 1918, the average daily wage of a shipwright in 1916 (the last year for which the figure was given) was less than a yen (50 cents).

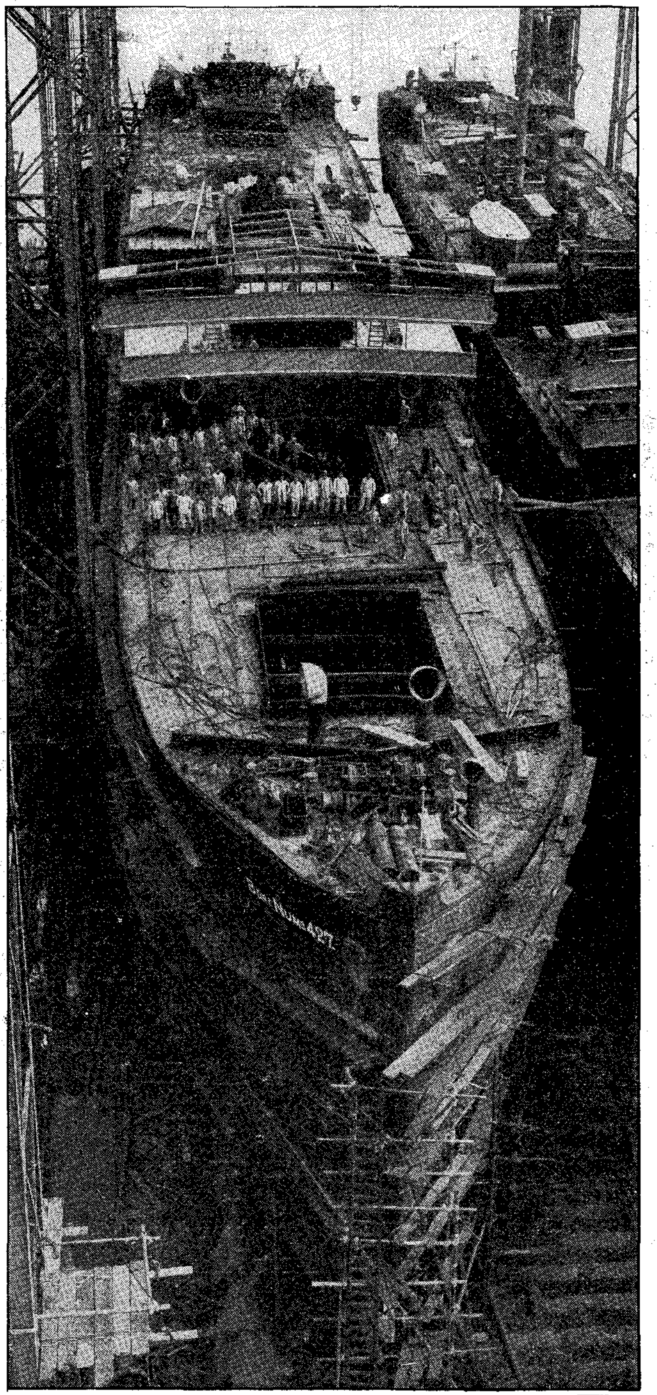
"It is interesting to add, in connection with this construction feat, that a telegram has just been received in London from Osaka illustrating further the great success which has lately attended the operations of the Japanese shipping lines. The remarkable increase in the earnings of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha for the half-year ended September 30 was described in *The Times* of January 18. For the half-year ended December 31 last the net profit of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha was $12,500,000, as compared with $9,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1917."

MEASURING BRAIN-SPEED—In an article quoted in these columns recently, Dr. Amar, of Paris, was credited with the invention of an improved instrument for measuring the time of brain-reaction to stimulus. Instruments of this type, of course, are not new. Edgar M. Atkin, of Washington, D. C., writes us as follows about one with which he was familiar twenty-three years ago:

"As a sophomore in Yale University I had the privilege of studying experimental psychology under Professor Scripture, who used the very machine, tuning-fork, smoked drum, electrical attachment, and drum that the article credits Dr. Amar with inventing. The late 'Mike' Murphy, at that time in charge of Yale athletics, used the machine, and by means of an attachment photographs were taken at the Yale Field showing the track-men leaving the mark after the pistol had been fired; and these photographs were compared to the records of reaction, a spark on the waved line marking the time when the pistol was fired and a second spark marking the time the runner left his mark."

A MACHINE FABLE

AN INSTRUCTIVE FABLE that brings Æsop up to date by employing as speaking characters the parts of a steam-engine, instead of the familiar animals of the Greek fabulist, is printed by *Power Plant Engineering* (Chicago, April 1), under the title, "An Outbreak in a Power-Plant." It seems just possible that the writer had at some time in his life read and digested the tale of "The Stomach and the Members," but one should not be too critical of a real engineering fable, as, outside of Kipling, there are not many of the kind. The author begins by reminding us that a "revolution" is a natural thing in a power-plant and that outbreaks are the fashion in industry. It is not surprizing therefore, he goes on, to learn of an indignation meeting held recently in one of our great plants. He writes:



ONE WEEK'S WORK.

The *Raifuku Maru* was begun on October 7, was launched on October 30, and made her trial trip on November 5.

"Some of the Turbines and Dynamos with the Pistons and Rods got together and talked over their grievances. One Dynamo, pointing a foot toward the Fly-wheel, said: 'Why should we all go on getting all hot and working hard to make electricity for the world when that idle Fly-wheel does nothing but whirl around on his shaft? We, who produce the power, should get all the credit and attention and care. Look at him. He sticks up above everything else. Everybody sees him and talks about him. He takes up room and gets painted and fussed over, but he's absolutely useless.'

"Then the Turbine joined in with his shrill voice: 'You're right, Mr. Dynamo; that Fly-wheel belongs to the *bourgeoisie*. He's never made a watt or a horse-power in the nineteen years he's been in this plant. I've watched him carefully. He never hurries or gets heated. He just goes round and round. He's kept all polished up, and looks dignified, and doesn't work at all; while I'm grinding away night and day, chewing up 150 pounds of steam and turning out light and power. It isn't fair that guy should get away with it and ride all day on the shaft that you fellows work to keep turning.'

"Up spoke the Piston-rod: 'You said something, Brother Turbine. I've had my eye on that fellow, too. . . . This is a power-plant, and those who don't make power haven't any place here.'

"The Steam-pipe broke out with great heat then: 'I am with you, boys. That Fly-wheel does nothing but sponge on us, who do the real work. . . . He's a robber, that's what he is; and the day of the idle plutocrat is going to close! We fellows create all the power in this plant, and we should realize it, and not let ourselves be exploited and our means of livelihood stolen by an idler who does nothing. . . . Let's put him out.'

"'Good for you,' spoke up a boiler. 'I've been here twenty-six years and I agree. . . . Why don't we boycott that Fly-wheel and refuse to work for him any longer. He stays in a nice, clean, cool room, while I sweat in coal and ashes all day here, where there's no sunlight or air, and where it's always hot. He gets all the comfort, and I get all the drudgery.'

"So the Turbine and Dynamo and Piston-rod and Steam-pipe and Boiler decided to organize and talked about a name. They couldn't agree, so they adjourned for a later meeting.

"By that time their ideas had grown, and they decided to start a movement to make war on all the fly-wheels of the world. And they organized the 'International Power-Producers' Soviet.' They chose red as their emblem and 'Down with all idlers' as their battle-cry.

"They decided to hold a parade to arouse the other plants; but just as they were starting out a steady voice spoke up from behind the engine. 'Boys, wait a minute. I want to talk to you.' It was the Governor speaking, and the 'reds' stopt to listen, for they had always had some respect for him. They had heard that if he quit the whole plant would likely be wrecked, and they would all be out of a job for good. So they waited to hear him.

"He went on: 'Go easy, boys. Don't forget there are outlaws known as 'dead center' and 'sudden peaks' that can break in here and make tremendous trouble. It's Fly-wheel who keeps them in order. If it wasn't for him 'dead center' would hold us up so we couldn't start up; and if Fly-wheel wasn't on guard 'sudden peaks' would break in with his gang of heavy loads and we couldn't withstand him. Then we'd lose our jobs, for our outside customers would leave us, and there wouldn't be any power-plant in operation.'

"A pump who had not been heard from before spoke up. 'I don't see why we should pay much attention to what Governor says. I've run for eighteen years without a governor, and I've pumped 250,000,000 gallons of water. I'm wise to what that party wants. He knows that he doesn't produce any power, either, and he's afraid that if we unite and organize, we'll throw him out, too. . . . He's never done any real work. . . . . . .'

"In reply Governor said: 'You may all do as you please. If you throw out either Fly-wheel or me, you'll all soon be out of a job and starving. But maybe you'll have to before you learn the lesson.'

"Then everybody joined in at once. Some wanted to consider what Governor said, and began to call themselves Conservatives. Others joined with Steam-pump and called themselves Radicals. They were for throwing out all Valves and Meters that might in any way control the operation of the plant.

"And so the argument raged. Meantime Fly-wheel and Governor went on about their tasks working with the Conservatives and trying to keep things going so that the Radicals would not wreck the plant and throw everybody out of a job.

"That's where matters stood at the last report."

HOUSE-BURNING TO KEEP WARM

CHARLES LAMB'S CHINAMAN, who burned down his house to roast a pig, has his parallel in Chicago, where, according to Fred Telford, in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, April), houses are torn down to furnish fuel in lieu of coal. Only, in this case the people who demolish and burn the houses are not their owners, but volunteer wreckers who need the fuel. Needless to say, unoccupied and unguarded dwellings are selected. Mr. Telford tells a tale of a Michigan man who owned a seven-room house in Chicago, and who, failing to receive any remittance from his agent for several months, protested gently, whereat the agent, after making a visit to the premises, replied that there was no longer a house to rent! Shortage of fuel, combined with severe weather, had tempted some one to use the unoccupied building for fuel. He goes on:

Illustrations by courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York.

A HANDY SOURCE OF FUEL.

Chicago had 287 dangerous wrecks like this when fuel was so scarce during the severe winter of a year ago.

"Such volunteer wrecking is always going on in large cities, as every building department knows; but the damage from carrying away buildings piecemeal to use as fuel was increased fivefold by the hard conditions of the winter of 1918.

"Human nature being the same the world over, the 'technique' of volunteer wreckers varies very little. The first attack is almost invariably made on the inside, in some room in the rear. The reasons for this are obvious. If no complaint or warning follows, the wrecker proceeds, with ever-increasing rapidity, usually knocking out partitions and stairways before much outside damage is done. Then the window-frames are taken, and the doors, the siding, and even the foundations. As many photographs show, the wrecking is done from the ground upward; often the upper stories are in fairly good condition when the first story has been almost completely stript.

"Tho, as a rule, houses torn down for fuel are rather poor structures, this is not always the case. Buildings in first-class condition, if unoccupied and unguarded, may be destroyed. Even brick buildings are sometimes severely damaged by tearing out the doors, the window-frames, and the inside woodwork.

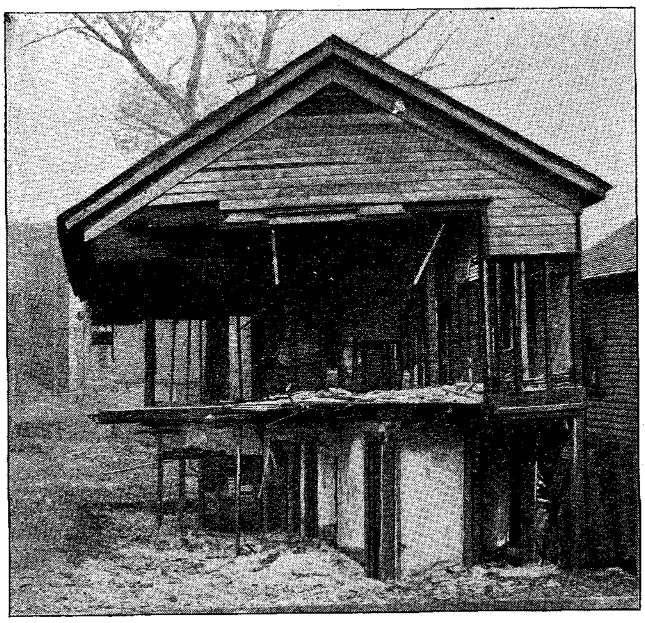
"Any one of a number of conditions may account for lack of complaints to the authorities. The neighbors are not likely to say anything, because, in most cases, it is their own coal-bins that are empty. The policeman on the beat often does not discover what is happening until great damage has been done. When the owner is notified, he may take no interest, either because he is hundreds of miles away, because the building is a ramshackle one that will not pay for its own wrecking, or because it has been so damaged as to be worthless. The building department takes notice as soon as the wrecked building reaches a stage that makes it a fire-trap or dangerous to life and limb. In a surprizing number of cases, the owner displays so little interest that the department, after vainly notifying him several times to have the building wrecked, orders the work done by a contractor and sends the bill to the owner.

"The amount of damage done in such a city as Chicago or New York runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Last winter 287 buildings in Chicago were in such condition that the authorities ordered them torn down; many were so top-heavy that they swayed in the wind, or fell against neighboring structures. Some were so dangerous that the fire department was called in to complete the destruction on the spot. Yet, in some miraculous manner, nobody was killed or even seriously hurt."

THE NEW SLEEPING SICKNESS

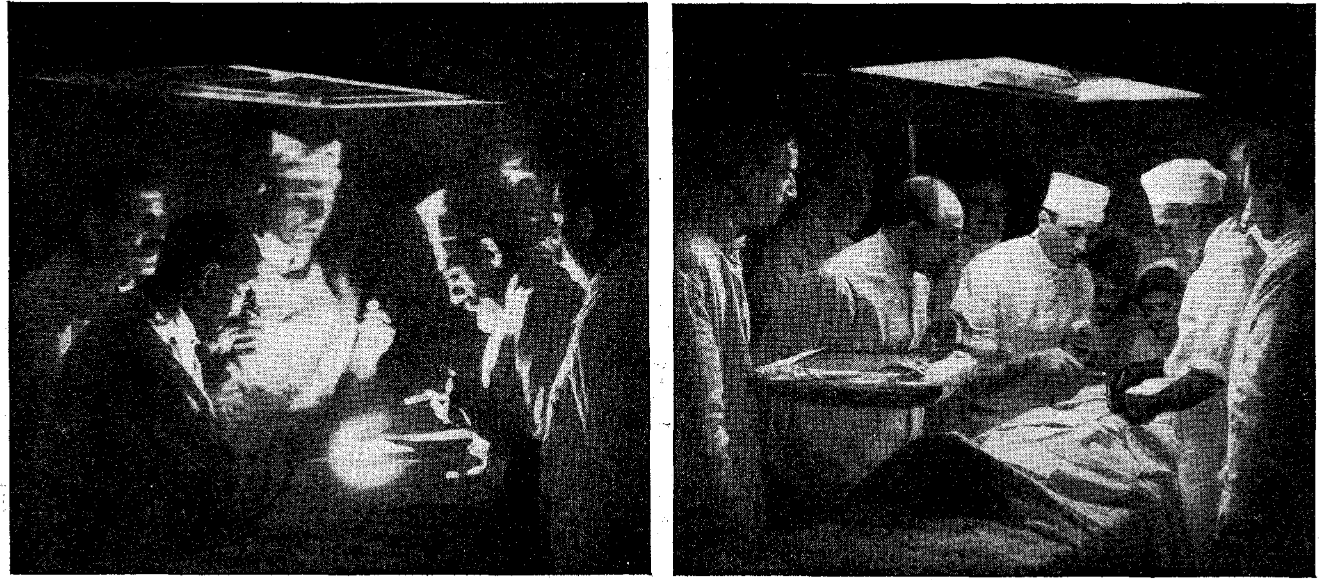
REPORTS IN THE DAILY PRESS of the occurrence of "sleeping sickness" in various parts of the United States have been assumed by many readers to refer to the well-known African malady of that name, believed to be communicable only by the bite of the tsetse fly, an insect unknown in this country. The present disease is apparently encephalitis lethargica, or lethargic brain-fever, an obscure condition which occurred in an epidemic form in England last year. From an account in *The Lancet* (London) of a very full discussion at the Royal Society of Medicine, it appears that the disease may cause simply a general disturbance of the nervous system, or may be localized in the brain, spinal cord, or elsewhere. It begins with lethargy and headache, lasting from one to three weeks and followed by stupor, delirium, pain, and paralysis. There are often serious after-effects, paralytic and other, and the disease appears in many ways to be closely related to infantile paralysis, altho not identical with it. With regard to the cause of the disease, we summarize the abstract of a committee report read at the meeting named above, made for *The Interstate Medical Journal* (St. Louis, April):

"Various hypotheses had been suggested by different workers engaged in the inquiry, but the views which appeared best to agree with present knowledge was that encephalitis lethargica was one of a group of diseases in which, as in cerebrospinal fever and acute poliomyelitis, the pathogenic agent was much more generally present in the human organism than the clinical evidence implied. As regards cerebrospinal fever, this was no



WORK OF VOLUNTEER WRECKERS,

Who begin at the inside and the lower floor of an untenanted house and take away everything burnable.



Illustrations by courtesy of "Popular Mechanics," Chicago.

SURGEONS STUDYING A WOUND BY THE x-RAY, AND THEN OPERATING BY THE RED LIGHT OVERHEAD.

longer a hypothesis, but a well-established observation. In that condition the specific reaction named cerebrospinal fever arose in one or other of two ways: first, as the result of a breakdown in the immunity to the effects of the virus which the individual who harbored it had up to that time enjoyed; secondly, as the result of a non-immune person becoming infected with a strain of the virus which had attained the degree of pathogenic action described as specific.

"This was the view that best explained the irregular, widespread, *sporadic distribution* of encephalitis lethargica. *Until* further research yielded precise information, we might assume that many people harbored the organism of the illness—and that in certain of these persons there occurred for some unknown reason either an enhanced virulence of the parasite or a lowered resistance of the tissue cells, or both, the result being that the stimulus of the parasite overcame the resistance of the tissue cells and the host suffered from the effects of the virus which previously he had harbored with impunity. This explanation implied that the key to the problem rested not in the purely bacteriological view of the causation of disease, but in the wider view that disease resulted from the interaction of several factors."

One suggestion of more than usual interest was that this and other nerve-diseases have been simply incidents of the influenza epidemic. We read:

"Dr. W. H. Hamer pointed out that, just as in 1915, the so-called epidemic of cerebrospinal fever was really only a small part of an influenza prevalence, so in the epidemic encephalitis of the *spring* of 1918 a *particular cluster* of symptoms was once more being singled out for scrutiny, and that here again the epidemic, so called, was merely part and parcel of a prevalence of influenza. During the last ten years evidence had been collected, however, clearly showing a close association between outbreaks of poliomyelitis, polioencephalitis, cerebrospinal meningitis, and prevalences of influenza. The proof that epidemic lethargy was no new disease was writ large. In view of the fact that 'Spanish influenza' had followed hard on the heels of epidemic encephalitis, he ventured to plead, once again, for the epidemiological point of view. These 'new diseases' could not be completely understood by making cell counts and cultivating various strains of organisms; nor satisfactorily explained by focusing attention on some partic*ular sign* or *symptom*, whether it were sweat, lethargy, paralysis, or some evidence of involvement of the pulmonary, nervous, or gastrointestinal systems. Creighton had declared that there was something more than accident in the association between epidemics of influenza and epidemics of ague. Study of the last-named showed clearly that they were not, of course, outbreaks of malaria, but precisely those very gastrointestinal, pulmonary, and nervous manifestations which we were now beginning to realize actually constituted part and parcel of influenza prevalences."

RED-LIGHT SURGERY

THE USE OF A PURE RED LIGHT for surgical work, alternately with an x-ray apparatus, is described by a contributor to *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, April). The reason for using red is that it is complementary to the greenish yellow of the fluoroscope, so that each makes the eye more sensitive to the other, instead of dazzling the worker. Says the writer:

"Silent, white-robed figures bending over a prostrate form while a lurid red light glances from sharp steel in their hands—it might be a stage-setting for the Inferno, or the ultra-ingenious ceremony of some mystic league. But the red glare, which flashes and goes out and then gleams again in a deliberate cycle, marks a wholly beneficent performance. It is aiding the marvelous but limited revelations of the x-ray to guide the hand of the surgeon in its delicate repairs on damaged humanity.

"The x-rays, penetrating human tissue, cast upon a luminous, fluorescent screen a silhouette, a shadow—nothing more. The surgeon, skilled in reading the significance of such shadows, gazes upon the screen and works in darkness, with his hands exposed to the baneful influences of the rays.

"The method did not satisfy a French surgeon. Conceiving the advantages to doctor and patient of adequate illumination, he experimented cautiously with a bright light of pure-red hue used alternately with the fluorescent screen.

"The arrangement was successful, and was put to splendid use in a French war-hospital. With the x-ray tube below the operating-table and the fluorescent screen above, an exposure of thirty seconds is found ample for a thorough study by the surgeon. Then the screen is removed and the red light turned on, emanating from a dome over the table. The dome carries twenty 25-cp. lamps behind a double thickness of pure ruby glass. An operation is quickly performed, and then the red light is turned off and another ray exposure taken, if necessary, to reveal the next step in the surgeon's work.

"It is well known that the human eye, exposed to light of a primary color, reacts by creating an after-impression of the complementary color. For this reason, the red illumination actually makes the surgeon's eye more sensitive and receptive to the greenish-yellow rays from the fluoroscope. And, similarly, the peculiar tint of the fluorescent light accommodates the eye to the red glow when the change is made.

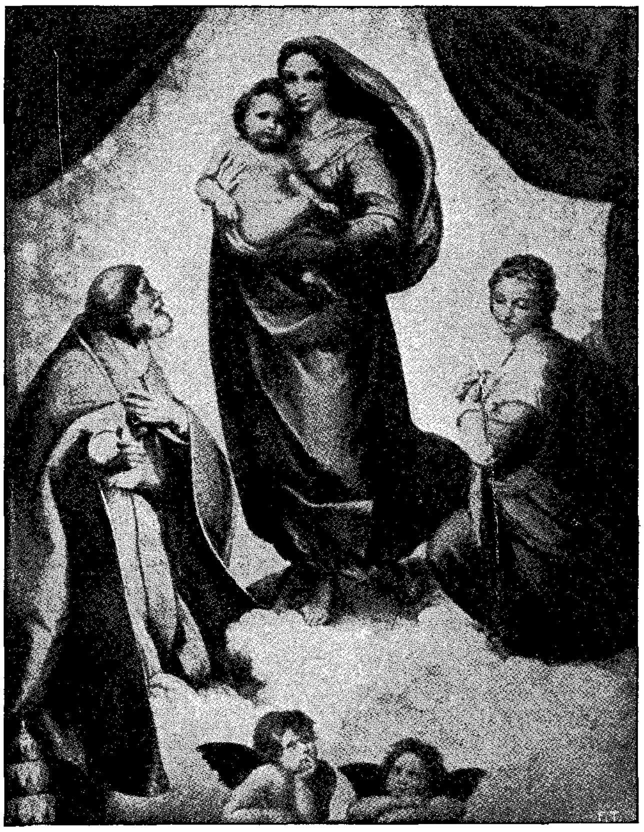
"With this apparatus two brief x-ray exposures were necessary for removal of a piece of shrapnel in a soldier's heel, while a similar piece imbedded in the thigh required six flashes of the rays upon the fluoroscope, and six intervals of ruby illumination to guide the actual work of the knife."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

LETTERS - AND - ART

GERMAN SHRIEKS AT THE ART INDEMNITY

THE MERE PROSPECT of artistic justice seems to be making the Germans squirm. What that country may lose to France in art works already causes her to cry out against "the greed and injustice" of the conqueror. It is vaguely remembered, of course, by the writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that Germany not only took and destroyed numberless works of art in the overrun territories in the West, but also that she had openly planned appropriations on a prodigious scale in the country finally to be subdued. The warnings of Mr. Auguste Marguillier in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (Paris), from which we quoted on March 8, are not lost on the German journalist; no more are the doings of the Italian Commission, which has walked into Vienna and helped itself from the Italian works there carefully cataloged. So much is omitted, tho, by the German writer that his naive account of the conqueror turned spoiler is perhaps calculated to stir sentiments of pity. He tells his readers that "Marguillier demands the best that is to be found in museums, castles, and churches . . . leaving in Germany only enough to exhibit French skill and to serve as a lesson for the Germans." His spirit is apparently too broken to make much of this touch; and he goes on to enumerate:



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MADONNA,

Now in the Dresden Gallery, but formerly an altar-piece in a church in Piacenza. The Germans fear it will be demanded of them.

"For example, Marguillier wishes the celebrated Watteaus which Frederick the Great had done for Sans Souci, also the Poussins from Dresden and the Claude Lorraines from Cassel, as well as a number of other early things out of the varied galleries. Other things demanded are the great Golden Saltcellar of Benvenuto Cellini from the royal treasure in Vienna, on the ground that it was made for Francis I.; one of the most celebrated of antique gems, the Great Cameo of the triumph of Augustus, also in Vienna, on the ground that it once belonged to the Cathedral of Toulouse; and the Golden Horse from Altötting, in Bavaria, the work of a Paris goldsmith from the beginning of the fifteenth century, altho it was made as a present for a Bavarian prince hundreds of years ago. . . . . . .

"From the tone of the demands, the entire affair is openly handled not merely as a means of recompense for art works lost in the war, but as the seizure of a good opportunity for looting. It is unfortunate that this weapon has been put into the hands of the enemy by some of ourselves, and is now turned against us. The article by Emil Schäffer in *Kunst und Künstler* was no less ruthless in its demand that the hand of the victor be laid upon the art treasures of the enemy, and that an equally complete list be made out for Belgium. But, altho Marguillier made abundant use of this article, he ought also to know that the Counselor Bode spoke with equal emphasis against the proposition. . . . . . .

"One of the singular circumstances connected with Marguillier's demand is that he is a great friend of early German art, especially of Dürer's, and has himself written a biography of Dürer. It has long been a regret of his that this master is so poorly represented in the Louvre. In order to fill this gap, it seems to him that Dürer's 'Apostles' in Munich would be an excellent thing. He knows, however, as an exponent of Dürer's art, what his 'Apostle's picture means to us, inasmuch as he is aware that the master gave it as a present to his fellow citizens. . . . When he himself demands that the opportunity which their present power gives them be used to the very limit, he must recall that the future and the new humanity which is undoubtedly on its way will revise the acts for which he would be sponsor."

In another issue the Frankfort paper deals with the Austrian sacrifices to the demands of Italy. The Italians, it says, "do not ask in what way these pieces came into the possession of Austria—whether through righteous or crooked purchase." Apparently it did not need to, thanks to the habit of meticulous catalog-making so characteristic of the Teutonic mind. The work was already done for them. But the German invokes something like a law of "outlaw":

"They make no allowance for the right which long years of possession give. It satisfies them simply to know that these articles came originally out of Italy. For example, they have taken possession of a full hundred of beautiful manuscripts out of the Vienna Court Library, which have been there since 1718, and so are property held for a full two hundred years. These originally came from the Neapolitan convents of San Giovanni di Carbonara, San Severino, and other institutions. Among these is a series of unique things of inestimable worth, such, for example, as the much-corrected original writing of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,' also a Dioscorides manuscript of the seventh century, which is adorned with costly miniatures, and a corresponding Dioscorides, also from the Vienna Court Library, this dating from the fifth century. There are further in this series of notable codices, which originated in Naples, some which date from the seventh to the twelfth century, and manuscripts out of the fifteenth and the sixteenth century. Still another group of worthful pieces, just taken back to Italy, is of Venetian origin. Among these are six especially beautiful *incunabula* bound in parchment, which belonged to the collection of Cardinal Bessarion, any one of which is worth a fortune; besides this, an entire series of musical manuscripts and some rare Venetian prints of the sixteenth century.

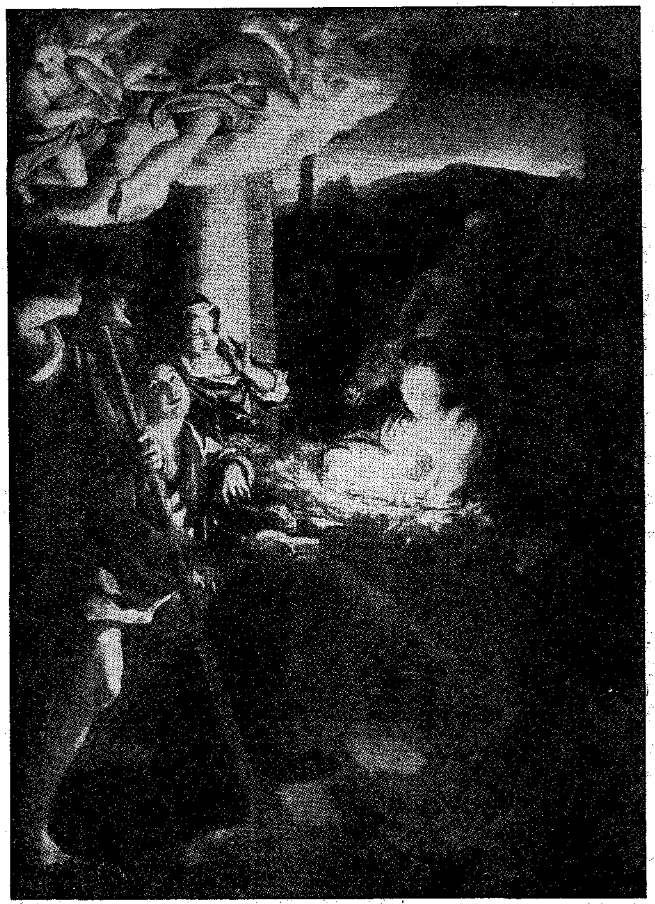
"The Italians are not satisfied to take back the Vienna collection. They are also taking out of the state archives at Innsbruck all documents which originated in South Tyrol, and especially in Trent, or which belonged to the former upper Italian kingdoms. Among them is the 'Codex Vangianus,' with old documents that reach down to the twelfth century, dealing with the history of Trent. Besides these, they have taken the correspondence of Cardinal Madruzzo, which belonged to the period of the Council of Trent; and, further, numerous political documents. They have also taken to Trent and lodged there in an old seminary a series of notable codices from Innsbruck and Vienna, among them the Evangelium Palatinum, known as the Purple Bible, being a text of the gospels dating back to the fourth century; also the sacrament-book of Gregory the Great, belonging to the tenth century, bound in bronze with ivory adornment, and a mass book of Udalrich with miniatures of the eleventh century and the oldest history of the bishops of Trent."

History tells us of many examples of art-depredations, some of which this German writer now recalls. But forgetting his own country's sins, he subtly suggests those that might serve to divide the Allies:

> "The report of the *Corriere della Sera,* from which we have taken this list, adds that the Italian Commission is to act not only with regard to the past, but to look out for the future. In these words there seems to lie the threat that still other treasures are to be taken away, for which the Italians can not even allege the excuse that they are of Italian origin. This looting of works of art and of codices is, to be sure, an old custom. The bronze horses of St. Mark went thither through a victorious campaign of the Venetians in the Orient. Also a valuable group of the Vatican collection was taken over by Cæsar Borgia out of the Castle of Montefeltre, in Urbino. Napoleon I., particularly, made plunder of the Italian collections, in order to fill the Louvre. So wo to the French if the Italians bring up against them the claim that these pieces have been taken away from them by robbery. It would not be so bad, indeed, if the Italians made their claims simply, but to enforce these claims in this ordered and selfish fashion, to carry them through with brutal force, is quite another thing. Moreover, the Italian hunger is already reaching forth for works which are among German possessions. Not only has the director of the Milan Brera exprest a demand for the 'Sistine Madonna,' which beyond question came in justifiable fashion into the German collection and for an exceedingly high sum of gold, the *Illustrazione Italiana* publishes in its last numbers the titles of a series of works of Italian origin which are in German museums, which it demands to be brought back into Italy. This greed, which is without scruple, places upon the German governments the duty of taking all care that some beautiful day an Italian commission does not come into Dresden, Berlin, and Munich to perform the same stunt as they have done in Vienna and Innsbruck."

One can not see a great deal of comfort for Germany in the words of Signor Modigliani, Director of the Brera Gallery in Milan, quoted by the New York *Times:*

> "It is necessary to do away completely in this field with the distinction between Austria and Germany. To-day we speak of a united financial front, and I do not see why Italy should consider one enemy as distinct from the common enemy, the Central Empires, so much the more since it is not unknown that the bombers of Venice and Padua were for the most part German squadrons. On the other hand, I should make a distinction between damage and war-damage, because real and true war-damages can be considered."



CORREGGIO'S "NATIVITY."

Another gem of the Dresden Gallery likely to return to Italy.

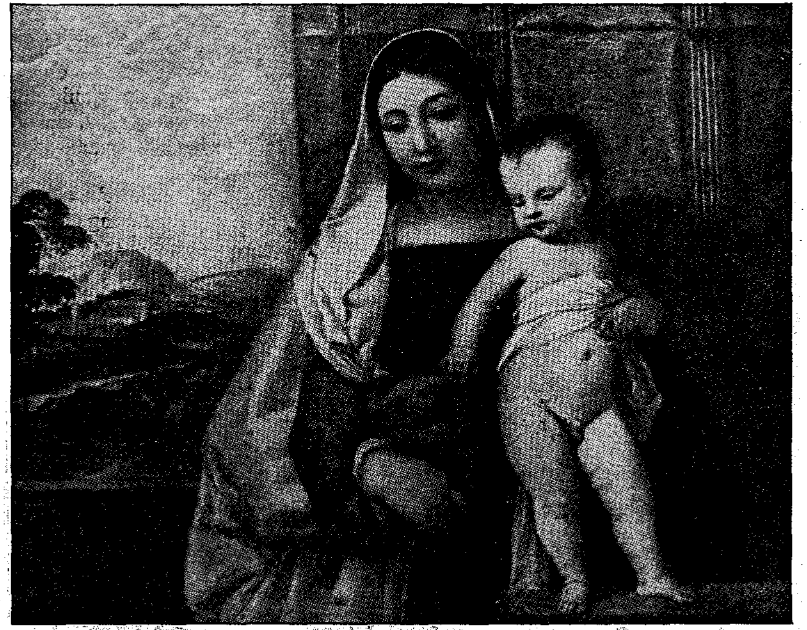
EASTERN EDITORS AND WESTERN READERS

THE BEDOUINS ride away and shoot backward. Their example is not cited in the case of a "one-time editor of a New York magazine, now on the staff of the San Francisco *Bulletin*"; but the description given of Mr. Bailey Millard by the Kansas City *Star* suggests some such tactics. *The Star* reprints Mr. Millard's article because it "reveals some of the secrets of the trade." These secrets have to do with magazines and the readers to whom they cater. They furthermore open up an interesting field for discussion on the literary East and West. Mr. Millard is quoted as saying:

> "The New York magazine editor always carries in his mind the picture of a Western reader. At a gathering of editors about the evening board, I always would hear some of them say: 'Well, I am running such or such a series because that's the kind of stuff they like out West.' It was a regular saying among the manuscript-readers in our office, 'They like it out West.'
>
> "By out West they meant the Middle West, for even Pittsburg was west to them.
>
> "It used to make me smile, for I was from a long way farther west than the region they had in mind. But I had lived in the Middle West, too, and this ready sizing up of the literary requirements of the readers residing in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes or the Mississippi River always seemed a bit of editorial cock-sureness that was as inapt as it was amusing.
>
> "A certain widely known novelist wrote a very long and very prurient serial story. The manuscript was sent in for my consideration. I did not read it. In fact, I never read it until after its publication. By my direction the manuscript of the novel was read by three readers, one of them a lady. All these readers declared that it was so salacious as to be absolutely unprintable. The two men were very outspoken in their denunciation of the story, and the lady blushed a deep red when she handed in her report. All agreed that the reading public would not stand for the story. So, without reading it myself, I had the manuscript returned to the author. That was in 1905.
>
> "Would you believe it?—the story was published in 1916—eleven years afterward—by the proprietor of our magazine on the recommendation of my successor, and the public not only stood for it, but ate it up and wanted more. But they could get no more from that particular author, for he was dead.
>
> "Now what had happened to make this story more acceptable to the magazine-reading public in 1916 than in 1905? It was very simple. Any old-time editor will tell you that the gradual decadence of taste on the part of the great mass of magazine readers, due to the gradual feeding into them of rotten sex stories, has not only made readers less easily shocked, but also actually eager to embrace these fleshpots.
>
> "What shall I say of this literature and the prevailing demand for and consumption of it? What shall any one say? One word covers it all—it is a debauch.
>
> "The New York magazine editors are responsible for this condition. But if you were to ask one of them to-day why he befouls his pages with the prurient stuff he would say with a knowing smile: 'Oh, they like it out West!'"

A NEGRO EXPLAINS "JAZZ"

THE LATEST INTERNATIONAL WORD seems to be "jazz." It is used almost exclusively in British papers to describe the kind of music and dancing—particularly dancing—imported from America, thereby arousing discussions, in which bishops do not disdain to participate, to fill all the papers. While society once "ragged," they now "jazz." In this country, tho we have been tolerably familiar with the word for two years or more, we still try to pursue its mysterious origins. Lieut. James Reese Europe, late of the Machine-Gun Battalion of the 15th Regiment, tells Mr. Grenville Vernon, of the New York *Tribune*, that the word comes from Mr. Razz, who led a band in New Orleans some fifteen years ago and whose fame is perpetuated in a somewhat modified form. Besides the information we supply here, another statement about Mr. Razz's band from a New Orleans paper may be seen on page 47, to which the reader is referred. Lieutenant Europe says:



THE MADONNA CALLED "LA ZINGARA," NOW IN VIENNA.

This work by Titian, sometimes ascribed to Giorgione, belongs to the finest period of the great Venetian. One may have to go to Italy in the future to see it.

> "I believe that the term 'jazz' originated with a band of four pieces which was found about fifteen years ago in New Orleans, and which was known as 'Razz's Band.' This band was of truly extraordinary composition. It consisted of a barytone horn, a trombone, a cornet, and an instrument made out of the chinaberry-tree. This instrument is something like a clarinet, and is made by the Southern negroes themselves. Strange to say, it can be used only while the sap is in the wood, and after a few weeks' use has to be thrown away. It produces a beautiful sound and is worthy of inclusion in any band or orchestra. I myself intend to employ it soon in my band. The four musicians of Razz's Band had no idea at all of what they were playing; they improvised as they went along, but such was their innate sense of rhythm that they produced something which was very taking. From the small cafés of New Orleans they graduated to the St. Charles Hotel, and after a time to the Winter Garden, in New York, where they appeared, however, only a few days, the individual musicians being grabbed up by various orchestras in the city. Somehow in the passage of time Razz's Band got changed into 'Jazz's Band,' and from this corruption arose the term 'jazz.'
>
> "The negro loves anything that is peculiar in music, and this 'jazzing' appeals to him strongly. It is accomplished in several ways. With the brass instruments we put in mutes and make a whirling motion with the tongue, at the same time blowing full pressure. With wind instruments we pinch the mouthpiece and blow hard. This produces the peculiar sound which you all know. To us it is not discordant, as we play the music as it is written, only that we accent strongly in this manner the notes which originally would be without accent. It is natural for us to do this; it is, indeed, a racial musical characteristic. I have to call a daily rehearsal of my band to prevent the musicians from adding to their music more than I wish them to. Whenever possible they all embroider their parts in order to produce new, peculiar sounds. Some of these effects are excellent and some are not, and I have to be continually on the lookout to cut out the results of my musicians' originality."

The news from Paris is so filled with weightier matters and the French papers are so much less loquacious than our Anglo-Saxon ones on the lighter sides of life that, until the Lieutenant speaks, we haven't heard of the impression jazz has made on the French:

> "I recall one incident in particular. From last February to last August I had been in the trenches, in command of my machine-gun squad. I had been through the terrific general attack in Champagne when General Gouraud annihilated the enemy by his strategy and finally put an end to their hopes of victory, and I had been through many a smaller engagement. I can tell you that music was one of the things furthest from my mind when one day, just before the Allied Conference in Paris, on August 18, Colonel Hayward came to me and said:
>
> "'Lieutenant Europe, I want you to go back to your band and give a single concert in Paris.'
>
> "I protested, telling him that I hadn't led the band since February, but he insisted. Well, I went back to my band, and with it I went to Paris. What was to be our only concert was in the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. Before we had played two numbers the audience went wild. We had conquered Paris. General Bliss and French high officers who had heard us insisted that we should stay in Paris, and there we stayed for eight weeks. Everywhere we gave a concert it was a riot, but the supreme moment came in the Tuileries Gardens when we gave a concert in conjunction with the greatest bands in the world—the British Grenadiers' Band, the band of the Garde Républicain, and the Royal Italian Band. My band, of course, could not compare with any of these, yet the crowd, and it was such a crowd as I never saw anywhere else in the world, deserted them for us. We played to 50,000 people at least, and, had we wished it, we might be playing yet.
>
> "After the concert was over the leader of the band of the Garde Républicain came over and asked me for the score of one of the jazz compositions we had played. He said he wanted his band to play it. I gave it to him, and the next day he again came to see me. He explained that he couldn't seem to get the effects I got, and asked me to go to a rehearsal. I went with him. The great band played the composition superbly—but he was right: the jazz effects were missing. I took an instrument and showed him how it could be done, and he told me that his own musicians felt sure that my band had used special instruments. Indeed, some of them, afterward attending one of my rehearsals, did not believe what I had said until after they had examined the instruments used by my men."

It is the feeling of this musician, who, indeed, before the war supplied most of the music in New York dancing circles, that a higher plane in music may be attained by negroes if they stick to their own form. He concludes:

> "I have come back from France more firmly convinced than ever that negroes should write negro music. We have our own racial feeling and if we try to copy whites we will make bad copies. I noticed that the Morocco negro bands played music which had an affinity to ours. One piece, 'In Zanzibar,' I took for my band, and tho white audiences seem to find it too discordant, I found it most sympathetic. We won France by playing music which was ours and not a pale imitation of others, and if we are to develop in America we must develop along our own lines. Our musicians do their best work when using negro material. Will Marion Cook, William Tires, even Harry Burleigh and Coleridge-Taylor are not truly themselves in the music which expresses their race. Mr. Tires, for instance, writes charming waltzes, but the best of these have in them negro influences. The music of our race springs from the soil, and this

is true to-day with no other race, except possibly the Russians, and it is because of this that I and all my musicians have come to love Russian music. Indeed, as far as I am concerned, it is the only music I care for outside of negro."

The Lieutenant then tells how he formed his band.

"When war broke out I enlisted as a private in Colonel Hayward's regiment, and I had just passed my officer's examination when the Colonel asked me to form a band. I told him that it would be impossible, as the negro musicians of New York were paid too well to have them give up their jobs to go to war. However, Colonel Hayward raised $10,000 and told me to get the musicians wherever I could get them. The reed-players I got in Porto Rico, the rest from all over the country. I had only one New York negro in the band—my solo cornetist. These are the men who now compose the band, and they are all fighters as well as musicians, for all have seen service in the trenches."

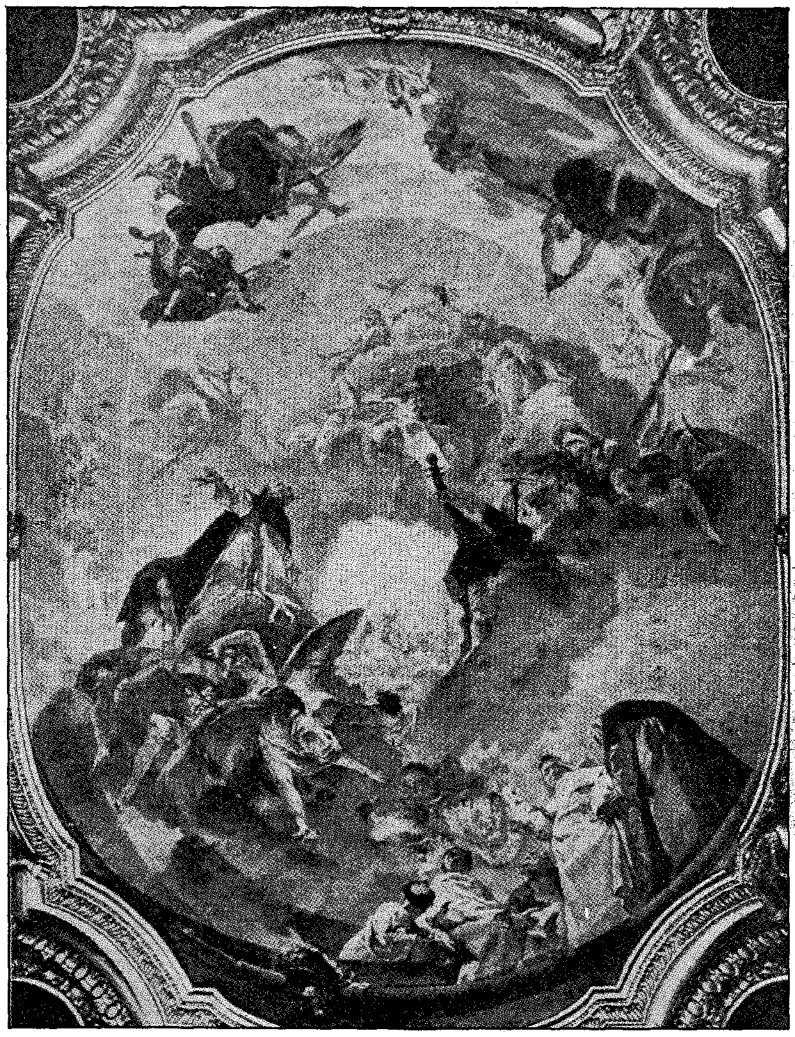
"MUTE, INGLORIOUS" IRISH WRITERS

RECRIMINATION OF SOME SORT is reasonably to be expected from the British in return for so much Irish criticism; but the oddest way would seem to be to punish Ireland through her men of letters. Of course since nationalism has been the theme of much of modern Irish literature, it wasn't to be expected of them to take part even with the pen in fighting what they call England's war, yet a writer to the London *Saturday Review* recommends the pillorying of "a certain section of Irish literary men" who, he says, "played a rather mute, inglorious part in the war." Many of their prominent writers, complains Mr. Hugh Blacker, "evaded the rôle of leadership in the greatest question that has ever been put to this old world of ours." In this he forgets that Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote a verse for the "Book of the Homeless," edited by Mrs. Wharton, in which he recommended that "we poets best keep our mouths shut" and not try to play statesmen. But Mr. Blacker is "all heated up" with indignation:

"Where vision was wanted they had no vision, and when liberty itself was at stake they were silent. We know the part that many of their political leaders played after giving their solemn word in Parliament to support, by every means in their power, the prosecution of the war. We know what a large proportion of their bishops and clergy exerted their 'spiritual' influence on the side of crime, pillage, slavery, and murder: they fought against those who were fighting against these things. Let us take a few literary men and examine their records.

"What has Mr. Yeats offered in the way of contribution to the cause? So far as my knowledge goes, his activities were characterized by 'brilliant flashes of silence.' Mr. George Moore's part seems to have been confined to the suggestion that hundreds of tons of bass should be caught to relieve the food shortage—at a period of the year when these fish were unobtainable. This suggestion and the usual tirade against the eternal curse of pet dogs seem to have exhausted his war-activities. I can recall no suggestion of the eternal curse of militarism, or sympathy with a robbed and murdered neutral nation.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw, who might at least have mitigated the eternity of shame which is justly the share of his country, apparently chose the part of a benevolent neutral. A profest socialist, the greatest menace to democracy in the history of the world left him unperturbed. In times of peace he would lash himself into paroxysms of fury over comparatively trivial occurrences, but in the four years' war for the liberty of the human race he seemed entirely devoid of capacity for indignation. The whole foundation of democracy was in danger; one would think that the first recognition of this fact would come from Socialists. It came, it is true, from such noblemen (in the finest sense) as Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Blatchford; but the challenge has remained unrecognized by Mr. Shaw and his entourage. Society was fighting for its life, and he could not see it. The greatest question of all the ages remained a question, so far as he was concerned. Before the burning light of freedom and liberty he was as a blind man. After all, Mr. Shaw is only an imitation democrat."



"GLORIFICATION OF ST. DOMINICK,"

IN THE CHURCH OF SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO, VENICE.

A fresco seriously damaged by Austrian bombs forming part of the bill of costs now assessed on the art treasures of Austria.

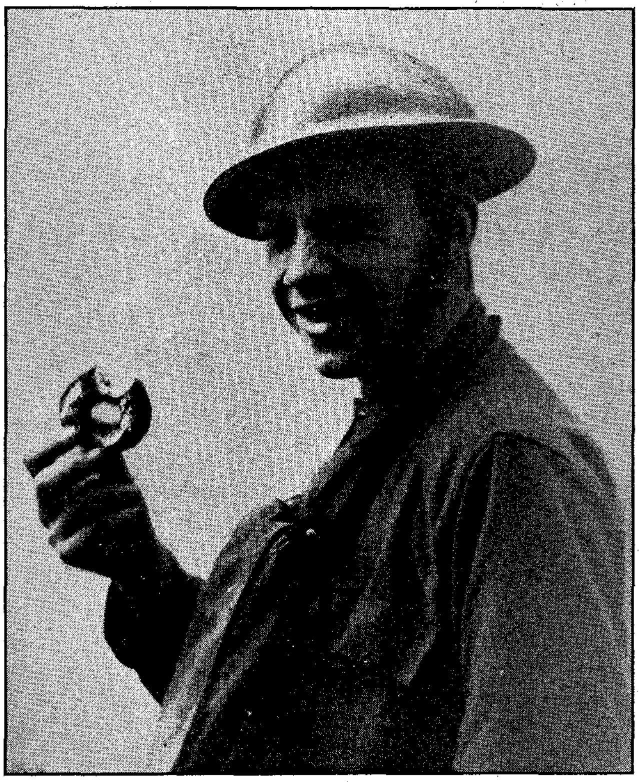
INDIANA SUPPORTING AMERICAN ART—Once more Indianapolis moves to justify its intellectual primacy in the Middle West. It is forming a society known as the Friends of American Art, whose members, to include any good Indianian, pledge themselves to give a certain amount each year for five years to be used in buying paintings by American artists. The Indianapolis *Star* commends them:

"That art has no nationality is an old expression, but at the same time it is encouraging to see a movement that tends to specialize in things that are by Americans, of Americans, and for Americans. Much time has been spent in this country in admiring foreign art, whether it was exprest in the form of music, painting, statuary, or what not. There was no denial, in the early days, that the Old World led. America was too busy cutting down trees, building log-cabins, tilling the soil, and so on to pay much attention to such things. In more recent years the public has begun to appreciate art and to know good from bad. Various fads have been started, but most of them have had a quick and gratifying death. . . . There is a quickening of interest in things really worth while. The new society just formed should be able to foster such an interest, not only in Indiana art, but in things that are truly American."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

SALVATION ARMY DRIVE FOR A "HOME-SERVICE FUND"

THE TAMBOURINE-GIRL of the Salvation Army has been voted about as expensively useless as charity bazaars in other fields for raising the necessary funds for the Army's work. Commander Evangeline Booth has decided that her time is better employed in the day nurseries that the Army runs; and, besides, the American people have been educated by the war in quicker and more effective methods of raising funds for necessary relief-work. The Salvation Army will soon start a drive for the "Home-Service Fund" of $13,000,000, beginning May 19, and it is going to get its money by straight appeals to the public. The word of every returning soldier is a guaranty that these appeals will not be in vain. *The Sun* sheds some light on this forthcoming effort:



IS HE LIKELY EVER TO FORGET THE ARMY?

Recollection of discomforts will likely fade, but the doughnuts the Salvation Army gave him will be a lasting memory.

"Maybe some folk will be asking why, when the Salvation Army got a slice from the millions raised by the United War Charities drive, it wants more so soon. Well, in the first place, the slice the Army received wasn't very large, considering the millions of doughnuts and pies it baked for our boys on the other side, and the chocolate and coffee and cigarets and writing-paper and other comforts almost without end that it provided, not to mention the personal service of its workers everywhere they were needed, right up to the front. And in the second place the work over here that the war couldn't be allowed to interrupt must go right on.

"An Italian boy who fought and earned two wound-stripes with the troops that helped break the Hindenburg line faced a Salvation Army lass who was giving out doughnuts and hot coffee to some just-landed men on a Hoboken pier one day last week. 'Say,' he burst forth with his mouth full of doughnut, 'is that club you had for mothers at 94 Cherry Street still goin'? 'Cause if it ain't my mother is sure awful lonely. She started goin' there when she couldn't speak no English hardly, and it was about all the sociability she had, those meetin's of yours. My mother ain't much to write, so I didn't hear nothin' while I was on the other side about that club o' yourn, and I says to myself, says I, "It's sure a pity if, seein' all they're doin' for us boys, the Salvation Army has had to give up what they done at home."'

"'The club's flourishing, and so's the settlement-house and the kindergarten and everything at 94 Cherry Street,' the worker answered, and a happy grin welled up under the perspiration on the lad's face as he hitched his haversack and tin hat and other burdens to a more comfortable position and passed on with his pals.

"That colloquy just shows the special charm of the Salvation Army and the reason for the hold it has on the masses—no red tape, no standoffishness, no 'side,' just simple friendliness and the desire to serve, and the wit to serve in the most practical and needed way. While they were braving shot and shell and bombs and poison-gas to carry comforts to the boys on the Hindenburg line they didn't neglect to give encouragement to the mothers on Cherry Street—and goodness knows that if ever any one needed encouragement it is housewives on Cherry Street. Down in that street, which was once the most aristocratic part of the town, where the beaux and belles of Colonial times disported themselves, where the 'best families' lived, as some of the beautiful carved woodwork that still remains here and there in the old houses, tho sadly battered, attests—there are now great poverty, great overcrowding, large families huddling in one flat, and taking in boarders at that.

"And the babies! In one year the Cherry Hill Settlement Day Nursery cared for 14,000 babies, whose mothers go out to work, who but for the Salvation Army would be locked in at home alone, or left to the mercies of brothers or sisters hardly old enough to look out for themselves."

The Cherry Hill Settlement works for mothers, while another home looks after young women. Its name, the "Out of Love Club," seems to need a little explanation:

"No, the Out of Love Club is not made up of jilted girls. Many of the members have been jilted—nay, cruelly used by conscienceless men in the past—but that isn't what the name means. It just means that what is done by it is done out of love and affection and good-will for all those who suffer and need a helping hand.

"It is a plain, but prettily furnished house at 318 East Fifteenth Street, where the Out of Lovers gather for their meetings and teas and various good times, or are welcome to stay when they need the shelter and strength of this home. There is the Salvation Army Hospital, too, next door, at 316—the Booth Memorial Hospital it is called, after the old General who founded and started the Salvation Army. And many a desolate girl, some country girl, perhaps, who had come to the city and gone upon the rocks, has found shelter and comfort and the restoration to health in one of the white beds of this hospital.

"Commander Evangeline Booth stated recently that 85 per cent. of the unfortunate girls they had taken in for reclamation had turned out well. Hundreds of them have been placed in service, and it is the rule of the Salvation Army to follow up the girls who leave the home, to keep track of them for three years at least and see how they turn out. Sometimes the girls are only too glad to report frequently.

"There was the girl who set out to starve herself to death on a park bench. It was one cold autumn night when a man's voice called up the matron at this home and told her that he was much concerned over a girl who had sat for several days on a bench in the little park opposite his house. He watched her in the early morning and at night, he said, and he was convinced that she hadn't moved; he thought she seemed in great trouble. So the Adjutant of the home, which faces the same park, ran out and hunted up the bench where the girl sat.

"'Come! Come with me and I will take you to a place where you will be more comfortable,' she told the poor creature, who

THE ONLY WOMEN THAT WERE SEEN SO NEAR THE FRONT

Were the Salvation Army lassies, who fried doughnuts under fire, and the funds given them from the Welfare Drive are now used up.

was a pitiable object indeed, her hair matted, her face thin and drawn, her eyes vacant and glazed, her clothes torn and wet. The girl shook her head.

"'It's no use talking to me—I'm going to sit here till I starve to death,' she said in a dull monotone. For an hour the Salvation Army woman pleaded, argued, tried every wile to induce the half-crazed creature to go with her. Finally, not daring to leave her there, she told the girl that if she didn't come a policeman would be called. At this she gave in and went.

"It took weeks of nursing and care to win from the girl her story. It was one of misunderstanding and trouble at home and harsh treatment that had driven her out into the world, where lack of training made it impossible for her to get work, and she was soon without money. Now that girl is an assistant in the Out of Love Club, where she is busy and happy all day, and the matron says she has saved many another girl who was tottering on the brink of despair."

CHESTERTON FOR "CHRISTIAN LIQUOR"

CARDINAL GIBBONS and the organization of American Labor have done a thing that seems to Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the great British defender of orthodoxy, to be "far more important than the widest and most wonderful provisions made by President Wilson for a League of Nations." It is their denunciation of the Prohibition Act as "a direct wrong to human liberty." Mr. Chesterton, writing in *The New Witness* (London), has some reservation of regard for "Christian liquor," but this does not so much move him as "the plea for liberty made by Cardinal Gibbons, and its later echo by American labor." He expresses a sincere wish that a similar plea for liberty might some day be made by English labor. Labor in England is not at present backward in pleas, but Mr. Chesterton's complaint is that it seeks "leisure" instead of "liberty." With this desire he is entirely in sympathy; but, he points out, "it may be wholly a servile reform to give men leisure if you do not give them liberty in the use of their leisure." The Chestertonian kick after this pronouncement is that "laborers ought to be striking, not merely against long hours in the factory, but against short hours in the public-house." And he proceeds to draw this dark, dreary, and dolorous picture:

"Leisure without liberty is the very definition of that dark Hebraic or Puritan Sabbath which Mr. Conrad Noel himself, by the way, has so energetically derided. The novels of the early nineteenth century are full of that nightmare, drawn from the memories of the old Calvinistic home; a Black Sunday, darker than any Black Monday. But it was only a nightmare because it was leisure without liberty. It was only black because it was a release from labor with a veto on pleasure.

"But it is far from clear that this limitation need itself be limited to the old Puritan or Calvinist home. Logically it is very likely to be a mark of the new progressive and emancipated home. Just as New England turned out much more antiquated than old England, so the New Jerusalem of the social reformers may well prove itself more oppressive than the old Jerusalem of the Sabbatical Jews. Nor is it only the infant Calvinist who would not be allowed to play with his toys on Sunday. Probably the infant Socialist would not be allowed to play with them on Monday, either. The probability of this, at present, at least, will be apparent if we consider what toys there are to play with. If he tried to amuse himself with tin soldiers, or a toy cannon, it would be forbidden as militarism. If he turned with a sigh to his Noah's Ark, it would be condemned as implying the authority of Scripture, and verging dangerously on denominational religion. If he flung himself in desperation upon a dolls' house, it might be rebuked for not being a communal dolls' house, and its kitchen a communal kitchen. To play at shops would perhaps be individualistic; and to play at funerals, that even more hilarious experiment, would almost certainly be morbid. The child, dowered with this holiday, might well feel that he might as well go back to his lessons. But I use this merely as another example of a process that might everywhere produce the same result. And that result is the evil Sabbath of leisure without liberty; so wicked a Sabbath that it might well be called a witches' Sabbath."

To Mr. Chesterton it is obvious that the laborer may soon "stand in the same relation to his labor as a child to his lessons." Thus:

"If he has a new stretch of spare hours, but must not drink for fear of delirium tremens, or smoke for fear of heart complaint, or bet for fear of bankruptcy, or go to a cinema for fear of an impulse to crime, the average laborer will be left with the two progressive institutions of the Carnegie Library and the Lethal Chamber, and will find the latter the more entertaining. But I need not say that the superiority of liberty to leisure rests on far more noble and universal considerations than the accidents of our anarchic society. A man should be free to drink, not because drink is a good thing, but because freedom is a good thing. It is meaningless to tell a man that he possesses a few empty hours if he does not even possess his own soul and body in those hours. And nobody has ever been able to tell us, tho we have often put the challenge, what are the rights of a free man, if they do not include the right to judge the risks of his own diet and the chances of his own health. If he does not own his own body, what does he own? My brain reels at the attempt to imagine how this last improvement on the American Constitution would have affected the author of the American Declaration of Independence; or what that great Virginian gentleman would have said over his wine if he had read this interpretation of every man's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But such a condemnation of modern America would leave out the great and arresting fact mentioned at the opening of this article. If it is in America that this Tom o' Bedlam tyranny has risen to a temporary triumph, at least it is in America also that the proletariat has seen it for the plutocratic fad that it is. American labor does seem to have protested in some form or to some extent. So far, Jefferson is not mocked; and democracy is justified of her children.

"I have not seen a word of recognition by English labor of this historic protest by American labor. . . . The American labor men in question have done a very epoch-making thing, which is, as I have said, much more inspiring than the League of Nations. For what is the matter with the League of Nations is very simple and very deadly. It is that the League talks about the 'conditions' of labor. That is the last word on that business. For free men, as it happens, make their own 'conditions'; and when we make conditions for a people, it is always for a conquered foe."

AMERICAN ENSLAVEMENT TO DRUGS

NATIVE-BORN AMERICANS are said to possess less self-control than foreigners in this country in the use of narcotic drugs. It is no matter for self-congratulation that of all white races, and indeed of all races, except the yellow, where the use of opium and hashish is deeply established, we are the greatest drug addicts in the world. This is not a mere supposition, but a fact established on the testimony of a competent committee appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury to make a national investigation of the drug habit. Their report will shortly be made public, but a preliminary abstract appears in the New York *Times*. The writer here expects that, in view of these revelations and the recent ones respecting the prevalence of the use of drugs in New York, some measures will be coupled with the prohibition act to counteract the use of these narcotic stimulants. Much evidence is said to have been gathered by the committee in various parts of the country on the alternative drug-stimulation after prohibition has been put into effect, but this is admitted to be too conflicting to furnish a clear prognosis. We see that—

"In some parts of the country, notably in large cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg, the liquor and drug habits were found to be gathering more victims side by side. On the other hand, in some parts of the country where prohibition had gone into effect—in sections of Kentucky, Albama, and Texas, for example—extensive use of paregoric and similar compounds containing morphin was discovered. In one Kentucky dry county two per cent. of the inhabitants, it was estimated, are resorting to paregoric as a stimulant. There are 800 victims of the drug habit in Jacksonville, Fla., out of a population of 7,000. There is a law in Jacksonville requiring registration, and it is strictly enforced, so that the complete statistics available are considered to have a broad significance for other parts of the country where as yet data are difficult to obtain.

"Jacksonville is not a manufacturing center, with the close association and spread of habits which congestion entails, but has depended largely on agriculture. Most of its citizens are native-born Americans. There, as elsewhere, more victims were found, proportionately, among the whites than among the negroes, and wherever investigations were made there was less use of drugs among immigrants, except opium-using yellow races, than among native-born Americans."

The number of victims of the drug habit in the United States is placed as high as 1,500,000. No part of the country is without them and no State can deny that the evil is "a growing problem":

"Those in the clutches of the evil are found, sometimes, twenty miles back from the railroad as well as in the most thickly populated centers. One explanation given by an expert as to why the practise has spread so far among native-born Americans is that it is a defect of the great virtue of the American type, its bounding energy; that this energy has led to a speeding-up of the national life until the intensification has resulted in a demand for some form of relief from overstretched nerves, or some excitement that would maintain a false stimulation. The experience of the war shows that the overstimulation and overexcitement resulted in an increase in the use of drugs. In England it was early necessary to make the controlling regulations stricter, and the war-period showed many additions to Canada's number of drug victims.

"In this country an aggressive campaign will be carried on to check the evil. The Harrison Federal narcotic law, strengthened by amendments and sustained by the Supreme Court, is to be the foundation for the attack. This law forbids the sale of opium or coca-leaves or any of their compounds except for the cure of those addicted to their use, with a single exception, where it is needed in legitimate medical uses. In order to make the fight effective, cooperation will be required by State and local authorities. Thus far only three States have taken the lead in necessary supplementary legislation. They are New York, Massachusetts, and Tennessee. Provisions must be made, according to officials who are studying the situation in Washington, for the treatment of those deprived of their usual supply of drugs when the law falls upon them. This treatment, it is stated, should be given by the Federal Government or the States or regulated by them.

"General hospitals avoid drug patients and special hospitals are inadequate. In every large community where the Federal law is enforced, deaths of some of the victims would likely result unless there were an organized system of treatment. The cocain habit can be stopt short and broken with comparative ease, experts say, but not so with morphin and heroin; when these are abruptly taken away from a user, physical collapse, with foaming at the mouth and dangerous internal disorders, usually follows."

The effect of prohibition on those who now use alcoholic stimulants to excess is looked upon as the most important problem that will follow the enforcement of the amendment:

"Unless the States cooperate more fully than they are doing at present, the machinery for preventing those enslaved by drink from turning to drugs will be inadequate. The effect that prohibition has had on increasing the use of drugs thus far is a question debated with much heat, and for lack of sufficient statistics it is an open one. Prohibition advocates demand figures from those who assert that this is the chief cause of the growth in drug victims. The answer given to this challenge is that the drug evil is such an insidious one, so susceptible of secret dealing because of the concentrated form of the drugs, that an army of government agents would be required to show to what an extent the practise has spread in dry territory.

"In seeking to keep the drug evil from extending its grip when the prohibition amendment goes into effect, the authorities at Washington will seek the closer cooperation of physicians. There is no doubt that reputable medical men have unintentionally caused many to fall into the clutches of the drug habit. Morphin given with good intentions to relieve pain often leads to the patient's later slavery to opium. Only a comparatively few physicians, it is asserted, are now awake to the dangers of this practise, and fewer still to their liabilities under the Federal narotics law. The law says that the specified drugs may be prescribed for legitimate medical use outside of treatment for cure. The question is, What does that mean? In trying to check and stamp out the evil. the Federal authorities will place a strict construction on this clause. An expert from New York City was in the office of the Bureau of Narcotics at Washington when this question came up. A case was submitted to him:

"'A member of the Metropolitan Opera Company was under treatment for the habit by what is known as 'the reduction cure.' In answer to the question as to what progress had been made, she said that while a year ago she was taking twenty-five grains a day, she was now using fifteen grains. Could such a reduction be legally called a treatment for cure of the habit under the law, or would the physician and the druggist be liable?'

"'That,' replied the attaché of the bureau, 'would be a matter for a jury to decide, but as fifteen grains a day is a long way from a cure, I should think the physician would be in danger of conviction. Such a case would certainly make him liable to arrest. The plain intent of the law is that the progress of treatment must be to freedom from the use of the drug within a reasonable time. Many of the so-called "treatments by reduction" are violations of the law.'

"Next came a question as to the meaning of 'legitimate medical use' of the drugs.

"'In general,' said the member of the bureau, 'use of drugs is legitimate for relieving pain where this can not be done by treating the cause, as in the case of cancer or the last stages of consumption, or in surgical operations. But where symptoms are treated, as the physicians say, instead of finding out what the real trouble is, as in forms of headache, the use of drugs to quiet pain is limited by the law; just what is the border-line a jury must decide, but it is plainly against the law to "shoot the dope," as the saying is, just to keep down pain that can be assuaged in another way.'"

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Did you ever stop to ask yourself—as you sat down to enjoy a delicious steaming plate of *Campbell's Tomato Soup*—"What is the secret of this wonderfully appetizing flavor—and this sense of invigorating nourishment which follows?" There is nothing puzzling about this. The invigoration is *real.* And the simple word "quality" explains it. This gives you the whole secret of

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This exceptional quality-standard applies to every step in the production of this tempting soup.

The Campbell Experimental Farms and the Campbell Agricultural Experiment Station (shown below) have for years carried on the work of scientific cross-breeding to develop special strains of tomatoes which combine the most desirable qualities of different types. This work of the Campbell experts has established a definitely higher standard of tomato perfection everywhere.

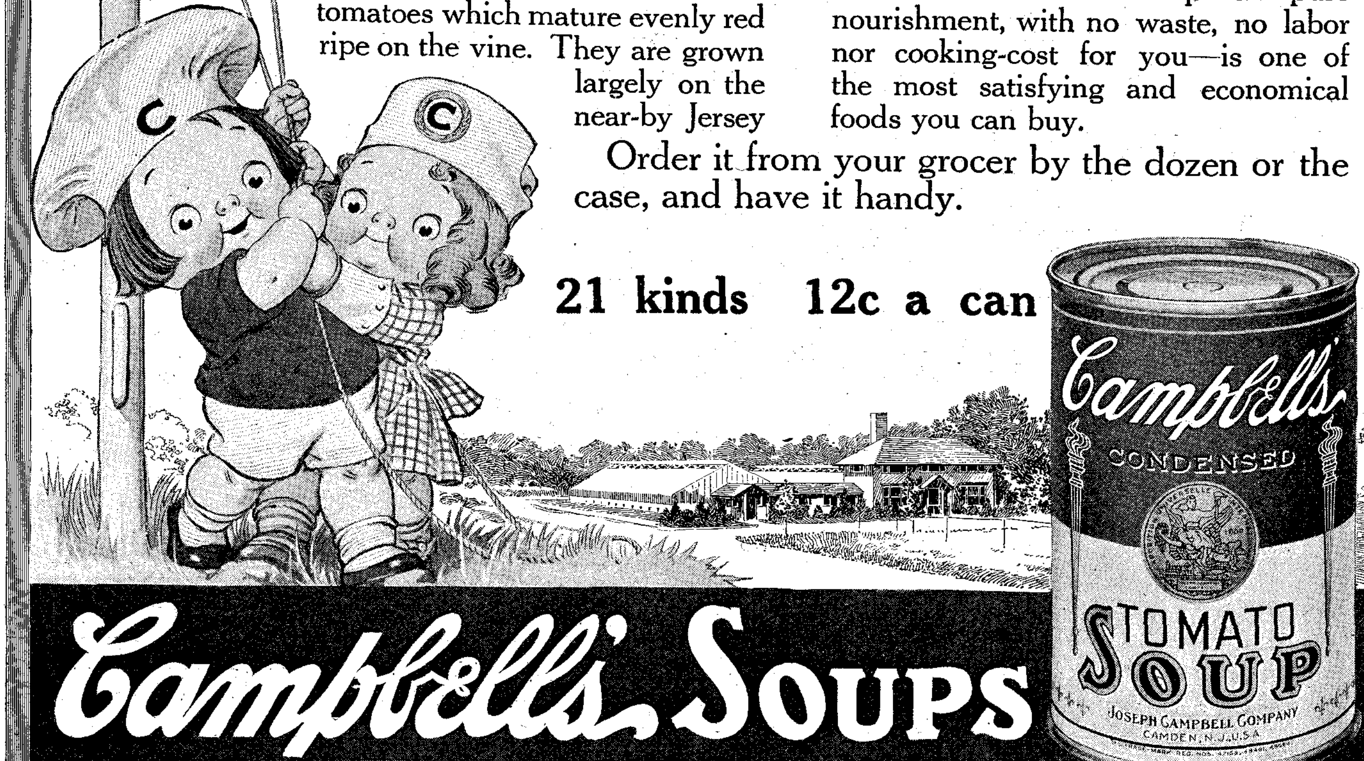
We use selected varieties of tomatoes which mature evenly red ripe on the vine. They are grown largely on the near-by Jersey farms where the soil and climate are especially suited to raising fine tomatoes. They are picked as they ripen, brought direct to the Campbell kitchens, in sound and perfect condition. And their fresh inviting flavor and valuable tonic properties are completely retained in *Campbell's Tomato Soup.*

Every ingredient is equally high-grade, carefully selected. And the soup is blended and prepared by culinary specialists who are acknowledged masters and have no superiors in their line.

This wholesome soup—all pure nourishment, with no waste, no labor nor cooking-cost for you—is one of the most satisfying and economical foods you can buy.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case, and have it handy.

21 kinds 12c a can



Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

RECONSTRUCTION - PROBLEMS

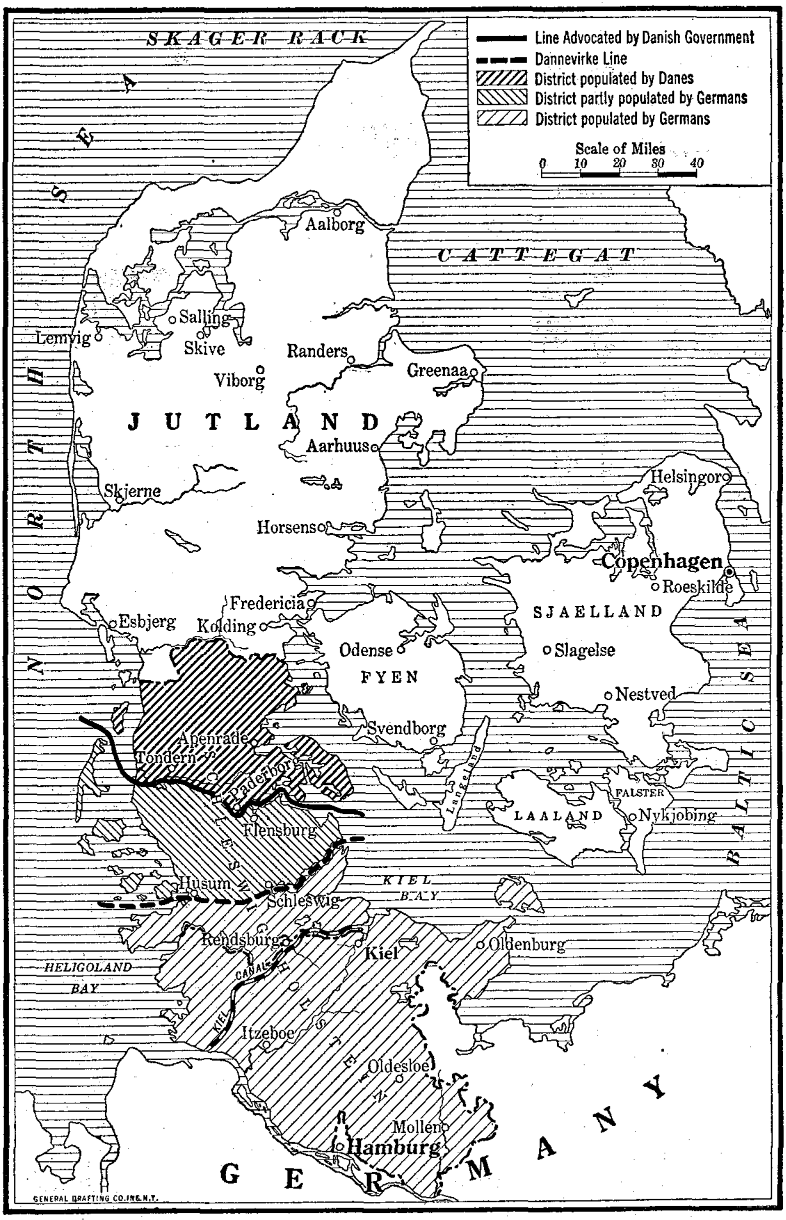
"NATIONS IN REBIRTH"—a series of articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for High School Use

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*In the Educational Department of* THE LITERARY DIGEST *the claims of various nations for a new alinement of boundaries are presented as the self-same nations set them down. The decisions reached by the delegates at the Peace Conference will in due course be reported in the news record of* THE LITERARY DIGEST, *as also the press comment from divers angles.*

THE CASE OF SCHLESWIG

LOOKING BACKWARD—When an authorized delegation of representatives from Denmark or any other nation is recognized by the Peace Conference at Paris it is well to consider on what grounds such representatives are admitted. The Paris *Journal des Débats* reminds us that in 1864 the duchies of Schleswig, of Lauenburg, and Holstein were taken from Denmark, after sheer aggression by Germany and Austria in alliance. Two years later Prussia and Austria were at arms against each other. Following the utter defeat of Austria at Sadowa, Austria agreed to the Peace of Prague in 1866. By the terms of this peace treaty the Austrian Emperor ceded to the King of Prussia all rights accorded to the Emperor on the above-named duchies by the treaty of 1864, because the King of Prussia was then recognized as President of the Germanic Confederation.

But Napoleon III. caused the inclusion in the Prague Peace Treaty of a clause—which is summarized as follows: The population of the northern part of Denmark shall decide of their own volition, by a plebiscite, or vote of the people, whether or no they shall be reunited to the Government of Denmark. This promised plebiscite was not effected. After the French defeat in 1871, we learn further from the *Journal des Débats*, Bismarck shoved the project aside because he knew the popular vote would be against Germany, for the population in this section of Schleswig craved to be reunited with Denmark. To squelch the proposition utterly, the Austro-Prussian Convention of 1878 declared that the "stipulations" imposed by France had "ceased to have validity." Nevertheless, the Danish deputies in the German Reichstag kept up the fight. And after the armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, the electors of the southern region of Schleswig got together to assert their rights for adjunction to the Danish Government.



▬ Line Advocated by Danish Government
▬ ▬ Dannevirke Line
▨ District populated by Danes
▧ District partly populated by Germans
▨ District populated by Germans
Scale of Miles
0
10
20
30
40
SKAGER RACK
NORTH SEA
CATTEGAT
BALTIC SEA
Aalborg
Salling
Lemvig
Skive
Viborg
Randers
Greenaa
JUTLAND
Aarhuus
Skjerne
Horsens
Helsingor
Copenhagen
Roeskilde
Fredericia
Esbjerg
Kolding
SJAELLAND
Odense
FYEN
Slagelse
Nestved
Svendborg
Apenrade
Tondern
Haderslev
Langeland
FALSTER
LAALAND
Nykjobing
Flensburg
Husum
Schleswig
KIEL BAY
Rendsburg
Kiel
Oldenburg
HELIGOLAND BAY
KIEL CANAL
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Drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

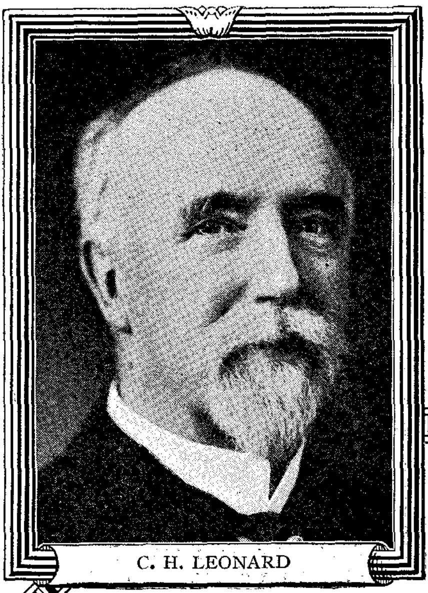
PROPOSED NEW BOUNDARIES OF SCHLESWIG.

DENMARK'S OFFICIAL CLAIM—From official sources we learn that—

> "Denmark has consistently declared that she wants only that part of Schleswig returned which is Danish in language, culture, and sympathies. From the dawn of history up to 1864, the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein were a part of the Danish Kingdom. But Holstein was always more or less German, and the southern part of Schleswig has been Germanized to such an extent that the Danes are unwilling to take it back with all the trouble that a hostile German minority within Denmark's boundaries would imply.
>
> "In regard to central Schleswig and the city of Flensborg there is some difference of opinion. Several districts of central Schleswig are predominantly Danish, and altho the majority of the inhabitants of Flensborg speak German, this city is an old Danish stronghold and voted Danish in several elections after 1864. Some Danish newspapers, belonging to the conservative factions, desire, as a matter of course, all central Schleswig, and especially the city of Flensborg, incorporated in Denmark. But they are opposed by the organs of the radical-socialistic Government and by the newspapers of the moderate parties, which fear too much trouble from the German minority if these parts of Schleswig are returned to Denmark without a vote being taken to show that such is the wish of the inhabitants. In this stand they are supported by the Danish North Schleswigers, who want as few Germans as possible within the new Danish border-lines."

A PROPOSED SOLUTION—To clear up the question, it has been proposed that a plebiscite be held immediately in northern Schleswig and within six months another plebiscite should be held in central Schleswig. This informant proceeds:

> "With this plan Denmark will undoubtedly feel well satisfied. The Danish delegates to the Peace Conference, representing all the four parties in the Danish Parliament, the two government parties and the two opposition parties, declared at their arrival in Paris that the Danish people desire only that part



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YOU need perfected methods in your home, as well as in business. This is the ideal that has inspired the work of Mr. C. H. Leonard, a leader of the industry and who, after thirty-six years of refrigerator manufacturing, has perfected new and greater features in the product which bears his name.

The same reason why husbands discard older business methods for newer systems should prompt wives to get the remarkable improvements in home refrigeration embodied in the

LEONARD
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Mr. Leonard has built more than a million refrigerators, and one-sixth of all refrigerators sold annually are made by him. The U. S. Government uses his refrigerators in hospitals, on board ship and in cantonments. They received first prize at the Panama Exposition.

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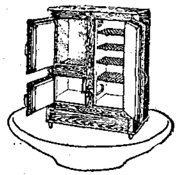

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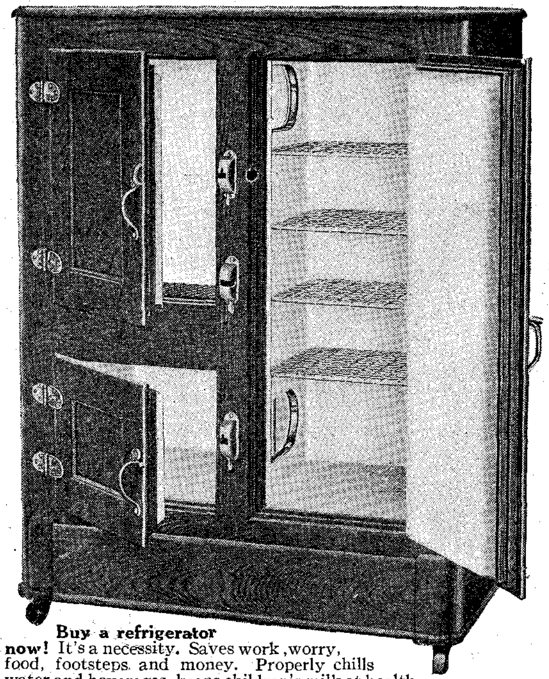

Buy a refrigerator now! It's a necessity. Saves work, worry, food, footsteps and money. Properly chills water and beverages, keeps children's milk at healthful temperature. Talk it over with your husband.

of Schleswig returned to Denmark which is inhabited by Danes.

"A plebiscite in northern Schleswig can give only one result: an overwhelming majority for a reunion with Denmark. Of the 165,000 inhabitants, at least three-fourths speak Danish, feel Danish, and vote Danish. Of the country population ninety-five out of every hundred are Danes. In the towns and cities it is a little different, because the Germans have imported hundreds of officials and functionaries, and many business men and tradespeople have emigrated from Germany to take advantage of the favoritism shown them by the German Government. Nevertheless, the results of the recent municipal elections in North Schleswig seem to show that—once there be no intimidation from the German officials — even the cities and towns will vote in favor of the Danes. According to newspaper dispatches, the Danish vote cast in the recent elections was sensational. At Haderslev, where there had been no Danish majority since 1864, sixteen Danes were elected against nine Germans and five Socialists. At Nordborg, on the island of Als, where no Danes had hitherto been elected, seven Danes were chosen and only five Germans. At Loegumkloster, always considered strongly pro-German, six Danes were elected against four Germans and two Socialists.

"North Schleswig has, during more than fifty years of Prussian domination, sent a Dane to the German Reichstag, and in a plebiscite the Danes will snow the Germans completely under. But what a plebiscite in Central Schleswig will reveal nobody can know. Some districts are strongly Danish, some are mixed, and some again are thoroughly Germanized.

"Flensborg, the largest and richest city in Schleswig, is divided against itself. The majority of the inhabitants speak German, but there is a strong and determined Danish minority, and many of the working men who in former elections voted the Socialist ticket will in a plebiscite choose the Danish side. The result may depend on the attitude of the business men, tradespeople, professional men, etc., most of whom are Germans, altho a number of them are said to be in favor of Flensborg's incorporation in Denmark, because they fear the heavy taxes and Bolshevik tendencies in the German Republic and are worried for the future of their city if it be separated from northern Schleswig.

"But no matter how a plebiscite in Central Schleswig turns out, the Danes will be satisfied if the inhabitants are only given the opportunity to express their wishes in regard to their future allegiance. The Danish Government has from the first declared that it only wants that part of Schleswig back which of its own free will declares for a reunion, and in this stand the Government is supported by the overwhelming majority of the people in Denmark and North Schleswig."

No Possible Mistake.—" These profiteers," said Representative Esch, of Wisconsin, " accuse themselves with their excuses. They remind me of little Willie.

" Little Willie came home the other day with a nice new golf ball.

"' Look at the lost ball I found this afternoon, father,' he said.

"' Are you sure, my boy,' the father asked, ' that it was a lost ball? '

"' Oh, yes, sir,' said little Willie, ' I saw the owner and his caddie looking for it.' "
—*Los Angeles Times.*

CURRENT - POETRY

A THRILLING call to arms is uttered in "The Tocsin," contributed to the New York *Evening Sun* by Edward S. Van Zile, and the enemy against whom he would arouse us is the Bolshevik. One has only to consider conditions in Europe and note the frequent symptoms of Bolshevism in this country to realize the significance of this poem. As Mr. Van Zile says, we have saved Liberty, the goddess, only to find that the Bolsheviki are now willing to "wrap her in a shroud," and he bids us all steel our souls for the new crusade that summons us.

THE TOCSIN

By Edward S. Van Zile

Never since man first preyed on man,
And battle-fields turned red,
And guns were forged and metal ran
Hot for its feast of dead,
Rang Tocsin louder on the air,
More menacing, more wild,
Than rouses races everywhere
That they be not defiled.
It echoes over mounds of slain,
And weary Europe weeps;
It's hoarse above the moaning main,
From sea to sea it leaps.
It's raucous where the valleys are,
It shakes the hills with dread—
Who raised their eyes and saw a star
Now fear that star is fled.

The Tocsin! The Tocsin! 'Tis harsh to human ears;
Our graves have grown too many, we are tired of our tears;
But the foe is arming, arming,
And the Tocsin, giving cry,
Is a watch-dog's tongue, alarming
Them that sleep to wake or die.
Far afield the war-god ranges.
Peace? Ah, where is it to-day?
Age on age how slight the changes,
In the price their victims pay!
To the Robespierres, red-handed,
Who have slain, and slay again—
Now behold new millions banded
For the massacre of men!

The Tocsin! The Tocsin! The winds of all the earth
Are carrying the warning of a monstrous evil birth,
Of the coming of a Frankenstein, insatiate for blood,
Of cavemen with machine guns, and of murder at the flood.
Nay, tarry not, ye heedless, for the foe draws nigh the gate,
And wo to ye, ye laggards, if ye gird your loins too late;
Ye have fought a splendid battle, ye have won a fight for god,
But there's lightning in the firmament, and blood upon the sod.
The Tocsin! The Tocsin! It's thunder groweth loud!
Ye saved the goddess, Liberty—they would wrap her in a shroud;
A new crusade awaits ye, ye must face the foe again,
For brutes break loose to make their kill—and Freedom calls for men!

From the Sydney (Australia) *Bulletin* we take the following easy and musical lines in which life is compared to a tapestry woven by Fate. The poem is signed only by the author's initials.

A SILVER THREAD

By L. H.

Across a tapestry that Fate wove ill
Years ago,
A shining silver thread is running still
To and fro,
As up and down the picture's April hill
Shadows go.

And in my heart it makes for me a road,
Night and day,
That leads me to a half-seen far abode
Green and gay,
Past starry hedges laughing at my load
All the way.

I know not if the road will last the years
Falling fast,
Or if the pitfalls and the raining tears
Win at last;
There may be some new sunshine for my fears
God will cast.

But up and down the wall the silver shows
Stubbornly;
Now bright and strong—now dead—now, living flows
Wide and free
Toward nightfall for my homing soul that goes
Out to sea.

The modesty of signing poems with initials only is frequently met in this Australian weekly, from which we select another that presents an oriental vision of luxury and is really an exceptional bit of imagination.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

By Syd. C.

She lies upon a gilded couch,
Her round, white arms beneath her head,
And shadowy slaves about her crouch
Mute and immobile as the dead.

Soft azure silks her limbs enfold,
And shimmering gauzes fine as mist,
And milky veils with broidery scrolled
Veil her thick tresses' heavy twist.

Some glittering dream the day beguiles,
Some sweet thought through the dreaming slips,
For joy too delicate for smiles
Haunts the curved flower of her lips;

And shrived she seems from stress and dole,
As one who sees in magic trance
Through the dark forests of the soul
The silver-footed fairies dance.

No voice may break the calm profound
Nor echo pierce to where she lies
To stir the vision that has bound
The languid glimmer of her eyes:

Nothing, till Eventide shall press
Those lips and break the tranced swoon
That holds in thrall this fair princess—
The golden summer afternoon.

In the foregoing verses the Australian poet was in his homeland and writing of it. In "Ewshot Camp," where Australian troops were quartered, we have a poet writing of the home that's thirteen thousand miles away. These stanzas also appeared in the Sydney *Bulletin*, and are the work of Boyce Bowden, who evidently is in the service.

EWSHOT CAMP

By Boyce Bowden

At Ewshot Camp, in Hampshire, the fields are green and wide,
They billow on like fairy seas toward the Surrey side,
And vision from the little hills may wander free and far,
At Ewshot Camp, in Hampshire, where the Maorilanders are.

And there are hedges white with flowers and little jocund lanes,
Shrill with the tone of tender leaves and clean with summer rains,
And there are merry birds and bees and flowing, glowing skies,
Gay melodies to charm the ears and playthings for the eyes.

And yet, tho English lands are fair and English flowers are sweet,
The threads of love from Maoriland are twined about our feet,
For all our hearts are in the South, howe'er the course is set—
A man may kiss a winsome maid and count her stranger yet.

VACATION TRAVEL

The United States Railroad Administration Removes All Restrictions

1918

One year ago, under the pressure of war necessities, the public was requested to refrain from all unnecessary travel, and, under the stress of war conditions, the public was necessarily subjected to a great deal of inconvenience when it did have to travel.

Now the war necessity is passed and it is the settled policy of the Railroad Administration to do everything reasonably within its power to facilitate passenger travel and to make it more attractive.

In furtherance of this policy, the Railroad Administration is entering upon a moderate program of advertising, to remind the people of the extraordinary opportunities for sight-seeing and for pleasure-seeking which our country affords—the National Parks, the seashores, the lakes, the mountains, the woods, and the many places of historic interest.

The vacation season is approaching, and the time is at hand to plan for a change of scene, for rest and recreation. It will be the effort of the Railroad Administration to aid in such planning and to make your travel arrangements convenient and satisfying.

The staff of the United States Railroad Administration will be glad to furnish illustrated booklets and provide necessary information as to fares, train service, etc. Such information may be obtained from the local Ticket Agent or the nearest Consolidated Ticket Office, or by addressing the Official Travel Information Bureau at 143 Liberty Street, New York; or 646 Transportation Building, Chicago; or 602 Healy Building, Atlanta, Georgia.

Every official and employee of the United States Railroad Administration is a public servant. Call on them freely.

Walker D. Hines

Director General of Railroads
Washington, D. C.

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Vinegar
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All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

A man may walk through wonder-towns from London to Dundee,
Yet hold his town the fairer town, however small it be!
And he may take it as a creed and know it to be good,
This manly pride in things of home which makes for nationhood.

The pride which wells up from the heart and flows from hand to hand,
When Timaru meets Timaru in Ewshot or the Strand,
When half a score of simple words have snared the gipsy thought
And turned it southward to the Bluff or north to Devonport.

Oh, one road leads to Farnham town and one winds out to Fleet,
And the long roads, the brown roads, have lured the Southern feet.
Yet eastward or to westward, wherever men may roam,
We turn again for Ewshot Camp as tired men for home.

The little crouching huts of gray beside the high hill's knees,
Bright with the gentleness of flowers and murmurous with trees,
This little plot of English earth holds out a friendly hand,
And, thirteen thousand miles from home, we're still in Maoriland.

The smoothness and grace of Theodore Maynard's lines are in evidence in two poems contributed by him to *The New Witness* (London). One is a pendant to the other.

IF I HAD RIDDEN HORSES

By Theodore Maynard

If I had ridden horses in the lists,
Fought wars, gone pilgrimage to fabled lands,
Seen Pharaoh's drinking-cups of amethysts,
Held dead queens' secret jewels in my hands—
I would have laid my triumphs at your feet,
And worn with no ignoble pride my scars . . .
But I can only offer you, my sweet,
The songs I made on many a night of stars.

Yet have I worshiped honor, loving you;
Your graciousness and gentle courtesy,
With ringing and romantic trumpets blew
A mighty music through the heart of me,
A joy as cleansing as the wind that fills
The open spaces on the sunny hills.

REMEMBRANCE

By Theodore Maynard

Let not the world remember you,
By any greater thing or less,
Than that upon a reed I blew
A song to praise your loveliness!

Let not the world remember me
(If immortality should crown
A line of verse, when empery
In the vast waves of time goes down),

By any greater thing or less,
Than one good song I made and sung
To praise your love and loveliness,
One evening when the world was young!

A lyric sequence that is deftly written and warm with sincere feeling appears in *Contemporary Verse*, and is signed by Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

AN APRIL DAY

By Perrin Holmes Lowrey

Dawn

A morning of gold and green
And a path to the top of a hill,
Music and scent and sheen,
Color and flame and thrill.

Sap in the veins of the tree,
Twitter and bud and birth,
Hope in the heart of the bee,
And love in the whole of the earth.

Afternoon

The clover nods, the bees are loud,
As drowsily content I lie,
And distance turns a fluffy cloud
To castles in the April sky.

The murmur of an orchard stream
Comes dimly down the perfumed ways;
My languid fancies drift and dream
Through all the golden yesterdays.

TWILIGHT PRAYER

Lift from my heart, O God, I humbly pray,
This sense of sweetness that I can not bear!
The dying beauty of Thy April day
Is touched with sacred splendor everywhere.

NIGHT

Sleep in the eyes of the sky,
And a hush in the hearts of the stream:
Slumberous fields that lie
Burdened with beauty and dream.

Silence and shadowy light,
And a graceful crescent curled;
Peace on the lips of the night,
And God in the width of the world.

From the same magazine of verse we select a quaint and touching tribute to that much-maligned figure in the theater, the chorus man.

THE CHORUS MAN

By MORRIS ABEL BEER

He was only an ornamental chorus man,
Who had no ambition to play *Hamlet*.
But when the bugles of the Great War blew,
He sailed away for France,
With the wonted gaiety of an actor
Who climbs aboard the gang-plank
Of a *papier-mâché* ship
In a musical comedy.
The leaves on the tombs of Booth and Irving
Are sere to-night,
But the poppies that toss
Over the grave of a valorous youth
Who went forth singing into battle,
Shall blossom in our hearts
With Shakespeare's dreams.

A pleasant contrast of then and now is found in "The Trees of Haddonfield," which appeared in the New York *Times*. Where in the days of the Revolution British troops fled on their way to the Hudson, now moving-picture battles are fought and decided. What is more, in this territory the British flag is no longer that of the enemy, but one of the Allied group of colors.

THE TREES OF HADDONFIELD

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

I sing of Haddonfield, West Jersey's town
Whose name was ancient when the British George
Flung Hessian tools and stalwart English blood
Across the ocean leagues to his far lands
That blazed in red rebellion; Tories fawned
In Penn's green country town on this great host
And, stooping, begged their Excellencies' wish.

The winter passed in revelry and song,
And all the captured city's windows burned,
While hall and tavern throbbed with mellow mirth;
But, past the English outposts, Valley Forge
Shrank in an iron winter's harsh embrace,
Its loyal legions looking o'er the snow,
Torn by the double foes of want and cold.

Then turned the tides of war and eastward fled
The foe to troop-ships at the Hudson's mouth;
Through sylvan Haddonfield arms and the men
Thronged the King's Highway, labeled then as now,
Under some pleasant trees that have outlived
The fleeing enemy and valiant friend;
Beneath their branches floated battle-flags
Stained with defeat to travel overseas,
Leaving behind an empire and a flag. . . .

The sap stirred in these trees a hundred springs,
And in their shade men talked and trooped to wars,
Long afterward, near by, a temple reared
Whose screen flashed moving films of battle-tides
Of puppet regiments on peaceful fields,
While o'er the roof the trees' great branches tossed
As tho in anger at this hollow show,
And would recall from out the years a scene
To render pitiful this mimic fray,
When in the dust-clouds of retreating foes
Faded the royal hopes of high emprise.

Again beneath the lordly trees there swims
The crimson flag of England last descried
Fading afar above the sullen lines;
But now, allied in Freedom's holy cause,
On swirling motor-cars the colors swim—
The starry banner and the Union Jack.

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QuakerOats
62 Dishes
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Five Cents
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WHITE OATS
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There's a
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To This Food Question

Some foods have doubled and trebled in cost. But Quaker Oats—the food of foods—still costs a little price.

You get little meat for a dime nowadays. But you can serve *20 dishes* of Quaker Oats for a dime.

The average cost of meat and fish foods is at least 50 cents per 1000 calories. That is ten times Quaker Oats' cost for the same energy value.

Yet Quaker Oats is vastly better food. It is almost a complete food. It is considered the ideal food, especially for young folks.

As a body-builder, as a vim-producer, oats have an age-old fame.

Compare your foods by calories, the energy unit. Know what your money buys. At this writing this is what you pay for some necessary foods:

Cost per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5c.	Salt Codfish	78c.
Round Steak	41c.	Canned Peas	54c.
Veal Cutlets	57c.	Hubbard Squash	75c.

Ten Quaker Oats breakfasts can be served for the cost of one meat breakfast of same energy value. Yet think what delicious breakfasts Quaker Oats supply.

Quaker Oats
Extra-Flavory Flakes

This is oat food of a super-grade. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the big, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

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[3050]

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THE HUDSON Super-Six has pointed the way in mechanical and motor construction. Endurance has been one of the marked qualities of Hudson Super-Six construction from the start.

Endurance has won for the Super-Six its great achievements on the track.

The qualities in its design which account for its endurance enabled a Hudson Super-Six special to make the fastest time of twenty world famous cars in the climb to the top of Pike's Peak.

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And just as it has led in motor and mechanical excellence so has it led in body designing and finish. Each year has seen the completion of a new model—far in advance of the designs that were current. Each year has brought forth a new convenience to motorists.

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It would be no boast to call the Hudson Super-Six the pattern car of motordom, for the entire motor industry recognizes its leadership by following its guidance.

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Today the Hudson numbers 60,000 satisfied owners. No other fine car has such a brilliant record of attainment. Vision and Initiative made the Super-Six the leader of motordom. Vision and Initiative will continue to make the Hudson Super-Six the pioneer of the industry in every motor improvement and advance.

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HUDSON SUPER SIX

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE TRIAL AND DEATH SENTENCE OF EDITH CAVELL

"NOTHING," said Miss Cavell. It was her only reply to the question rudely bawled at her by an interpreter during her trial in the Parliament House at Brussels—an important question, namely, "What have you to say in your defense?" We know this from a contribution to *The Nineteenth Century* by Dr. C. Hostelet, a Belgian scholar, who, along with several other persons, was tried at the same time with Miss Cavell. He is not trusting to memory. In the main his article consists of passages from his prison diary. For sake of clearness, however, he begins by telling what, precisely, had been Miss Cavell's offense, and, without consciously attempting it, he gives us a brilliant character study of the heroic English nurse. Says Dr. Hostelet:

> After the battle of Mons numerous English wounded and fugitives were taken in by the inhabitants of the district. Soon they had to think of getting them away. Among the wounded was a staff colonel, who, as soon as he was able to stand, wished to get to the frontier so as to return to duty. An engineer (M. C.) brought him to Brussels. This first stage proved that he was not yet strong enough to endure the fatigue of the rest of the journey. With whom should he find a sure refuge if not with the English matron of the Nursing School, whose courage and devotion were universally known. A few persons were in the secret. But soon other wounded recovered and were fit for service. They were sent to Miss Cavell, who consented to give them hospitality until guides could be found to take them to the frontier. But the way to the frontier became more and more difficult, so that from December, 1914, till July, 1915, Miss Cavell's house was always full, first of English soldiers, then of French, and lastly of young Belgians trying to get out of the country to enlist.
>
> In my frequent visits to Miss Cavell I was able to see the risks she was running. The presence of a lot of men was obvious as soon as one entered the house—voices, songs, cries. I often pointed this out to her, and she replied calmly and resignedly: "What would you? I can not impose silence on them." She even consented to let them go into town to amuse themselves. I remember her fright when one night some of them came back singing and disorderly, scandalizing the neighborhood.
>
> It was then that I and some other friends determined to put these dangerous guests in private houses or with reliable innkeepers. But the more we housed, the more came. One day six guides arrived bringing thirty men concentrated at Mons and sent to Rue de la Culture (Miss Cavell's home). At this time the home became publicly known as a refuge for fugitive soldiers. I was very worried and went to try to induce her to break off all relations for a time with this group of guides and soldiers, telling her that the work itself was imperiled and must be diverted into other channels. We had sure knowledge, too, that some suspicious persons knew of our prearranged signals. But she would not listen. "Nothing but physical impossibility, lack of space or lack of money, would make me close my house to Allied fugitives." So she went on, never ceasing her devotion to the work, until the German police got on her track and made three perquisitions in her house, after which she was arrested. . . . Absorbed in her work as head of a nurses' school, she never dreamed of running a recruiting office or a spy service. She wished to save men—Englishmen first, then Allies, and she gave herself up entirely to this humanitarian and patriotic work.
>
> If one considers the results of her activity, it was not in vain. She saved from illness, from fatigue, from certain imprisonment, several hundred fugitive soldiers. She admitted passing two hundred men on to the frontier, but thanks to the ramifications due to a great extent to her initiative, the number of soldiers sent to the Allied armies was far higher.

In its entry for October 7 (the first day of the trial), Dr. Hostelet's diary told how he rose early in his cell in the prison of St. Gilles, hastily choked down his breakfast, and was summoned into the hall to join a group of accused. He had a deep-seated belief that he was destined somehow to get off alive, but it was a grim experience, for he says:

> Two by two, surrounded by helmeted and armed soldiers, we went to the entrance, where motor-busses were waiting. On the way the jailers stood at attention and saluted. All this suggested the firing squad, and we felt inclined to nervous laughter. One bus was full and went off. We were called by name, and, in order, got into the second motor. Two soldiers guarded us. We shook hands and introduced ourselves. Four soldiers got in last, and the police officer said as we went off: "No talking, please." We went down Avenue Ducpétiaux. The curtains were not drawn close enough to prevent us seeing the passers-by. I looked right and left, in case I should have the luck to see some one I knew. Under cover of the noise we began to talk. . . . "My God, I am frightened," said a woman of about forty. She had the feverish and half-joyful expression of a person expecting a tragic scene at a theater. The bus stopt, and as the woman repeated, "Good God, how frightened I am!" I asked her what she had done. "I lodged some Englishmen." "Nothing else?" "No." "Then don't be frightened; you will not be shot." "Sure?" "Quite sure, and in these days that is all that matters, isn't it?" "That's true," she returned, and got out, looking calmer.
>
> Two by two we went in silence through the passages of the Parliament House to the Senate Hall. On my right was a little woman in deep mourning. We found about thirty other accused already sitting on the seats of the Senators, nearly all working-class folk, and a few soldiers scattered among them. We were shown to our places. Soon after eight more prisoners arrived, guarded by a soldier.
>
> In front of us was the long judges' table. A good-looking officer with an intelligent and brisk manner walked in and laid on it a voluminous *dossier* and his helmet. He was the military prosecutor, on whom our fate depended. With high coloring, black hair, and waxed mustache, he looked around the room in an assured, almost happy manner, like a knight before a tournament in which he expects to shine. A compact group of civilians was let in, among whom I saw with joy a friend, who, however, did not appear too cheerful.
>
> The sitting began. The accused were called and the counsel stated for whom they were pleading. I was able to salute my defender, Mr. Dorff. Then we were sent away, only Miss Cavell remaining.
>
> In the passages the police officer marshalled us in such a way that we could not speak to each other. One of the German employees of the examiner, tired of standing, came and sat by us. After a long pause he said, "Did you know the Senate room?"
>
> "No."
>
> "Then here is a good chance to see it."
>
> "Splendid, certainly."
>
> "What will you do with all these buildings when the Allies come back?" he asked, sarcastically.
>
> "Put them to their proper use again."
>
> "You will disinfect them first?"
>
> "We shall have to clean them."
>
> Meantime the sentries were talking to each other in groups and we took the chance to speak freely.
>
> Soon the sentries came back, and one of them called us to order with the manner of an angry dog. He stood in front of one of the men and swore at him as if he were going to spring at his throat.

As a side-light on German military justice, what could be more interesting than Dr. Hostelet's account of his own appearance at the bar and of the strangely brief taking of testimony? "It was nearly two o'clock before I was called back to the court," he says, and continues:

> I had to sit down facing the prosecutor, while beside me was the interpreter. After having stated my civil standing, the auditor asked me whether I admitted having helped to recruit men of military age, knowing that by so doing I gave an advantage to the Allies and a disadvantage to the Germans. This was the formula at the head of my deposition. I replied simply—Yes.
>
> "Here is a determined patriot," he said as he marked my bill of indictment. (What was he writing?) "Do you admit having been in communication with the following persons and having given them a sum of about 1,000 francs?"
>
> "Yes, I admit it."
>
> "All right."
>
> At that moment my counsel interrupted to present a letter from a German newspaper correspondent residing in Brussels to whom I had previously rendered some service. He evidently praised my conduct on his behalf. They asked if I knew him. I said I did, and was dismissed.
>
> I got up with the conviction that these

> were only preliminary formalities. This was a mistake, for I was never examined again.
>
> Soon after, the sitting was suspended. The court retired, the counsel went away, and we were left there with orders to be silent.

After a long-delayed and very meager luncheon came the examination of several of the accused, and the prisoners were told that verdicts and sentences would be pronounced next day. Dr. Hostelet's account runs on:

> Group by group we were distributed as before, the chief actors going one by one, accompanied by a soldier, the others being collected near the door of the Senate room. Seeing us like this, many men with ladies beside them, it looked like a wedding party. We glanced at each other in an amused fashion. "There is nothing to laugh at," said the officer in charge.
>
> It was dark in the bus which took us back to prison. What a temptation to talk! We exchanged impressions until our voices drowned the rumbling of the bus.
>
> "Will the sentences be heavy?" asked my neighbor.
>
> "They talk about death sentences," said I.
>
> "Ough!" he exclaimed with a shiver. We got back to prison; still in procession, we went to our passage, where we shook hands, while the women kissed their husbands.

Dr. Hostelet spent the evening in a prolonged battle with an incandescent burner a friend had sent him, and got so tired trying to make the thing work that at last he was able to sleep. The next day, so his diary relates, he woke early, and with a realization that the military prosecutor's sentences were not likely to be mild. Says the diary:

> This time the court was held in the House of Commons.
>
> The accused were on the right and the judges sat in the first row of armchairs on the left, the counsel at the foot of the tribune. The prosecutor opened the sitting with the same happy, brisk manner as yesterday.
>
> He began by a statement of the affair, showing the framework of the organization and the principal parts. Behind the German front were recruiting agents who directed escaped prisoners in various directions. These found in the Mons district every facility for being sheltered, furnished with false papers, and sent to Brussels. Here they were received in private houses, or, when these were full, in small hotels where they waited till they could be formed into convoys for Holland. There they were received by Belgian or Allied agents who sent them back to France. Our affair was one of the branches, or perhaps the trunk, of the organization. In France the organizers were grouped round the Prince of Croy, helped by the Princess his sister, the Comtesse de Belleville, and Mlle. Thuliez. In the Borinage were the engineer Capiau, the lawyer Libiez, and the chemist Dervaux, who were accused of providing false identity papers, most of them naming non-existent places. At Brussels Miss Cavell's Institute was the center. Mr. Séverin and Mme. Bodart were closely concerned, and I, whom he was again pleased to call the determined patriot, organized the financial side, paying the guides and for the soldiers' lodging, and providing the provisions for the journey to Holland. Lastly came Mr. Baucq, who was accused of marking out the routes, distributing *La Libre Belgique*, and handing on military information.
>
> "All this activity," he concluded, "is akin to high treason, and the law punishes it with the death sentence."
>
> At that moment a serious disquietude took hold of me, while he began to read the list of sentences he proposed. "Baucq—death sentence. Miss Cavell—death sentence." . . . When will he stop? . . . "For the Princesse de Croy, in spite of all my wish to take account of her peculiar situation as regards her brother, I ask ten years' penal servitude." Ouf! the terrible propositions are over! I feel relieved. At last, for Mr. Hostelet, the "determined patriot," ten years' penal servitude.
>
> Then came the guides and hosts, whose sentences varied from one to five years.
>
> Almost the only cool person through this recital was the prosecutor. The judges did not seem to enjoy it. The counsel were out of countenance. The accused were either excited or deprest, except Miss Cavell, who retained the calm which never deserted her. Baucq, leaning on the desk, his chin in his hands, looked as if he were stunned. Mlle. Thuliez was feverish and looked right and left as if to assure herself she was not dreaming. Comtesse de Belleville was slightly flushed, but looked absent-minded. Mr. Libiez, quite close to me, got pale and began to run his fingers through his mustache. Mr. Séverin, who up till then had been holding his paper, dropt it on the floor.
>
> The interpreter in his brutal voice repeated the terrible proposals of the prosecutor in French, and in his mouth the death sentences sounded like a knell.

Lawyers representing the accused were then allowed to speak, and in the course of the proceedings one of the prisoners was led to say that Miss Cavell had been mistaken when she had stated under examination that he had given her a thousand francs. He had really given her nothing. As Hostelet tells us:

> Miss Cavell stept forward, her manner calm, almost rigid. She admitted her mistake.
>
> "Why did you lie?" demanded the interpreter.
>
> "My memories were confused. Afterward I remembered that it was not he."
>
> Note was taken of the alteration, and she was abruptly dismissed.

When it came time for Maître Kirschen to speak in the prisoners' behalf, he extenuated their crimes and begged for clemency. Says the diary:

> He spoke of Miss Cavell and praised her as a woman whose whole life had been devoted to the wounded. He recalled her work in the Balkan war. This time she had begun by taking in English wounded. Then others came, and by force of circumstances she played the part now known, not ignoring the danger, trying to avoid it, but never refusing the services asked of her. She took her responsibilities in this affair as courageously as on other occasions, not trying to avoid them any more than she had ever tried to avoid any opportunity for devotion.

It was at this point that the interpreter shouted at Miss Cavell, "What have you to say in your defense?" and she answered, "Nothing," so Hostelet declares, and presently relates that—

> There was a German lawyer in officer's uniform whose duty was to undertake the defense of those under heavy sentence. His manner was energetic, he had clear-cut features and a trenchant voice. His hand on the back of a chair, he leaned forward and talked and talked, too fast and indistinctly for me. He defended Mlle. Thuliez and the big Louise. I guess that he put forward the patriotic fervor of the former and the latter's greed of gain. Like the Belgian counsel, he appealed for the greatest indulgence possible.

A little further on in the diary we read how the Princesse de Croy stood up and turned to the judges:

> "My lords," she said, in a scarcely audible voice, "be merciful to these women whose death sentence is asked of you. My brother and I are the real culprits. It was we who, in undertaking the evacuation of French and English soldiers, led them into this affair." This appeal did not seem to awaken any response, the judges having, in their own minds, already decided how to allot the responsibility.
>
> The verdict would be told us in prison.
>
> The judges retired and we were kept waiting for the busses. In spite of the soldiers on guard, we managed to talk, but most of those threatened with death sentences were thoughtful and silent. The women's cheeks were hot, the men were pale and chilly. In spite of the heat of the room, Libiez shivered and seized his overcoat. As he could not get it on, I went to his help. He turned round and gave me a look of deep gratitude. The disproportion between the significance of the look and the service I had rendered was so great that it revealed his anguish to me. Baucq had also put on his coat and was sitting, hunched up and feverish, in his chair. While still waiting, he said to me: "My fate is sealed; besides this, I have an espionage affair to answer for."
>
> It was about two when we got back into the bus. The town was animated; the weather being lovely, the boulevards were crowded. Was there no one I knew?
>
> We conversed rapidly, the soldiers giving us full liberty. In front of me was D., the chemist, whose feelings were more and more getting the better of him. He looked at his watch and said; "It is half-past two. If my wife knew now the sentence passed on me, at three o'clock she would be dead."
>
> We crossed Place Stéphanie. I looked everywhere, but there was not a soul I knew. Going up the Chaussée de Charleroi we drove for some time alongside a train. Some one got up and looked at us; it was my old enemy D. We made cordial gestures to each other. What irony!

Came the 11th of October, a Monday, and Dr. Hostelet's jailer said:

> "I think they will call you this afternoon to hear your sentence. From what I could gather from the N. C. O., things look black, very black, for Mr. Séverin. As for you, your sentence is reduced."
>
> "And the others?"
>
> "I know nothing for certain, but they talk of several executions."
>
> I heard doors opening; it would be my turn next. My jailer, opening it,

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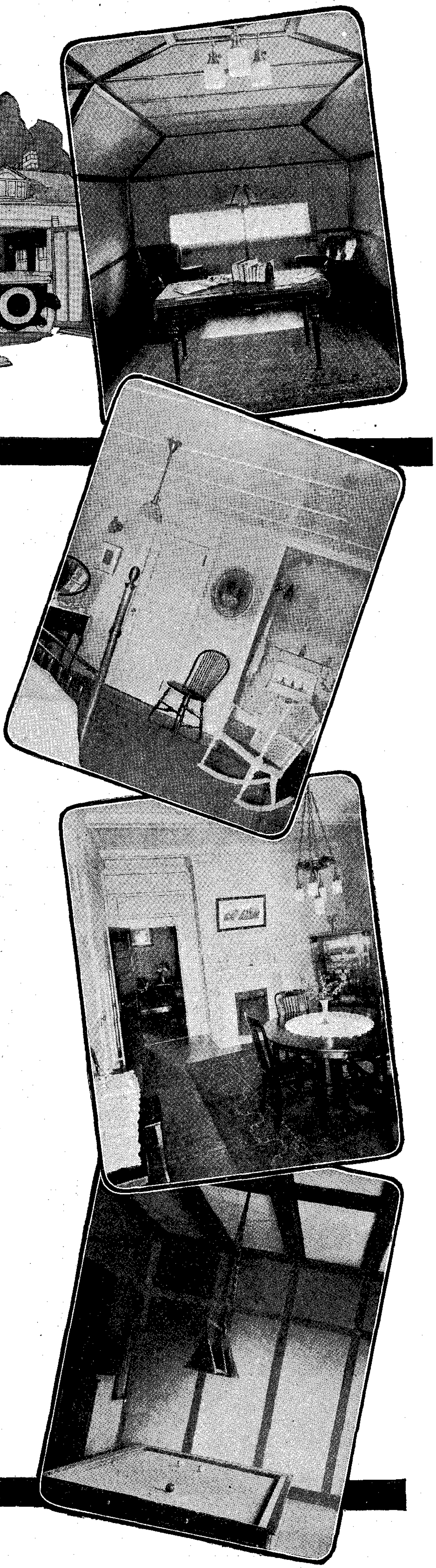

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Down the long, empty corridors I and my companions walked silently to the hall which mute and distant guards pointed out to us. There we stood about in a semicircle. Those threatened with sentence of death, especially the women, were more tense than overcome. Baucq looked disheartened and Séverin uneasy. In general, the whole group seemed very calm.

Waiting was prolonged and conversation began. "Did you have a light all night?" asked the chief offenders of each other. "Yes." "No." "What an awful night!" "Every moment I expected to be called and led before the firing squad."

This is what had happened. Saturday or Sunday night one of the men who had lodged soldiers had hanged himself in despair at the prospect of two or three months in prison. Such is luck! Soon after we heard of his acquittal. This accident, of which I had already heard rumors, had made the authorities nervous. Special watch was ordered and, to facilitate it, the cells of those threatened with death sentence were illuminated all the following night. It was this measure of precaution that had made several of us pass through such terrible hours.

The military prosecutor came in. With his high coloring, waxed mustache, elegant and brisk, he looked as cheerful as ever. He entered the reserved part of the hall, followed by the interpreter, the lieutenant, the prison commandant, and the German chaplain. He took a large sheet of paper from the portfolio carried by his faithful attendant. Every one was silent, and instinctively we drew together. The prosecutor read the verdict in German as if he were reading a list of honors. Five times the sinister "Todesstrafe" (death penalty) was heard: for Baucq, Miss Cavell, Séverin, Mlle. Thuliez, and Comtesse de Belleville. I got off with five years.

The interpreter signed to us to leave the room. . . . I saw Miss Cavell leaning against the wall, cold and impassive. I went to her and said a few words of hope. "Mademoiselle, make an appeal for mercy." "It is useless," she answered placidly. "I am English and they want my life." At that moment the subcommandant of the prison came for her. With care and deference he led her out of the room; he seemed to have some grave and painful communication to make to her.

In the corridors the condemned walked slowly, absorbed in their thoughts. German soldiers and Belgian jailers were gathered in the rotunda and watched us compassionately as we filed past. The Belgian chaplain also was there and bowed low to us all. Suffering was passing by and pity was awakened.

Dr. Hostelet returned to his cell, and the diary concludes thus:

> After dawn I could not sleep. A door opened, and steps died away in the distance. Another door opened, and the same vague sounds followed. I listened anxiously, with the fear that our door would open in its turn. I watched Séverin, sleeping heavily on his bed. . . . Happily everything became quiet again. Only the sound of the sentry's boots, tramping up and down, disturbed the silence like the ticking of a clock. From time to time he looked in at the grating. . . . . . .
>
> The military chaplain visited us at breakfast-time and told us that Miss Cavell and Baucq had met their death heroically.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF SLEEPING ON A BILLIARD-TABLE

HOTELS have discovered that in emergencies good money may be collected from weary pilgrims, far from home and with no place to rest their heads, for permitting them to assume a recumbent position on a billiard-table under the erroneous impression that thereby restful repose may be obtained. The subject is discust at some length in the New York *World Magazine* by a writer who avers that he has had experience in the matter. From what he says it is apparent that sleeping on a billiard-table has its limitations. In the first place, he complains that too little consideration is given by hotel-room clerks to the diversity of human shapes and sizes in the assigning of tables. He suggests that lengths and breadths must be taken into account if a party of billiard-table sleepers are to fit and be at all comfortable. He offers the following valuable advice:

> Under reasonable pressure, between port and starboard on a billiard-table there is deck-room for four mediums to shorts, or from after-deck forward from two to three that range from five feet ten up. Citizens from various parts being thrown together in a billiard-room, it is well to mark off a table into zones. These may be numbered. Then, by rolling or shaking dice, a man could play for position. Sleeping under such conditions is at best a sporting chance.
>
> When a billiard-room has to be converted into a civilian barracks, it is essential that some one with the full authority of the management be authorized to fix the hour when the regular games and special tournaments are to close. It isn't fair to expect a tired business man to stand around in pajamas with a cigar in his mouth or sit cross-legged on an upturned suitcase until far into the night waiting for the Kelly pool set to back away from what is to be his bed. Hitting the hay—if it may be so called—is bound to be unnecessarily embarrassing if the day crowd isn't through with its act before the night scene is staged.

Then the writer relates a couple of his own personal experiences, showing that he knows exactly what he is talking about. He says:

> Once, at a national convention held in a Western city which had to bulge to accommodate the visitors, and again at an inauguration in Washington, I found myself assigned with a registered and sleepy overplus to the ground-floor billiard section. In the convention city a dignified and oratorical member of the Committee on Contested Seats, of large and resisting bulk, a slim and angular alternate from the Bronx, and I shared in common a standard table which had been the scene of the thrilling semifinals in an amateur tournament up to 11:30.
>
> As soon as the players had finished their argument and put their cues in the rack, and had adjourned to the café for the series of final finals, the advance guard of the dormitory force appeared. Two porters staggered in with mattresses on their backs. Behind them came a flushed and nervous chambermaid. Flushed political white hopes with satchels and other baggage followed.
>
> The mattresses were laid across the green baize and deftly sheeted, pillowed, and blanketed. The Bronx alternate and the contested-seats gentleman matched quarters, best two out of three, to see who would have the rail. I did not engage. It makes little difference to me which side of an eighteen-inch balk-line is allotted to me at a convention. I have had experience on either side, and I have found no material advantage therefrom, in one or the other. As it turned out, I turned in on the cushion position.
>
> My companions were restless. Something about conventions seems to make the party rank and file so. The contested-seats person at irregular intervals between two in the morning and the hour when an unsettled quartet came in singing "Where is My Wandering Bo-o-y To-ni-i-ight?" talked in his sleep, urging in an argumentative way the exclusion from the floor of the convention of certain irregularly chosen four-flush delegates, and asking now and then who was all right. The offering from the Bronx was continuous and mostly incoherent. At times it was musical, but the theme was not maintained long enough to make it clear whether he was working on an aria from an opera or meddling with a medley.
>
> At the inauguration, with hundreds of potential figures walking Pennsylvania Avenue with their grips and resting up at convenient corners, unable to get their credentials accepted at any hotel, I was favored by a courteous Boniface. He took me in. He gave me the glad hand and said, "Welcome to our city!"
>
> I emptied much of the contents of my purse on the counter, and in return he gave me the choice between spending such part of the night as a member of the New York delegation might have at his disposal for sleep as the exclusive occupant of a shake-down superimposed on a deep bathtub in a narrow bathroom cut off from the adjacent apartment, and enjoying the companionship of a considerable number of Democrats from Indiana, and a few from the Hudson River counties, under a smoke-screen which floated low over tables in the main billiard-room. I chose the latter. I have always found it advantageous not to become separated from my fellow Americans at an inauguration.
>
> The captain of the Indianapolis marching club and I drew cards calling for Table No. 4, near the window. A Terre Haute brother and one of the boys from up Poughkeepsie were a cue-length distant on No. 3.
>
> Other tables at the far end of the room had been booked by an overflow of the regular Wisconsin delegation. By a count of silk hats on the window-sill there were half a dozen tabled.
>
> At an inauguration it is not uncommon to find certain sterling citizens who fear they may miss something on the general program of inducting a President into his high and mighty office if they perchance fall out of line at any stage of the proceedings. So long as there is an eye or anything open anywhere in the District of Columbia they want to be up and drilling. They can't stand for having it all quiet along the Potomac. After about three days at the front or a little beyond, an occasional man may break ranks and ask to be directed to a rest billet. If the billiard-rooms are not booked solid, he usually gets in.
>
> Table No. 5 had one of them. He was of the old guard. His head and silk hat rested on a pillow and his feet on a satchel. His cane, to which an American flag was

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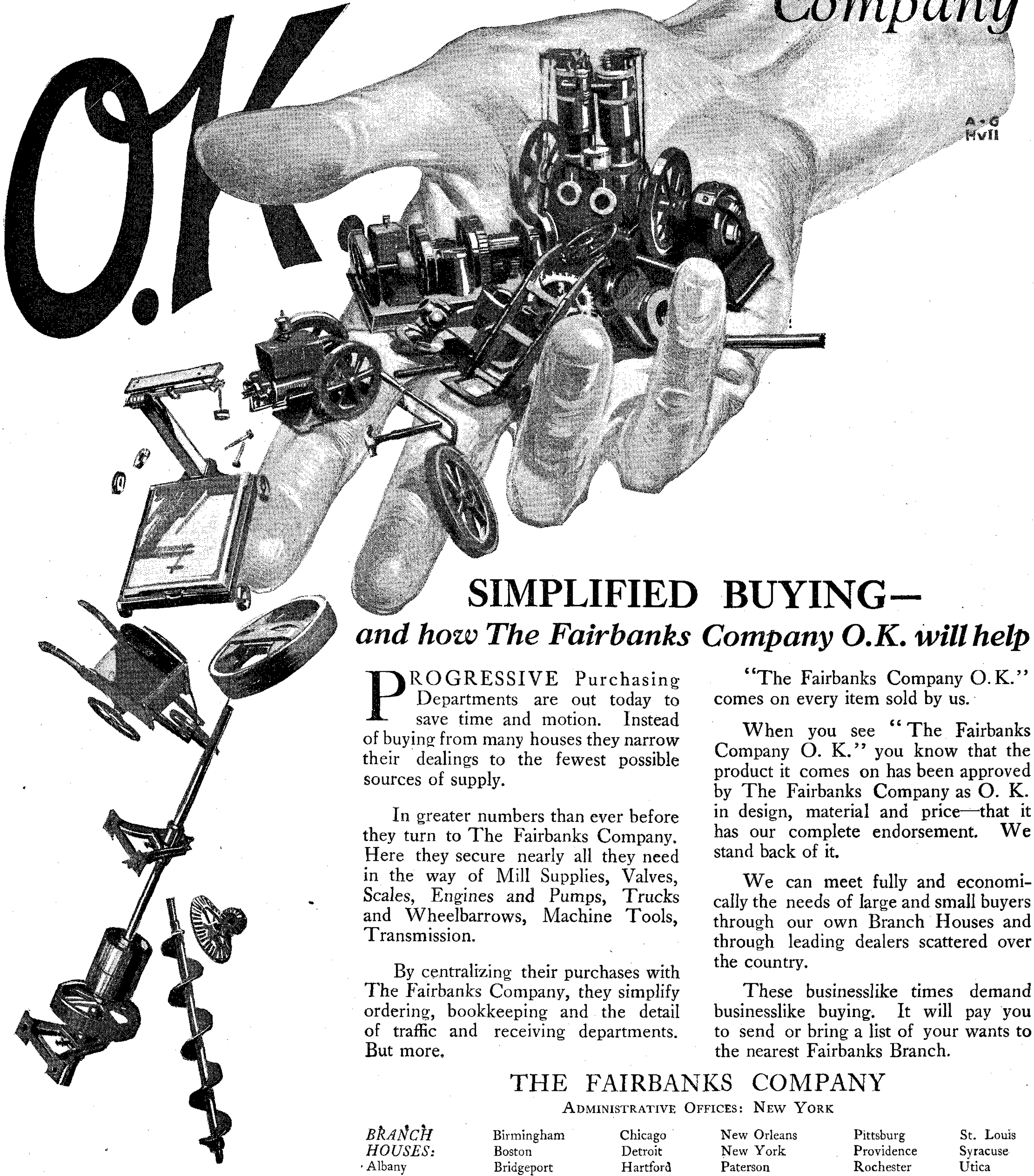

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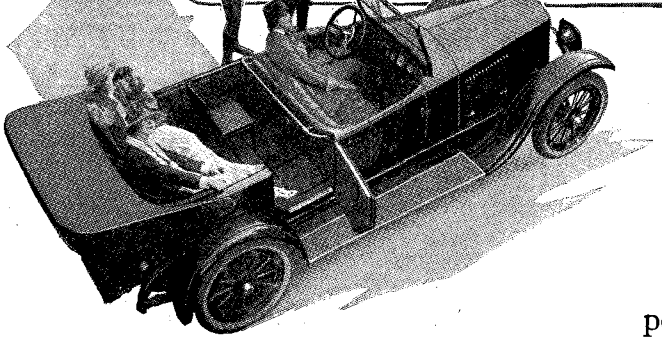

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fastened, had been thrust in the netting of the corner-pocket, and the Stars and Stripes fell in graceful folds over his heaving chest. He seemed to be content.

In conclusion, this expert offers a little miscellaneous advice on how one should conduct himself when sleeping on a billiard-table. He says he believes it to be a good rule to remain perfectly motionless, once in position, no matter what the position may be. If difficulty is experienced in getting to sleep, one may gradually develop a drowsy feeling by counting the buttons on the wire overhead which players use to keep score. He ends somewhat pessimistically thus:

> Under the most favorable conditions one can never get his money's worth wooing Morpheus in a Brunswick and Balke atmosphere. At regular billiard-room rates it is cheaper to play through the long watches of the night at three-handed cushion caroms or pin pool than it is to use the parlor as a bedroom. It costs about sixty cents an hour for pool—cigars being on the side. Where is there a pool-table upon which it is possible to get sixty cents' worth of fair to middling repose an hour?
>
> No matter how many little touches a chambermaid may give a billiard- or pool-table, it never can be made to look altogether cozy and inviting as a dormitory.
>
> It is as hard to decorate with pillow-shams and coverlets as a grand piano. One can never tuck himself in and feel perfectly sure that he will not slip and go over the precipice. The absence of a head-board or back-stop and of a dash-board at the other end, makes one have the uncomfortable sensation of exposure.

"STALE BREAD'S" SADNESS GAVE "JAZZ" TO THE WORLD

SOME years ago there was a blind newsboy on a street corner in New Orleans, and there were times when misery and melancholy overwhelmed him, for he had a little of the soul of an artist, which is generally supposed to be sad, as well as misfortunes beyond the average. He could play the violin, and his common or street name was "Stale Bread." One day he hit upon a new kind of music, a music so wild, and swinging, and ear-catching, and nerve-twisting that it was able to drive away his sadness, as once the harp of David drove away the "blue devils" from King Saul. To the music that "Stale Bread" invented the name of "jazz" was ultimately applied, and anyone who doesn't care for "jazz" is privileged to remember that "Stale Bread" was suffering a great deal when he invented it. Says a writer in the New Orleans *Item*, dealing with the syncopated harmonies and other features of "jazz":

> It's called "jazz," that synchronizing supersyncopation that, originating in New Orleans, has aggravated the feet and fingers of America into a shimmying, tickle-toeing, snapping delirium and now is upsetting the swaying equilibrium of the European dance.
>
> The dictionary of culture contains no such teasing monosyllable. The nearest it comes to it is "jazey," which means a kind of worsted sweater.
>
> But, says Joseph K. Gorham, "Daddy of the Jazz," the word, common to the knowledge and frequent in the vocabulary of the Barbary coast and the southern darky for years, means simply enough, and without any explanation or definition, the only thing it's possible for four such letters in such order, when pronounced, to convey—and that is just "to mess 'em up and slap it on thick." That's the verb "to jazz."
>
> The noun means just the same as the verb, except that the noun implies the process and the verb the action.
>
> Musically and technically speaking, jazz is correctly defined; but the writer admits his inadequacy, and Mr. Gorham, pondering deeply for five minutes, gave it up and observed:
>
> "Why ask such an unnecessary question, anyway?"
>
> However, "jazz," which, in the opinion of Mr. Gorham, has delighted the soul and excited the Terpsichorean tendencies of the negro of the levee and cotton-fields these many years, drifted out of the shanties and the tango belt of New Orleans back in 1915 to begin its triumphant, blaring, screeching ascent into the ball-room and restaurants of the cultured.
>
> And there is the story that as far back as twenty years ago a blind newsboy, known to his particular gang here as "Stale Bread" felt the creep of the "blues" coming on him and translated them on a fiddle acquired from a minstrel show passing through town With his moaning, soothing melodies he was soon *threatening to corner the trade*, playing as he sold his papers. Then one by one other denizens of the street, picking up the strain and whatever instruments they could lay their hands on, joined him until there were five christened by their leader as "Stale Bread's Spasm Band." But theirs was the music of the street and the underworld, and the years passed before it penetrated into the homes, the clubs, and the restaurants of the fashionable.
>
> Mr. Gorham, the man who introduced "jazz" to Chicago, whence it spread to New York and the East, came to New Orleans five years ago to direct the Grunewald winter amusement features. Not long after his arrival he was halted as he was walking along Canal Street by the discordant, yet strangely harmonious and amazing efforts of a group of performers operating instruments identified by their appearance more than their melodies as a trombone, a clarinet, a cornet, and a drum. Such results on those instruments Mr. Gorham, who is a theatrical man of wide experience, had never heard.
>
> The perspiring, rapid-fire musicians were most energetically and successfully advertising a prize-fight, the announcement of which was borne by the wagon which carried the players from corner to corner.
>
> Mr. Gorham, observing the grinning faces, the snapping fingers, and the patting feet of the crowd that gathered around the wagon, was soon himself swaying to the barbaric tune.
>
> It was then he scented that ever-eagerly sought "something new." To the prize-fight and on the streets he followed his hunch and soon he was convinced. The players were then known, he found out, as "Brown's Orchestra."
>
> Last week Mr. Gorham dug out from his trunk a four-year-old notebook, in which he displayed the memorandum: "Brown's band, good rag orchestra, can't read music, 1108 Camp Street." That was before the connection of the word "jazz" with the wild harmony. The leader of the players was Raymond Lopez, the cornetist. The others were Tom Brown, trombone; Gus Mueller, clarinet, and William Lambert.

In the season of 1915–1916, Mr. Gorham arranged for the band to play in Lamb's Café in Chicago. They appeared there as "Brown's Band from Dixieland."

Soon afterward "jazz" came into its own, and has remained there ever since. The account continues, quoting Mr. Gorham:

> The boys had been there hardly a week before I got a wire from the management of Lamb's asking me to take them off their hands. It explained that their music was too noisy and wasn't taking at all. I wired back, as Lamb's is rather a small place, for them to tone down a little and try again. Lopez wrote me, much discouraged over his first efforts. All of his boys were nice young fellows, who never before had been away from New Orleans. I wrote him in reply just to ease up a bit and keep going.
>
> They did. And soon Lamb's was turning people away from its doors in droves. Lopez and his band stayed there thirty-three weeks.
>
> Then, under the direction of Harry Fitzgerald, they went to New York. For a while they played there in vaudeville, and later went to Reisenweber's, where I understand they are still playing.
>
> Lopez was the cornetist who first muted his instrument with a derby hat and Tom Brown used the same idea on his trombone.
>
> It was not long before all over the North and East imitators of the New Orleans boys were springing up. Largely they were educated musicians, and while they imitated, to my mind they have never been able to achieve the effects obtained by players who can't read a note of music.
>
> Now plans are under way to take the "jazz" bands to the Alhambra Theater in London, and it will be a sure enough "jazz" band from Dixie, not one of the imitations.
>
> Those boys, who were making around $15 and $20 a week on the streets of New Orleans, are now earning $50, $75, and $100 in various places over the country.
>
> I've got two of them here now under my notice and am arranging to send one to the Vernon Country club in Los Angeles.

So heated has become the controversy among the pioneers of "jazz," we read, that in Harlem recently it was necessary for the police to take a hand when two rival bands met outside the Alhambra Theater in New York. This is one side of the argument, as attributed to Bert Kelly, who claims the distinction of having coined the expression "jazz band":

> The phrase "jazz band" was first used by Bert Kelly in Chicago in the fall of 1915, and was unknown in New Orleans. In March, 1916, the first New Orleans band of cornet, clarinet, trombone, drums, and piano arrived in Chicago to play in Lamb's Café; it was called "Brown's Band from Dixieland." The band was brought from New Orleans on recommendation of Frisco, who was then dancing in Lamb's Café. (Note they did not use the "jazz band.") The band consisted of Tom Brown, trombone (now with Bert Kelly's Jazz Band); Raymond Lopez, cornet (now with Blossom Seeley); Gus Mueller, clarinet, United States Army;

William Lambert, drums, United States Army.

This was the first and by far the best band that ever came from New Orleans. Gus Mueller, clarinet-player, joined Kelly in the spring of 1916 and was placed at White City, Chicago, with the following combination: Gus Mueller, clarinet; C. O. Brush, banjo; Fred Miller, saxophone; Jack O'Neill, piano, and Fred Oxenius, drums. At this time Harry James's meteoric career as a café manager was starting, and he was in charge of the Boosters' Club in the Hotel Morrison, Chicago, and had a ladies' orchestra playing for his dancing.

Kelly approached him with a proposition to furnish him with better music. James agreed, raised his prices, and printed cards for his tables reading: "On account of the big expense of hiring Bert Kelly's Jazz Band for the entertainment of our patrons, it has been necessary to raise the prices as follows," etc.

This was in the fall of 1916, and the band from White City was the first band ever to be advertised as a "jazz" band. It was a big success, and in the spring of 1917 James sent to New Orleans for the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and insisted upon their using the words "Jazz Band."

This was in 1917, and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band was the first New Orleans band to use the term, while Bert Kelly used it in 1915. Bert Kelly had about twenty orchestras known as Bert Kelly's Jazz Band, and when the Dixieland arrived they adopted their name of "Original Dixieland Jazz Band."

THE WAR WAS DUE TO A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

As might have been expected, for something of the sort was bound to come, it now develops that the war would probably not have taken place if only a certain message of the late Czar to "stop" mobilization had been taken seriously. In any event, the inference is that the conflict might have been postponed indefinitely, thus placing upon the erstwhile imperial partner of the Infinite at least the burden of searing up a new excuse to try out his war-machine. Why greater consideration was not given to an order of such seeming importance at a most critical moment is not made quite clear by the man who tells the story, General Sukhomlinoff, former Russian Minister of War. The entire tale bears the earmarks of all the stories ever told of trifling incidents fraught with vast importance and leading to momentous and world-shaking events. It reminds one of Bismarck's famous telegram supposed to have precipitated the Franco-Prussian War, the sneer of Frederick that started the Seven Years' War, the cackling of the geese that saved Rome, the spider's web of Robert Bruce, and other similar yarns. General Sukhomlinoff, who at one time was sentenced to life imprisonment for high treason but was pardoned by the *Soviet* Government, is now in Finland, and the account of the disregarded or misunderstood order appeared first in an interview in the Helsingfors *Hufvudstadsblad*, from which a translation was made for the New York *Evening Post* as follows:

"What happened now, when Russia's Minister in Vienna, Giers, telegraphed that the Austro-Hungarian Army had been mobilized for the punitive expedition against Servia? Well, the four military districts which lie against Austria-Hungary's frontier were mobilized, and the whole of the rest of the Russian Army was set in a state of readiness for mobilization. 'I assume,' said Sukhomlinoff, 'that people in Berlin did not clearly distinguish between the mobilization of merely four military districts and the making ready for mobilization of the rest of the Russian Army, for on the evening of the day after these measures were taken was received Kaiser Wilhelm's telegram demanding the countermanding of the mobilization.'

"At midnight Sukhomlinoff had a conversation with Nicholas II., which was decisive for the outbreak of the world-war. The Czar, who was then under the impression of the Kaiser's telegram, ordered Sukhomlinoff to 'stop the mobilization.' Sukhomlinoff explained that 'stopping' the mobilization was a technical impossibility—mobilization could not be stopt, but must be countermanded. To Sukhomlinoff's question whether the Emperor would 'countermand' the mobilization of the four military districts at the Austro-Hungarian frontier, Nicholas answered 'No'—but 'stop' the mobilization.

"In order to make still more precise Sukhomlinoff's story of the birth-hour of the war, we give the Russian terms which he used. 'Stop' was exprest with the word '*priosttanovitj*,' while 'countermand' corresponds to the term '*otmenity*,' which terms Sukhomlinoff himself translated into German as '*abbefehlen*,' '*absagen*.'

"As Nicholas II. could not be induced to give a clear order, Sukhomlinoff told the Czar to call up the Chief of the General Staff, Januschkievitch, and ask him whether mobilization could be 'stopt.' Sukhomlinoff did not consider himself authorized to take any steps, because he had not received any order to 'countermand' the mobilization.

"Between two and three o'clock on the historic night when Europe's fate was being decided, Januschkievitch called up Sukhomlinoff and asked:

"'What shall I do?'

"Sukhomlinoff answered:

"'You are the last person who has spoken with the Emperor—do as he ordered you!'

"Sukhomlinoff then learned that Nicholas II. had given Januschkievitch the same indefinite directions: to 'stop' the mobilization, but not to 'countermand' it. As in this technical matter Januschkievitch held the same opinion as Sukhomlinoff, that is, that mobilization once begun could not be stopt, he also was not willing to do anything. Therefore, Sukhomlinoff and Januschkievitch decided, each for himself, and both together, to ignore the Czar's order because they considered the expression of it unsatisfactory.

"At one o'clock on the following day was received a telegram from Russia's Ambassador in Berlin, Sverbeyeff, that Germany had ordered complete mobilization. The world-war had broken out.

"The interviewer asked Sukhomlinoff why, in view of the issues at stake and of the Czar's obvious good intentions, he had not interpreted 'stop' as meaning 'countermand.' Sukhomlinoff answered, 'If when it is once under way mobilization is countermanded, the resulting disorder is so great that it would be impossible to mobilize again within two months.'"

HOW IT FEELS TO BE LOST AT NIGHT IN NO MAN'S LAND

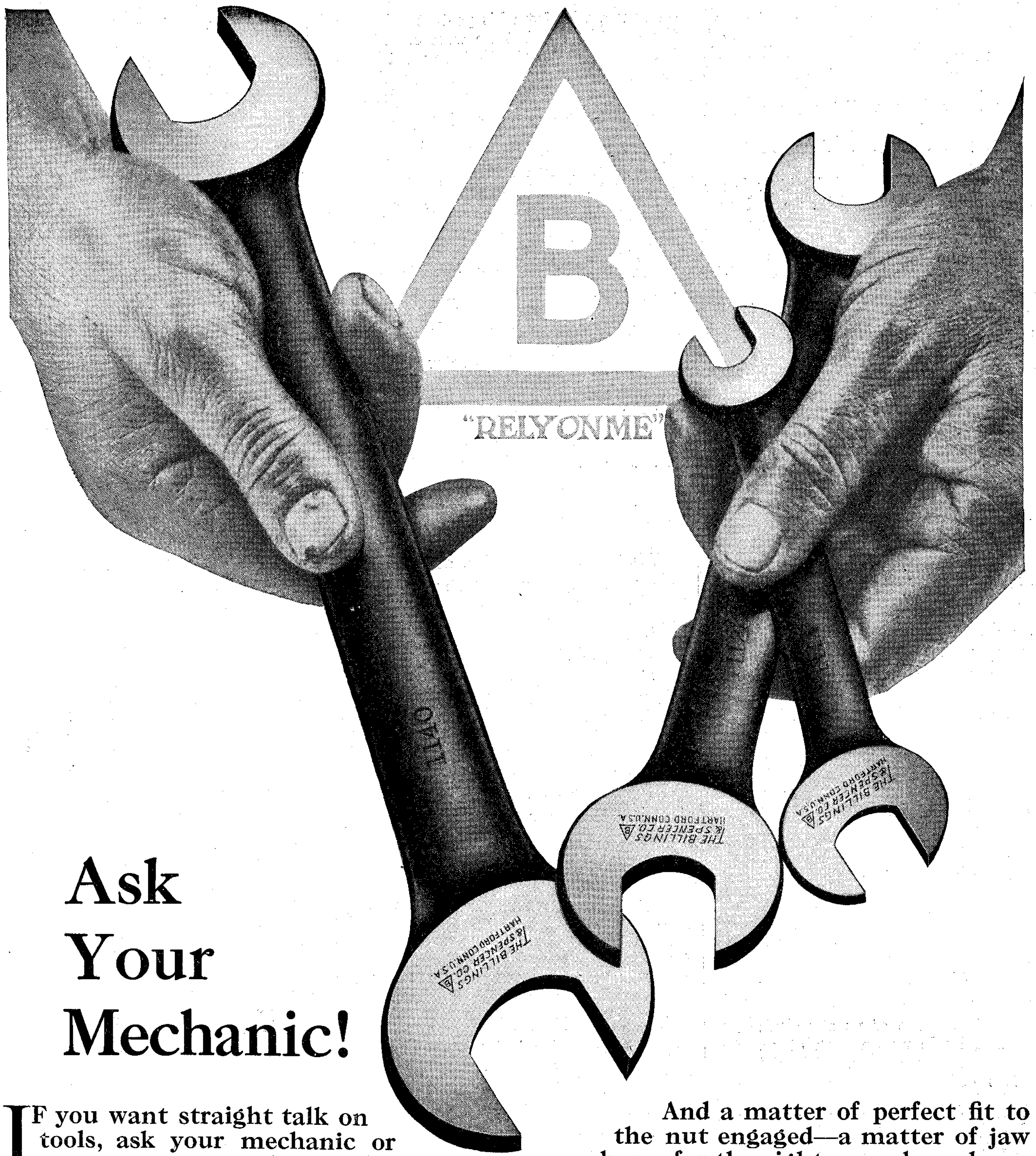
Among the peculiar and disconcerting things that happened to men in the recent European fracas was that of getting lost in No Man's Land. Getting lost anywhere and at any time is said by those who have experienced it to be most unpleasant. And a more disagreeable place could not well have been selected to get lost in than No Man's Land, with a first-class war going on in the immediate vicinity and the place itself muddy and all torn up with shell-holes and crisscrossed with barbed-wire entanglements and with mines and dead men lying about and ever and anon flares shooting across the sky so the gentle Huns could see just where to point their guns. Amid exactly such surroundings did three officers of the 107th Infantry decide that it would be thrilling to lose themselves for a spell, whereupon they proceeded to do so, spending the next three hours meandering about, bewilderingly lost in the area intervening between two hostile armies, each constantly displaying its irritation toward the other in a pronounced and dangerous manner. Eventually they were saved, and one of them tells of their experiences in the New York *Sun* as follows:

The regiment went over the top at zero hour, September 29. At 2 o'clock the following morning word from brigade headquarters made a reconnaissance necessary. Dr. Munson, Colonel Engel, and I set out over the entire left flank to ascertain the position of the units. A constant drizzle made walking difficult. The night was broken by countless German flares and Very lights, which shed their sickly greenish rays over one of the most unnatural bits of scenery it ever has been my fortune to gaze upon.

One could not walk without stumbling. Our men had organized the front-trench system out of shell-holes and broken trench sectors. They were lying in the mud and water in holes dug in the side of the trenches. Their equipment lay about them. Walking past them at that point was impossible. The three of us jumped up on the makeshift parapet and over the top.

Colonel Engel led the way, which led along the support trenches, where we saw our hospital men carrying a stretcher bearing Sergeant Adrians of Company A. He had been badly wounded. At that moment the guns, which had been firing intermittently, let loose a full salvo. These four men of A Company carried Adrians under shell-fire more than five hundred yards. And they had been fighting, digging, and virtually eating mud since six o'clock the morning before—more than twenty hours. But they never faltered.

At a junction of the support lines we stopt at Australian headquarters to obtain a guide. One was assigned to us and we set out, following in the footsteps of one we supposed was our guide. He started to run. We ran, too, calling for him to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strike a slower pace. The soldier didn't look around. Finally he hopped into a trench. We followed and found it wasn't our guide at all, but an orderly on urgent mission.

Far away in the distance we heard another calling:

"Are you there, sir? Are you there, sir?"

We were, and responded. It was our own guide. We picked him up and proceeded to advance to headquarters, which was in a dugout sixty feet deep. On each dirt step two soldiers were huddled to dodge the bursting shells that rattled and banged away at the entire area.

The Australian commander informed us as to the exact situation. They expected that the Australians would follow the 107th, pass through them. We wanted to make sure of the time and location of the units and to inform all officers that the 107th was not to go with them, as we were under orders to be relieved.

We started back. Close at hand a tank had caught fire. Shells kept falling nearer at hand. The Australian said:

"Go right up there, off the road, proceed four hundred yards to a bit of wire. Then follow a telephone-wire."

It was as clear as the mud into which we sank like fence-posts. However, we started. Colonel Engel stumbled over a soldier in the trench we crossed. He apologized. I felt something soft and yielding underfoot and said, as I extended a hand to support myself:

"Am I on your hand, buddy?"

"No, sir," a muffled voice replied. "You're on m-m-m-face."

To make the situation still more annoying, the Huns at this moment started to throw over gas-shells. It was too hot to wear masks and so they merely adjusted nose-clips and mouth-pieces, letting the rest of the mask dangle about their faces. The account continues:

Now and then we ran into a strip of barbed wire. Our uniforms, which had survived the all-day scramble, gradually took on the appearance of shredded rags. Now and then one of us stumbled. All three would pile up on each other. On this return I was leading. Colonel Engel was last of the trio. The terrane was littered with bodies.

Now and then above the din of exploding shells I could hear from the direction of Colonel Engel:

"Pooh!" (Puff) "Pooh!" (Puff) He has a chunky sort of physique, and the exertion and cruel physical strain to which he had submitted his frame those last hours of the night made his breathing sound like a wood-burning locomotive on an up-grade.

But he stood it. He and Dr. Munson were a long, long way from New York. But they stood the gaff like the soldiers they were. Finally we made our way out into No Man's Land again. Once more passing through the trench I heard Colonel Engel apologize to the same soldier for stepping on him.

The figure was in a sitting posture and blocked the runway of the trench. We investigated on receiving no answer. The soldier had been dead for a considerable time.

Thence out across a mine-field covered with land mines, a single kick against one of them and we would not have been enough remaining to carry back of the lines.

At that juncture we heard one of our own men, who from his post at a hole in the ground said that we were close upon the German outposts, that we must hurry to retrace our steps. We did so, sprinting across that field of a hundred yards in less than record time. This time we were directed more carefully and in detail. We scrambled over the shell-bitten road with its macadam marked with craters. We had to stick to the road because we could not negotiate the barbed wire that literally fenced in the sides.

As we dropt into our own trench, Colonel Engel discovered that Dr. Munson was missing.

"I'm going back for him," said Colonel Engel. "We can not leave him out there."

At that juncture the doctor appeared. He had jumped into another side of the trench. All in all it was one of the largest and noisiest parties I ever saw.

A COMRADE FLIER TELLS HOW QUENTIN ROOSEVELT FLEW TO DEATH

NO taunt of cowardice, as some base rumors have reported, sent Quentin Roosevelt out, handicapped by poor eyesight, on his last flight, to find a grave among his foes. Another unworthy rumor, reporting that the young flier's associates had deserted him and left him to fall a prey to superior enemy forces, is equally false. On the authority of a friend of young Roosevelt's, Capt. Alexander H. McLanahan, who was a member of the American squadron that fought with a *Fokker* group on the day when Quentin failed to return, these reports are so baseless that, with respect to the one charging desertion, at least, "it almost looks as if malice had prompted so despicable a charge." Captain McLanahan is credited with the first complete story of the battle that resulted in the death of the youngest of Col. Theodore Roosevelt's children. The Captain's narrative is introduced, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, by an account of an experience which Quentin had in Europe, some years ago. "Was it chance or a portent of the fate that awaited him?" asks *The Ledger*, and describes the incident as follows:

When he was twelve years old, in 1909, he was in Europe with his mother, his brother Archie, and his sister Ethel, who is now Mrs. Derby, and, writing from France to a friend in America, he described an airplane race which he had witnessed at Reims. And it was near Reims that he met his death eight years later in another kind of airplane contest, wherein the prize for which the noble-spirited youth fought was world-liberation from autocracy.

The letter was written to the Rev. Ambler M. Blackford, who had been Quentin's teacher at the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, Va., and afterward rector of St. Helena's Church, at Beaufort, S. C. In part, the letter was as follows:

"We were at Reims and saw all the airplanes flying, and saw Curtis, who won the Gordon-Bennett cup for swiftest flight. You don't know how pretty it was to see all the airplanes flying at a time. At one time there were four airplanes in the air. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw. The prettiest one of them was a monoplane called the *Antoinette*, which looks like a big bird in the air. It does not wiggle at all and goes very fast. It is awfully pretty turning."

The name of the leading aviator to whom he alluded in his letter—Curtis—is, by a strange coincidence, the same as that of the aviator who, on July 14, 1918, led the squadron of American airplanes into the fight which resulted in the death of Quentin.

Recently there was talk about Quentin's having been taunted by his associates and thus driven to go out in his machine to sure death while under the handicap of defective eyesight. From the same source of rumor came a statement to the effect that, in the thick of the fight, Quentin's associates deserted him, leaving him a prey to the vastly superior number of the enemy.

"These statements are not only unjust, but absurd on their very face," said Captain McLanahan. "Who could have thought of uttering a taunt of cowardice to so brave a fighter as Quentin? Only three days before the battle in which he lost his life he had bagged an enemy airplane under circumstances which stamped him a sure-enough hero and brought him recognition in the form of a *Croix de Guerre*.

"And in regard to abandoning him to his fate, it almost looks as if malice had prompted so despicable a charge." In proof whereof Captain McLanahan gave so great a wealth of detail of the work of the Ninety-fifth American Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group, of which he and Lieutenant Quentin were members, as to furnish one of the most intensely interesting stories of the war.

"Our airdrome was north of Verdun, about twenty miles back of the American front line. Quentin had joined us June 1. He had been instructor at the aviation school at Issoudun, and I had formed his acquaintance there. I left Issoudun for patrol work at the front about two months before Quentin was allowed to join us. They liked his work at the aviation school so well that he had a hard time to obtain leave to get into the more perilous work at the front, for which he was always longing.

"Our regular occupation in the patrol service consisted of two flights a day, each lasting from an hour and a half to two hours. As this involved the necessity of going over the enemy lines, it was, of course, extremely trying upon the nerves. I doubt whether anybody, except perhaps the most foolhardy, ever performed this sort of work without feeling greatly exhausted after a few hours of so tense a strain. Nevertheless, we were often required, when circumstances demanded it, to go aloft four or even more times in the course of a day. This was of rare occurrence and only when the enemy showed extreme activity and every resource at our command had to be called into service in opposition.

"Usually a patrol consisted of three squads of from six to eight planes, one squad going to a height of 20,000 feet, the second 12,000, and the third 4,000 feet. They would fly in V formation, the leader about a hundred feet below the level of the next two, these 100 feet lower than those next after them, and so on to the last ones of the squad, who were always the highest."

July 14 was an exceptionally fine day for the sort of work the squadron was doing. "We went up at eleven o'clock in

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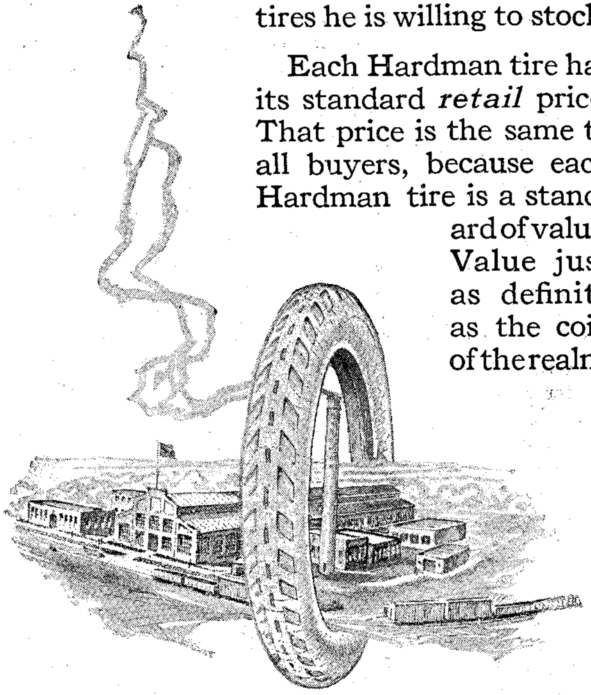

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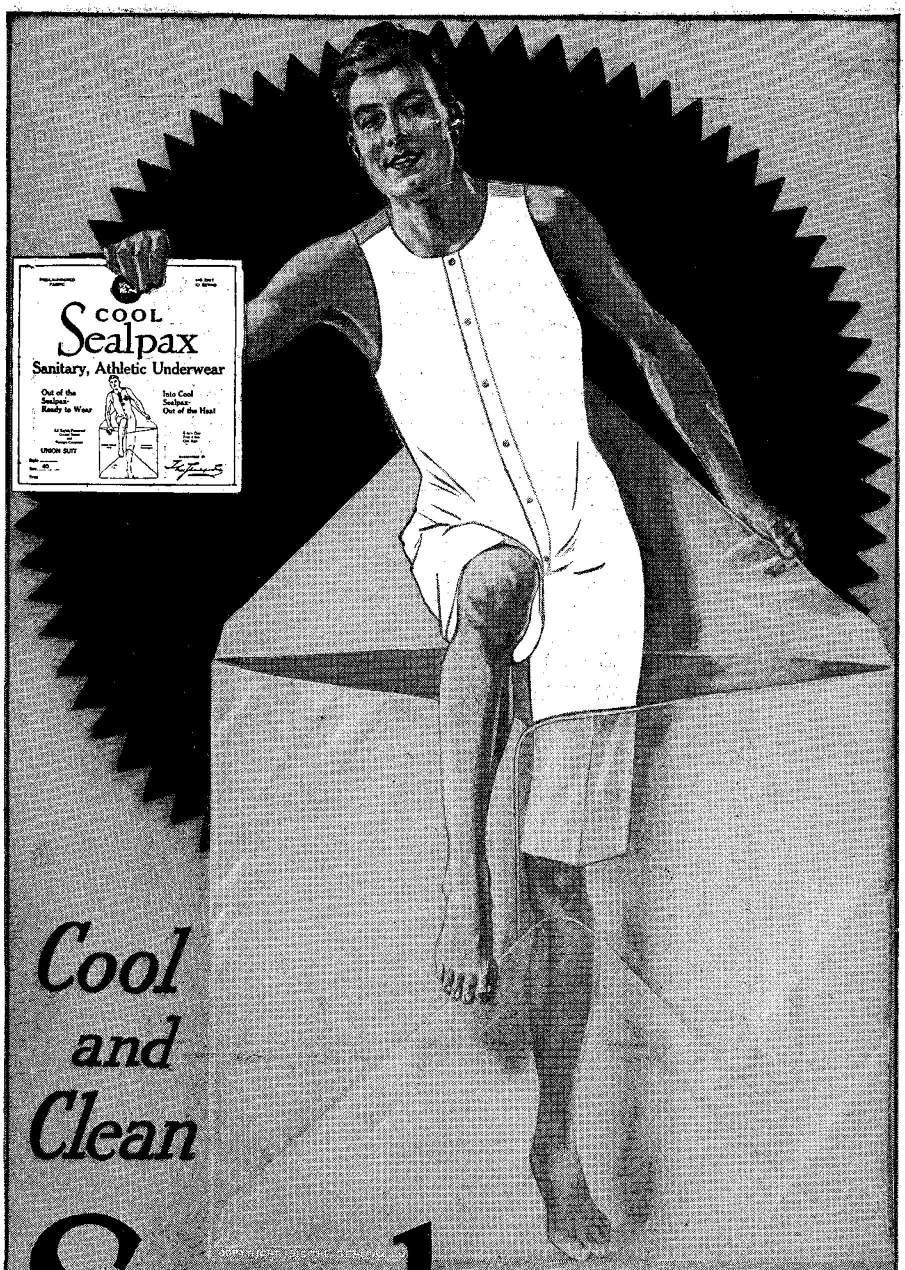

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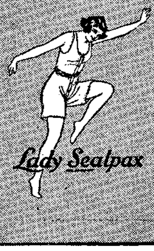


the forenoon," says Captain McLanahan, and describes the flight and the fatal fight that followed:

There were eight of us, all, at that time, lieutenants—Curtis, of Rochester, N. Y.; Sewall, of Bath, Me.; Mitchell, of Manchester, Mass.; Buford, of Nashville, Tenn.; Roosevelt, Hamilton, Montague, and I. As was customary, we chatted together before we went up, and of course, planned what we were going to do. It was arranged that Lieutenant Hamilton was to lead, and in case of any hitch to his motor Lieutenant Curtis was to take his place in the van.

There was a rather stiff wind blowing in the direction of the German lines, and when we reached an altitude of about 10,000 feet we began to be carried with great rapidity toward them. We had not yet sighted any enemy airplanes after we had been aloft an hour. Hamilton's motor went wrong about that time and he had to glide back home. In a few minutes he was followed by Montague, whose motor also had gone back on him.

Half an hour after this, when we were five miles inside the German lines, we saw six of their *Fokker* planes coming toward us. They had been concealed until then by clouds between them and us, they flying on the under side of the clouds. Our planes were of the *Nieuport* type, of the lightest pursuing kind, and in almost every respect like the type the Germans approaching us were using. The chief difference was that they carried stationary motors while ours were rotary ones, which gave us a trifle the advantage in turning. But this was more than neutralized by the very much greater inflammable material in our machines.

When we got to within 500 feet of each other both sides began firing. The weapons on each side were virtually identical, each *Nieuport* and each *Fokker* carrying two machine guns. As each plane had but one occupant, upon whom, of course, devolved the work not only of steering his craft but firing the guns, there was an arrangement by which these two duties could be executed with, so to speak, one movement. The steering-gear and the firing and aiming devices were adjusted to a stick in front of the aviator, in such a manner that his hand could clutch all three levers at once and work each by a slight pressure.

Each of the machine guns carried about 250 rounds of ammunition, and unless it got jammed it was capable of firing the entire lot in half a minute. In order to determine whether the aim is accurate some of the bullets are so constructed that they emit smoke and can thus be seen. These are called tracers. Without them it would be well-nigh impossible to gage one's range so far up in the air, remote from anything by which comparisons could be made to rectify the judgment in aiming.

From the moment that I singled out the enemy whom I was to engage in duel I naturally lost sight of everything else and kept my eyes pretty well glued upon him alone. Now and then, of course, I would, when I got a chance, look backward, too. For one can never tell but that another enemy plane, having disposed of its opponent, may pay his respects to another one.

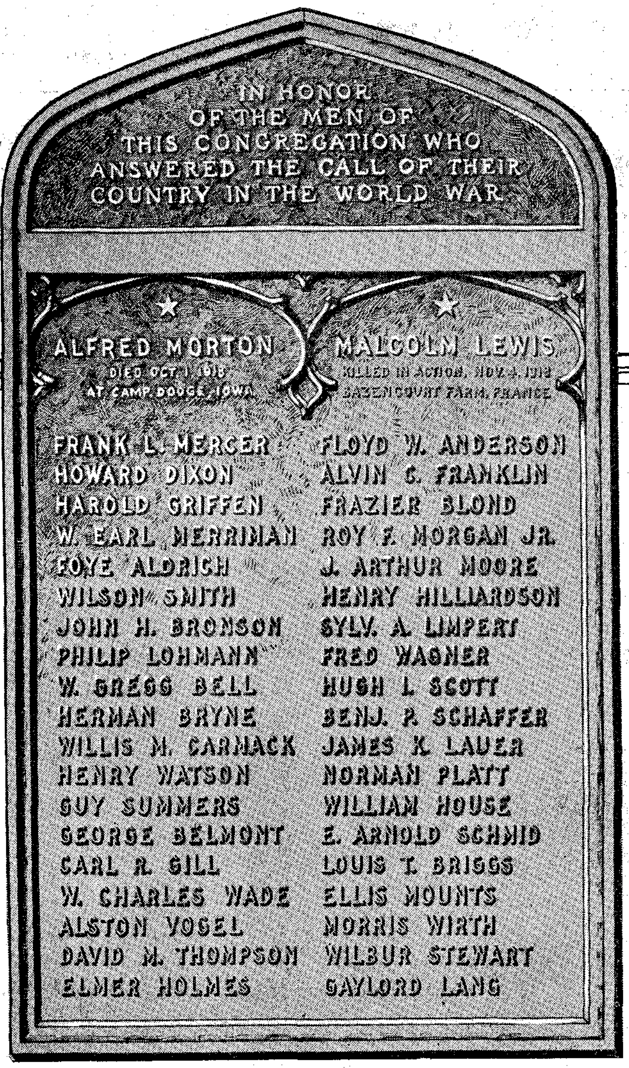
But if anybody imagines that an aviator engaged in battle with an active opponent gets a chance to help along an associate, or even to pay attention to what is happening to any of the others, he is mistaken. One has to be on the alert for every move the enemy makes, and even do a lot of correct guessing as to what would be the most logical next move for him to make. For it is upon that next move that the entire fortunes of the war for those particular two aviators may hinge.

After I had fired every round of ammunition, which seemed to be about the same time as my adversary discovered himself to be in the same plight, we drew away from each other and flew toward our respective bases. During our duel my airplane had become separated from the others of our unit and I could see no trace of them. I assumed, however, that they were either still fighting or had also finished and were on their way back home. Somehow I did not think of the third alternative, namely, that anything serious had happened to any of them.

Indeed, one's thoughts are so completely directed toward the business in hand, especially during a fight, that there is not a moment's time that can be devoted to other matters, even those of the dearest, tenderest, or most sacred nature. To divert the mind even for an instant from the grim business of battle itself would be scarcely short of suicidal. And the homebound journey after the battle is enlivened by so continuous a gantlet of bursting enemy anti-aircraft shells that they suffice to keep the mind engaged in ways and means of dodging them until the home base is finally reached. During an air-battle, of course, the anti-aircraft guns are silent, for their shells would be equally dangerous for friend and foe.

Lieutenants Buford and McLanahan arrived after all of the others, except Lieutenant Roosevelt, had returned to the field. They were not worried about him at the time, but when hours went by and he failed to return, they knew that something had gone wrong. Still, they did not think he had been killed. As Captain McLanahan explains:

> We were encouraged to hope for the best by the fact that Quentin had remained out a considerable time longer than the rest of us three days before. On that occasion he had become separated from the squad, I don't just know in what way, and when we saw him again he jumped out of his airplane in great excitement and so radiant with elation and with so broad a smile that his teeth showed exactly in the same famous way as his father's used to do. He never reminded us so much of his father as on that occasion.
>
> He told us that after losing track of us he sighted a group of airplanes which he believed to be ours and headed his airplane toward them. He was too cautious, however, to take anything for granted, and so in steering toward the group he kept himself in the rear of them, and when he got closer he discovered that they had the cross of the Germans painted on them.
>
> His first impulse was to get away as fast as possible; but then the hero in him spoke up and he decided to avail himself of the chance to reduce the number of our enemies by at least one. And so, flying quite close to the last one of the airplanes, he fired quickly and with such good aim that the plane immediately went down, spinning around, with its nose pointed to the ground.
>
> "I guess I got that one all right," he said; but he did not wait to see what the final outcome might be, for aviators are full of tricks and, by feigning disaster to their own machine, often succeeded in drawing an overconfident enemy to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AT CAMP DODGE, IOWA
MALCOLM LEWIS
KILLED IN ACTION, NOV. 4, 1918
BAZENCOURT FARM, FRANCE
FRANK L. MERCER
HOWARD DIXON
HAROLD GRIFFEN
W. EARL MERRIMAN
COYE ALDRICH
WILSON SMITH
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destruction. Quentin knew this; and moreover, he had another big contract on his hands, namely, to get away from the associates of the man whom he had attacked. They all turned upon him, firing from a dozen machine guns; but in firing his own gun he had wheeled about at the same instant, and in that way had a big handicap over the pursuers. He kept far enough in advance of them to get back within the American lines before they were able to lessen the distance sufficiently to make their shells effective. The rate of speed, by the way, was 140 miles an hour.

Despite his excitement and the really exceptional achievement, Quentin modestly refrained from declaring positively that he had bagged his man. It was only afterward, when we learned through an artillery observation-balloon that the airplane brought down by Quentin had been seen to strike the earth with a crash, that he himself felt satisfied that he was entitled to be regarded the victor. This was the occasion which brought him the *Croix de Guerre*.

When the day passed and Quentin failed to return, his associates still remained hopeful that he had landed in the enemy lines, and had been taken prisoner. But there was further news, bad news, as Captain McLanahan relates:

> Even this forlorn hope was dispelled the following day, when news was received that an observation-balloon's crew had seen a *Nieuport* machine fall at Chamery, east of Fère-en-Tardenois, the place where Quentin had gone into the battle.
>
> A few days after that German aviators flying over the American lines dropt notes announcing that Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt had been killed by two bullet wounds in the head and had been buried with military honors by the Germans.
>
> After the armistice was signed, we saw the aviator who had killed Quentin. He was a non-commissioned officer and one of the most expert fliers in the enemy's air-service. After the armistice he was acting as an inspector in the surrender of German airplanes to the Allies.
>
> This man said that when he learned that the officer whom he had brought down belonged to so prominent a family in America he felt sorry.
>
> "He was identified by a metal identification-plate fastened by a little chain to his wrist," said the German, "and I was then told of the young man's prominence and his own personal popularity. Of course, even if I had known during the battle who he was, I would not have hesitated to try my best to down him; because, if I hadn't, he surely would have downed me.
>
> "He made a gallant fight, altho I recognized almost from the beginning of our duel that he was not as experienced as some others I had encountered and won out against.
>
> "As it was, he dipt and circled and looped and tried in a variety of ways to get above and behind me. It was not at all an easy task for me to get the upper hand and down him."

Captain McLanahan, who himself has received the *Croix de Guerre*, returned, in conclusion, to the various wild rumors that have surrounded Quentin Roosevelt's death. He hoped his report, he said, might dispel the effects of these unjust aspersions, both upon Lieutenant Roosevelt and upon the flying squadron to which he belonged. As the Captain is quoted:

> "From what I have already said, I should think it would be quite clear that any taunt of lack of personal bravery applied to Quentin Roosevelt would, in view of his achievement, have been ridiculously misapplied. It would have been so utterly without point as to make any one venturing it appear to be a fool.
>
> "Concerning Quentin's defective sight, there is this to be said, that it was not half so defective as that of one of the greatest 'aces,' who lacked one eye altogether. Both Quentin and the 'ace' in question were able to take in more and grasp more of what they took in by their sight, despite its defective nature, than most people who have normal sight. It appears to be largely a matter of brain rather than of mere vision."

Who the "ace" was to whom he alluded Captain McLanahan declined to say. He said it might reflect in some way upon the military authorities who had allowed him to pass muster into a branch of the service which is regarded as requiring perfection of every sense to insure safety to the aviator himself as well as to make possible the highest degree of efficiency. The authorities, however, knew perfectly what they were about when they accepted this particular aviator, who used to bag an enemy almost as often as he made a flight.

AN ELK AND A GRIZZLY FELL TO THIS BOY-HUNTER

THE astounding feat of big-game hunting related in *The Oregon Journal* (Portland) as a youthful exploit of A. Phimister Procter, the sculptor, could have been performed only by a boy. No man would have dared tackle it. The future sculptor was then a slight youth of sixteen and small for his age. The episode, as told to Fred Lockley, of the Portland paper, took place in Colorado when that State was young and more of a wilderness than it is to-day. Young Procter was camping with his father and elder brother in one of the wildest and most inaccessible sections. Being considered too young to do any real hunting, it had not been thought necessary to furnish the boy with a gun of his own, but he had picked up a decrepit old 50-70 Winchester which had once been thrown away as having outworn its usefulness. Boylike, he tinkered up this weapon and finally got it to where he could sight and fire it, but the ejector refused to work. He hit upon the happy expedient of putting a 30-caliber bullet into the barrel of the gun after firing, and thus, by shaking it up and down vigorously, jarring out the empty shell. One day the brother and a companion had planned to make an extensive trip into the mountains to hunt big game. The younger brother was exceedingly anxious to accompany them, but was told in that tolerant and irritating way in which elder brothers sometimes speak to their juniors, that it was out of the question; that they were going on a long and dangerous expedition and could not be bothered with little boys. What happened after that is thus set forth:

> It was a wonderful day for hunting big game, as there was just enough soft snow on the ground for tracking. I stuck around camp till nine o'clock, and the longer I waited the more rebellious I felt at being left and told that I was too young to go along.
>
> Finally I filled my pockets with cartridges and decided to strike out by myself and see if I could get a deer or an elk. I walked back into the hills for several hours without seeing anything. In the afternoon, somewhere about three o'clock, I decided to call it a day and go back to camp. I was sitting on a fallen tree taking a rest after my long jaunt when I heard something walking leisurely through the brush near by. In an instant I was alert. A moment or so later a herd of elk walked out in the clearing. I can't begin to tell you the thrill I felt as I sat there and watched those elk walk across the hillside, utterly unconscious of my presence. In the lead was a splendid bull elk. He had magnificent antlers. Ever since I was five I had been sketching, and he appealed to my artistic sense as well as to the hunting instinct in me. I took careful aim, but just as I fired he took alarm and leapt. Instead of hitting him just back of the foreleg I broke a hind leg. There was a crash as the elk bounded away. I forgot my weariness and the fact that I was hungry, and ran after them. I had no difficulty in following the trail of blood on the snow. The rest of the herd had taken a different direction from that of the wounded leader.
>
> Presently I came upon the wounded bull, lying down. I ran up to cut his throat, but he had a different idea about the matter. The minute he caught sight of me he struggled to his feet and charged. He had been lying in a patch of small dead timber. Too late I discovered it was rotten timber. I jumped back of a dead tree six inches or so in diameter. The bull elk charged, and hitting the rotten trunk head on, it snapt off and sent me sprawling. I got up and took refuge behind another, to have that also snapt off when he hit it with his massive horns. He was bawling and fighting mad. I saw a large uprooted tree and scurried beneath its upturned roots. The elk tried to paw me or get at me with his horns, and they didn't miss me far.
>
> My hands were trembling so I could hardly get my 38-caliber bullet out of my pocket, but I managed to drop it down the barrel of my Winchester and shake it up and down till the empty shell was ejected. I threw in another shell, and putting the muzzle of my gun between the roots I prest it against the elk's throat and fired. He fell in a heap and kicked for a minute or so, and then lay still.
>
> I crawled out, a very shaken but proud small boy. I wanted to take that head back to camp. It took me nearly till dusk to cut the head off at the shoulders. I swung it over my back, holding it by the prongs of the antlers. I was small and tired. It weighed nearly one hundred pounds. I started for camp, which was nearly four miles away. I would carry it a while and then sit down and rest. It was just about all I could do to stagger along with it. I came to a ravine across which a tree had fallen, forming a natural bridge. It was the shortest way, so I started to walk across. The bark was old and loose. When I was about half-way across the bark slipt off and down I went

into the gulch with the heavy head and horns on top of me. In falling I gave my back a bad wrench, so for a few minutes I thought I couldn't walk.

The adventures the boy had already gone through would have been considered about enough for one day by almost any adult person. Not so with this youthful Nimrod, however. Even wilder and more hair-raising experiences were in store for him. The account continues:

While I was in the ravine, dreading to tackle the job of walking back to camp, I heard a peculiar shuffling sound not far away. I wondered what it was, and decided to investigate. I crawled out of the ravine, and not far away was the biggest thing on four legs I had ever seen. It was a huge grizzly bear. It was turning rotten logs and stones over to eat the grubs under them. It was so intent on its supper that it had neither seen nor heard me. With my crippled back and my crippled gun I decided that if I was going to kill it I had better do the job with the first shot. Think of the folly and audacity of a boy with a defective gun starting trouble with a grizzly bear. It never occurred to me not to try to kill him. I had heard an old hunter say never to fire at a grizzly when he is looking in your direction, for he will charge the place where the shot comes from, so I waited till the bear was broadside on, and then fired. He gave a roar that seemed to shake the ground. He turned his head around and began biting himself savagely where the bullet had hit him. I slipt my small-sized bullet into the barrel of my gun, shook it up and down till I had knocked the empty shell out, threw another shell in, and waited for a chance for another shot. He continued to roar and bite the place where he was wounded. I shot again, but this time he saw the smoke from my gun and charged. I tried my ejector. It worked, and threw out the empty shell. I got in another shot, and again he stopt and roared savagely while he bit the place where I had hit him. As I dodged to a better place I managed to get the empty shell out and throw a fresh one in. He was getting too close to me to be comfortable. I had hit him, but he kept on coming, and I thought it was all off with me. I worked my ejector, threw out the empty shell, threw the lever up, putting in a new shell, and fired when he was only a few yards from me. He went down, tried to get up, but couldn't make it, and began tearing the ground up with his powerful forepaws. Pretty soon he was struggling less and less, and finally he lay still.

I struck out for camp, as it was getting dark. I was about all in when I finally caught sight of our camp-fire. I walked into the light from the snapping pine boughs and my father caught sight of me. He said kindly: "Well, son, what luck?" I said: "Pretty fair; I killed a bull elk and a grizzly." They wouldn't believe me at first. I told them that after I had eaten supper I would guide them to the place so they could bring in the meat. My father and brother, Judge Westcott, and Antelope Jack got up the pack-horses while I was eating, and saddled them, and we struck out to where I had left the body of the bull elk. We cut him up and loaded him on the pack-horses, and then went to where I had left the elk head in the ravine where I had fallen. We found it safe and sound and the grizzly near the edge of the ravine. I had fired at it five times and hit it four times. I still have one of the claws of my first grizzly.

I have hunted all over the country, both in my own country and in the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirks. I have bagged big-horn and mountain goats, elk and grizzly, cougar and deer, but I never felt so proud as I did that night when I came in and reported I had got an elk and a grizzly. My brother and Wild Horse Jackson had been out all day and hadn't got a thing, which helped take the sting from their remark about me being too young and inexperienced to go hunting with grown men.

THE PLAIN AND ILLUMINATING TALE OF A CZECHO-SLOVAK PRIVATE

"YOU know what to do, Frank," Private Chaloupka's father, a Czech patriot, told him when the young man came home in the hated Hungarian uniform for his first furlough. Private Chaloupka knew. He went back determined to desert to the Russians, was somewhat hurried in his intentions by a Russian attack, and finally became a member of that Czecho-Slovak Army which fought the Bolsheviki all the way across Russia—and is now as anxious to get back to Czecho-Slovakia as are certain Yanks along the Rhine to get back to Yankeeland. Private Chaloupka was a baker before the war, and his experiences and sentiments are said to be typical of thousands of the solidest citizens of the new country to which America has become, in a sense, the godfather. Phrases that appear very nebulous in newspaper reports of the Peace Conference, such as "free determination of peoples" and "government resting on the consent of the governed," receive very practical illustration in this Czecho-Slovak private's story, which is not only his individual story, but something of the modern history of a whole nation. *The Czecho-Slovak Review* (Chicago), official organ of the Czecho-Slovak Board of America, quotes Chaloupka, beginning with his service in the Hungarian Army:

I was drafted in Liberec on July 11, 1915. On July 21 I presented myself at Kutna Hora for service with the 21st Regiment of Infantry. We were put at once under guard of Magyar soldiers, who were to take us to training quarters in Hungary. Even before we left Bohemia we had a sample of the kind treatment of the Austrian Government for the Czech soldiers: we were not allowed to sing our Czech songs. We did not want to stand for that and insisted on singing what we pleased; then the third day when I got up in the morning I saw that we were surrounded by soldiers with arms and when I wanted to get out of the room I was stopt. I found out that the night before our boys were singing "The Sixth of July" (a song celebrating the martyrdom of John Huss). A Magyar cadet wanted to stop it, but they paid no attention to him; then a patrol came to arrest them, but the boys threw them out of the barracks. There was a long investigation, and finally one sergeant was found guilty of insubordination and sentenced to death. Altho his wife and three children begged for his life, it did not do any good, and when we got to Hungary a few days later we heard an order read to us that this poor fellow was shot.

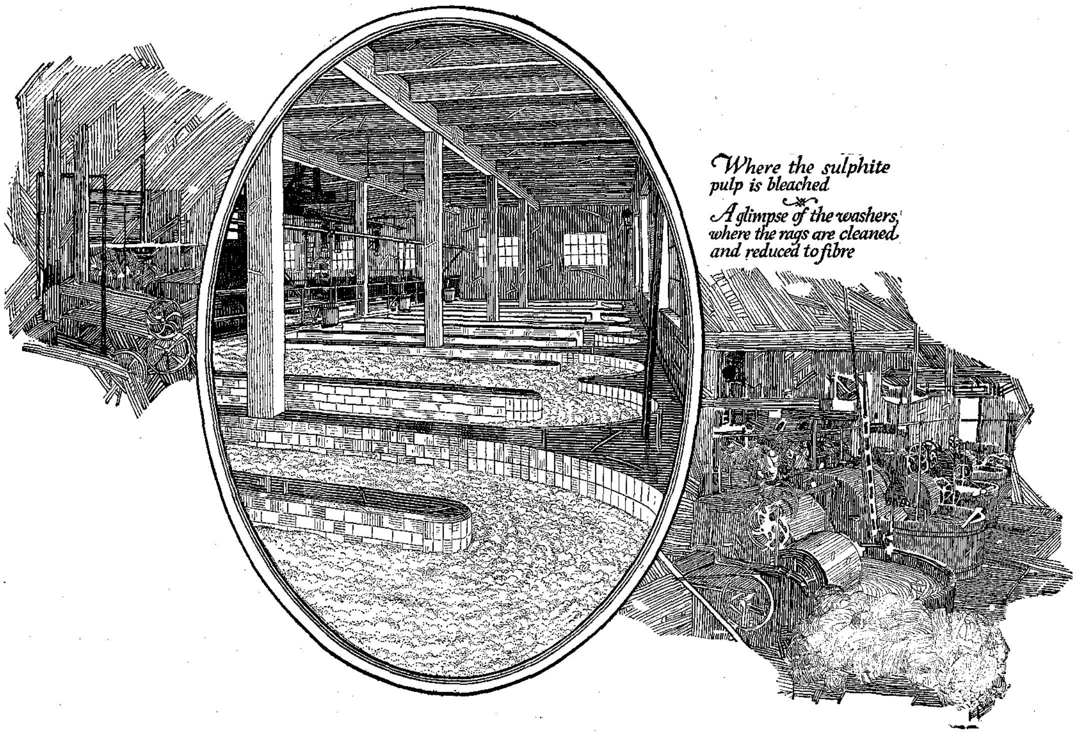
In Hungary we were to be trained for the front. I did not get much of it, for inside of a month I got a furlough to go home for the harvest. I was home fourteen days and I had to bring with me from Hungary things to eat, because at home we had nothing except a little corn-flour, while in Hungary they had everything. When I got home mother cried over me because I came in rags. My pants were all patches, the blouse was full of bloody spots, for we drew uniforms of men who were killed. The cap sat on my ears and my shoes were like a pair of sleighs—just to hitch up a horse and pull along.

My poor mother had a tough time of it. My eldest brother was already back from the front for the second time with a wound in the hand, now I was gone, and two younger brothers were waiting for a call from our "gracious" Emperor any day. Later on, in 1917, I heard that my two younger brothers, who were fourteen when I saw them last, were already serving in the Austrian Army, and so was my father, who was fifty-five years old when he was drafted. So there were seven of us in the Army from one family.

My father was a great Czech patriot, and when I was going back to Hungary after my furlough he said to me as I was leaving: "Frank, you know what to do." And I said: "Don't worry, father; in a month's time I will be writing you from Russia."

And it turned out to be the truth. After I got back to the regiment, I heard that my chum was attached to a marching company, just because he had been home to his mother's funeral. I made up my mind right away to go with him instead of waiting until it was my turn to go a month later. So I left in a week. But I forgot to tell you about our oath to old Franz Josef. They took us recruits to a large court, and there a German officer who could talk a little Bohemian made a speech to us. He said: "We smashed Belgium and Servia; in two weeks we will be in Kief." That was at the time of the great Russian retreat from the Karpathians; and then he added that our good ally would be in Paris in a few days, and in six months the war would be over. So after that beautiful speech we had to repeat the oath read to us. Well, we couldn't keep our mouths shut, but we mumbled it and chewed over the words while the Germans swore aloud.

At the front near Luck, which the Austrians could have called bad and the Russians good, Chaloupka's unit was surrounded by Slavs, and captured. However, the capture took place in such a way that the Slavs could not be persuaded of the Czecho-Slovaks' desire to be captured, so Chaloupka and his friends had a hard time of it. They were marched three weeks, on one meal a day, to a notorious prison-camp near Kief, and later sent out to work in the fields of landed proprietors of the neighborhood. The narrator, by hook or by crook, managed to join a group of Czech volunteers and return to the front, on the Russian side this time. This was in September, 1916, and everybody was talking about the great spring offensive that would end the war. Then came the Russian overturn, and new methods of



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soldiering were introduced. Chaloupka continues:

> At the end of April we heard that delegates of soldiers from the southwestern Russian front would have a convention, at which decision would be taken whether to attack or not. The first Czecho-Slovak Brigade also sent a delegate, Major Šípek, who was very popular both with the men and the officers. When he got there the Russians would not let him talk, because they looked upon him as the delegate of a national army. He went to General Brusiloff, who helped him to be admitted into the convention. Major Šípek made them a fine speech, got a lot of applause, and his remarks were published in Russian papers. There he had our brigade entered for the offensive as storming troops. Up to now we did duty in smaller detachments as scouts.
>
> When Major Šípek returned, the whole brigade was told at once that we would take part in the spring offensive. Everybody was glad that we would finally meet our enemies face to face. We had rifles, but no cartridges. Brusiloff promised that we would get everything at the front. When we were starting for the front the people all cried and brought us flowers, of which we made wreaths for our rifles. We went by train to Zbaraz, then we marched to Jezierna where German airplanes welcomed us with bombs, and two days later we started out at night and marched all night to the front trenches. We relieved Finnish regiments who had fraternized with the Germans.
>
> In the trenches we found neither cartridges nor bombs. Machine guns were so dirty that we could not use them; but the second day the general sent us munitions, and pretty soon we had everything.
>
> It was seven days before we got our chance. All that time the Germans were anxious to find out who was in the opposite trenches, and they had an announcement that the man who would bring a prisoner would get fifty crowns and fourteen days' leave. But they did not get a single one of our boys. The night before our attack we did not sleep, but sang our Czech songs. Everybody had bombs all around his waist. We were all as pleased as if we were going to a wedding. First Lieutenant Vašátko started out with a company of bomb-throwers, whose business it was to smash the barbed wire. Few of them returned, and Vašátko himself had his head smashed and is still going with his head bandaged, until there will be a chance to put in a gold plate in his skull.
>
> Then we started out in small groups, like Indians, and in five minutes the first line was captured. We got a lot of prisoners, and they all cried that they were Czechs, tho they were not. In twenty minutes we got through the fifth line, a veritable fortress. I am sure the Germans who managed to get away did not call us cowards any more, as they used to do in the Austrian Army. From now on they called us the "white-red devils."
>
> But our victory did not do much good, for a few days later the Russian soldiers made up their minds to run away. When I asked those fellows why they would not fight, they always answered: "To h— with fighting, now we got liberty." You could see Russian soldiers everywhere, like clouds of flies, but none on the front. And so they switched our brigade from army corps to army corps; as soon as the line started to give, they rushed us there to stuff the hole. We had to cover the retreat of eleven armies. We were the last to go and picked up what the Russians left behind, so that the Germans did not find much booty after us.
>
> Finally, General Brusiloff ordered that we should go to winter quarters to be re-formed. We were to take trains, but after waiting seven days we decided to march. It was about 300 versts, and there we found quarters in villages. Then the Bolshevik revolution came and there was fighting in the Ukraine, but we kept out of it. Finally, the Ukrainian Government invited the Germans to help them against the Bolsheviki, and we had to leave the country, for otherwise the Germans would catch us.
>
> We were retreating to Kief, and pretty fast, for the Germans were right behind us. At Zitomir our first regiment had a brush with German armored automobiles, but we got to Kief without a fight. Right the next day the Germans got there and attempted to capture the bridge across the Dnieper. The second regiment held the bridge and the rest of us retreated farther. It was a sad sight—everywhere you could see rifles, machine guns, and even cannon lying around, but without breech-locks.
>
> Then all the regiments concentrated at Piratin, where they were to entrain one after the other. That was very good news, for we were all dead tired. And then the report came that the Germans were marching on Bachmach to get in the rear of us. That was in the middle of March. Our Sixth Regiment held Bachmach and the Fourth Regiment was rushed there to its help. There was quite a battle, for the Germans were far stronger. But our boys were not scared and licked the Germans good and plenty. The Jews told us that the Germans carried away dozens of wagon-loads of dead soldiers, and when the Jews said it, we could believe it, for the Jews in the Ukraine are all with the Germans. The German general had to conclude an armistice with us, and later we read in the Ukraine papers that he was punished for it, because he had no business to deal with "Czecho-Slovak bands," since the Germans did not recognize us as an army. That way all our trains got through Bachmach.

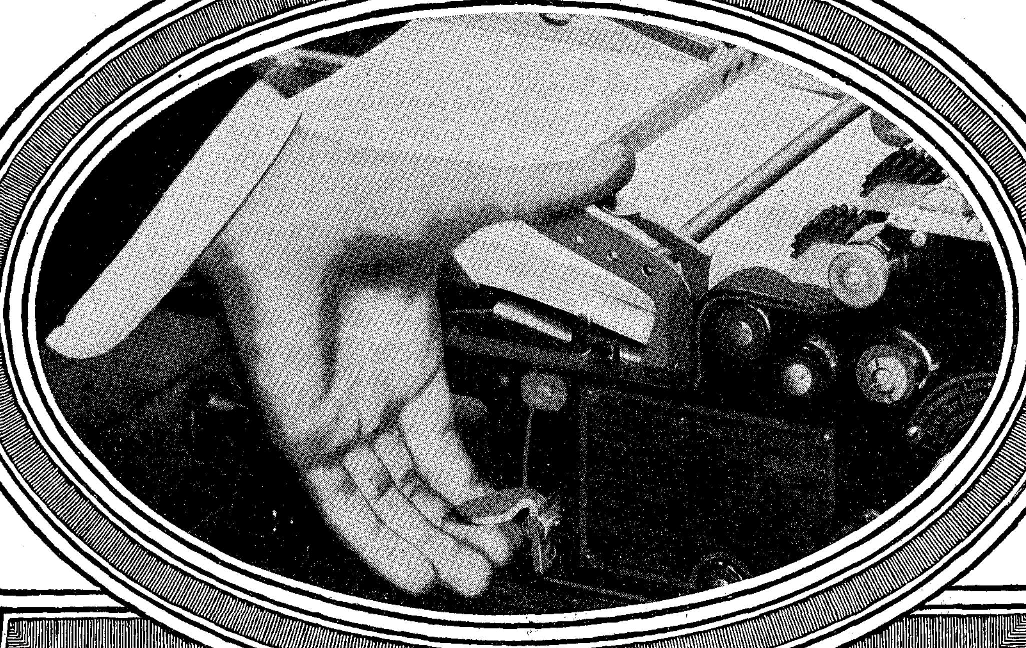
Fighting with the Bolsheviki broke out soon afterward. It began, according to the narrator, because the Czecho-Slovaks, refusing flattering offers to join the Red Guard, insisted on going to Vladivostok to take ship for France, so that they could fight for a free Czecho-Slovakia. But most of them are still in Siberia, fighting the Bolsheviki, altho their country is free and waiting for them. Chaloupka mentions the national desire of "the boys" to get home as soon as possible, and concludes with some compliments for "our uncles from America," as the Czecho-Slovaks call the Y. M. C. A. workers from the United States. He writes:

> We will never forget what these men did for us. They lived with us like our own boys, and they kept us jolly in the most difficult times. They opened up movies for us and refreshment-rooms. In my regiment we had "Uncle Miller," from New York; every one of these uncles is kept on the roll of the regiment. Our uncle knows Bohemia quite well, he spent a year in the old country before the war, so that he knows what we like and he always tried to give it to us. So, for instance, this Mr. Miller opened in Cheljabinsk a factory for making Bohemian sausages and smoked meat. They were as good as those we used to get at home before the war. This uncle found customers for all he made; in fact the whole Army wanted uncle's sausages. Then we told him that with the sausages we wanted salted rolls, and Uncle Miller rented a bakery and started to manufacture Bohemian rolls and "half-moons." Why, he even got beer for us once, when we came near a Russian brewery. He was best pleased when the boys were having a good time and he liked to be right in the center of them. We all told him that he must march with us to Bohemia, and then we will keep him there.
>
> The uncle from the Second Regiment was another jolly fellow; his name was Atherton, and he was also from New York He learned to speak Bohemian pretty well He was a fine musician and the boys in his regiment loved to crowd around the piano on which he played for them Czecho songs. Mr. Atherton came with us to America.
>
> I know that I speak for the whole regiment when I thank that society for sending these uncles to us. The Czecho-Slovak soldiers will never forget what they did for us in Russia, and uncles from America will always be welcome in Bohemia.
>
> I am going back to Bohemia with the first ship, and after I talk to my mother I will go to Russia to meet the boys and come back with them to Prague.
>
> Long live our little father Masaryk!
>
> Long live our free country!
>
> Hurrah for our uncles from America!

BOY'S ATTACK ON OUR PENAL SYSTEM TAKES EIGHT YEARS OFF HIS PRISON TERM

A BROADSIDE against our "whole system of so-called justice," contained in a prepared statement which an eighteen-year-old safe-blower and habitual offender read to a New Jersey judge who was about to pronounce sentence upon him, reduced the expected ten-year sentence to two says the New York *Tribune*. Henry Bellar the prisoner, so imprest the court by his statement, which consisted of mainly generalizations as to the inability of prison sentences either to protect society or to reform the criminal, that he was asked to sentence himself. He suggested one year in prison, but United States Judge J Warren Davis, before whom he was on trial, made it two. Young Bellar's statement, which may have been prepared with the assistance of a conscientious objector and a wealthy society woman who had interested themselves in his case, is reported as follows:

> Having pleaded guilty to the charge against me, I realize that I will be sentenced to prison. In doing so, of course your Honor feels that he is protecting society and at the same time reforming me by punishment.
>
> I want to say to the court, however, that no such thing is possible. Your whole system of so-called justice reforms no one. Furthermore, you do not protect society, because we all come out of prison worse than we go in.
>
> I am no first offender. I have probably had a hand in as much crime as any



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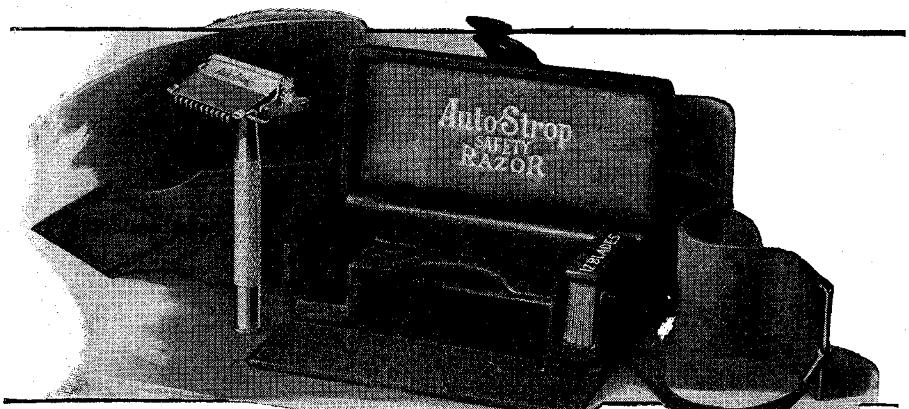

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500 clean, comfortable shaves from every dozen blades

boy in the country, yet you would find if you had me examined that I am not a criminal at heart. I am just as moral as the average boy.

Why, then, have I committed these crimes? Why am I at eighteen facing a long term in a Federal prison? My answer is that the very institutions of which this court is a part have driven me to a life of crime. I have spent all but two years of my life since I was nine years of age in institutions, so-called reformatory institutions.

I would not be telling your Honor this story of mine if I had not had an entirely new experience since I was put back here after breaking away from the court-house. That experience has been the making of the first real friendship I ever had with older people, one a man and one a woman. I had never thought there was such a thing as friendship in the world.

I am not fooling myself with the idea that this statement will change your sentence. I am only trying to tell you that nothing your institutions can do will help me or society. I have already had enough experience with institutions to stand whatever sentence you give me, but I don't want to go to prison without making this explanation and protest against the whole idea of your so-called justice.

When I come out these first real friends of mine will be waiting to give me what your institutions have robbed me of, and I want to say here now that I have firmly made up my mind when I come out to use my own experience to help change the system which has so far ruined my life and the lives of thousands of other boys. This is all I have to say. I am ready for my sentence.

The latest of Bellar's crimes, the one for which he was on trial together with another youth, Vincent Cazaurang, twenty-one, of New York City, had to do with cracking a safe in the Sewaren, New Jersey, Post-office. Post-office safe-cracking is usually considered a serious offense, with a penalty of at least ten years. However, Bellar's statement not only reduced his own sentence to a fifth of the expected term, but cut his accomplice's sentence in half. Cazaurang, it appears, had no statement to read, and only received a reflected benefit. The account continues from the dramatic moment when Bellar finished his statement:

"What do you think I ought to give you?" asked the Judge.

"I don't know, Judge. I myself could not have the heart to sentence any one. I would give the young man a chance."

"That would not be fair, as you have pleaded guilty."

"I would say one year, then your Honor," Bellar replied.

"I will make it two," responded the Judge.

"That suits me," cheerily replied the youth.

"Well, how about your chum?" asked Judge Davis.

"I never had any experience in this judging business," said the young man with a smile as he looked at Cazaurang, who piped up with: "Whatever you say is O. K., Judge."

"All right, make it five years," said Judge Davis. The two were then led out of the court-room.

The three young men, when arrested,

managed to bend a bar in a cell in the court-house here and got away, but two were retaken before they had gone very far.

One of the two persons young Bellar refers to as having befriended him in the jail here is Roger N. Baldwin, a conscientious objector sentenced from New York. Baldwin headed the Civil Rights Bureau in New York. The other is a wealthy society woman who is interested in juvenile delinquents and who has spent much of her time with the youth since his arrest. Jail officials would not make known to-night the name of this woman.

A SHAVE OR A HAIR-CUT IN FRANCE —C'EST LA GUERRE

Among other things that contribute to make war what Sherman said it was is the matter of keeping one's person reasonably presentable from a tonsorial standpoint, according to sundry reports of returning dough-boys. Shot and shell and poison gas apparently have no discouraging effect on hair and whiskers, which will persist in growing under the most adverse conditions, thus semi-occasionally, at least, making the services of a barber absolutely necessary. A brief account in *The Gas Attack* (New York) sets forth some of the less pleasing experiences of the dough-boys with barbers in France. It says:

Now that we are on the home side of the old Atlantic we can see the funny side and chuckle over some of the things we all experienced out there, which at the time seemed anything but humorous. What dough-boy in France, for example, ever found himself shaking with mirth when it became imperative that he get his hair cut?

There were only two alternatives for the buck whose locks began to drape themselves over his collar or catch in the bolt of his rifle when he did the manual. He could either go to the company barber—invariably some chap whose only previous practise was obtained shearing the family horse—or he could take a chance on his life and his looks in some French professional's chair.

It would have taken the flip of a franc to decide which was the better course. Take the former: The soldier-barber's facilities were nix. His tools, we'll say, were dull clippers, a comb with six or eight teeth, and a lone and very indifferent pair of scissors. His shop was usually the courtyard back of the billet, and his chair an old box or the shaft of an idle farm-wagon.

"How'll you have it?" he would ask, and then, when you had told him, he started to cut and slash away on the only plan he knew.

His first act was to knot about your neck something that had once been a towel, but now resembled a crape. Up the nape of your neck squeaked his trusty (and rusty) clippers, and every clump of hair yanked forth was flapped with careless accuracy into your lap. And when you were rendered almost naked from collar to crown, he started in to wrestle with your forelocks with his trick comb and scissors.

But it isn't necessary to elucidate each step of the job. Suffice it to say that he sent you away looking more like a native of Zanzibar, or an expatriate from Sing Sing, than a Yank of the A. E. F. And

If you want to know what men buy

ask the proprietor of a hotel drug store. You know—the snappy little store with a back entrance opening into the hotel lobby. He gets practically all of the traveling man trade.

Now you may not know it, but when traveling men get to buying an article regularly, it's a certain sign that the general public will do likewise. Traveling men are the wisest and gamest buyers in the world. They are not afraid of a new idea and you can't come *too strong for them on quality.*

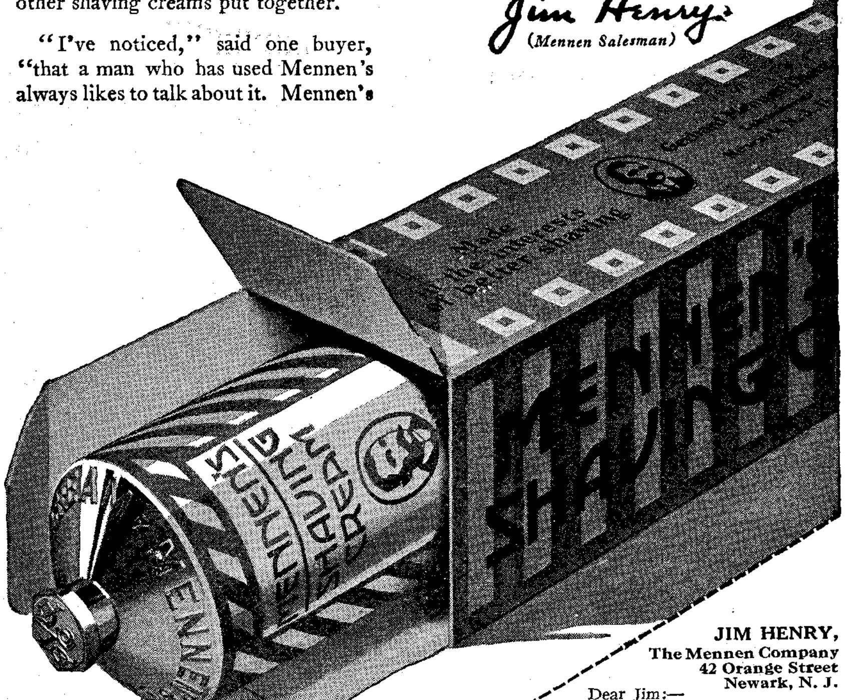
I make it a point, therefore, to check up from time to time, the sale of Mennen Shaving Cream to traveling men. In the last month, nine hotel drug store buyers have told me that they sell more of Mennen's than of all other shaving creams put together.

"I've noticed," said one buyer, "that a man who has used Mennen's always likes to talk about it. Mennen's has more real friends than any article in the store."

By the way, the green and white barber pole tube of Mennen Shaving Cream is a common sight, nowadays, in Pullman dressing rooms. If there was any way of deciding, I'd bet hard money that 75% of traveling men inject a little happiness into their lives each morning with a cold water lather of Mennen's. Mennen users don't mind Mr. Pullman's little joke of putting a hot water sign on one of his cold water faucets. A cold water lather of Mennen's will soften your beard wonderfully and stimulate the skin as well.

Send for a 12 cent demonstrator tube and prove it. Remember—three minutes work with the brush—no rubbing—and use a lot of water.

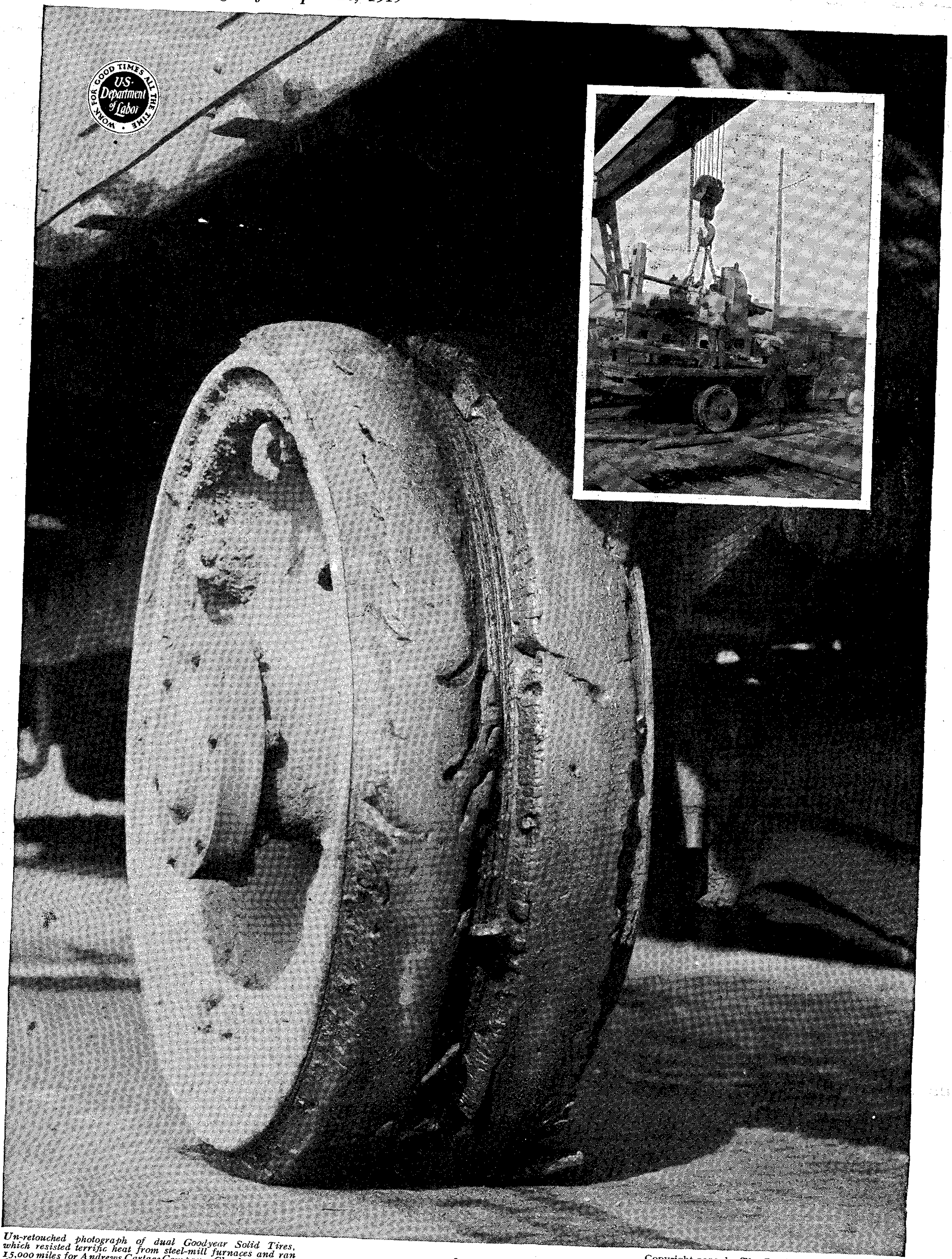
Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



JIM HENRY,
The Mennen Company
42 Orange Street
Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:—
I've held out for three years, but am coming through at last. Here's 12 cents. Send the demonstrator.

Name....................................
Address....................................


WORK FOR GOOD TIMES ALL THE TIME
U.S. Department of Labor

Un-retouched photograph of dual Goodyear Solid Tires, which resisted terrific heat from steel-mill furnaces and ran 15,000 miles for Andrews Cartage Company, Cleveland. Insert: One of the ponderous loads carried by Andrews' trucks.

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Fierce Duty, Unusual Mileage

> ***"OUR Goodyear Solid Tires deliver exceptional mileage considering that some of them have withstood the awful heat from steel-furnaces, have run continuously over scrap iron and have been used on trucks pulling trailers carrying up to 30 tons. Mileages to 15,000 in this service surely are creditable. We are re-equipping entirely with Goodyears."—Robert M. Andrews, President, Andrews Cartage Company, Cleveland, Ohio.***

Imagine a set of truck tires carrying 5-ton loads for six months between steel-mill furnaces where the withering heat from the fire-doors threatened literally to melt their rubber!

That is the sort of testimony to the high merit of Goodyear Solid Tires that comes from Mr. Robert M. Andrews, president of a large trucking company in Cleveland.

Mr. Andrews describes such a set of Goodyear Solid Tires, recounting how they not only resisted this heat but, also, constant and severe punishment from scrap iron over which they were obliged to run from morning until night.

But even these facts do not furnish the whole dramatic story of this set, because they afterward continued in general service at the steel mills for a period of one and one-half years.

Their final and decidedly notable score, for this relentless grind, was 15,000 miles.

In other branches of Mr. Andrews' cartage work, uniformly exceptional mileages are rolled up by Goodyear Solid Tires on trucks that haul crushing dead-weight loads of machinery, raw iron and steel.

Last year some of these Goodyear-equipped trucks pulled trailers carrying huge heat-treating furnaces, weighing from 20 to 25 tons, and other terrific burdens up to 60,000 pounds.

Yet his total report, covering experience with these tires on nine heavy duty trucks always traveling over bad pavements, states that all the Goodyear solids averaged between 10,000 and 15,000 miles of hard service.

In addition, it includes appreciative mention of a Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station in charge of experienced truck tire men who make recommendations of tire-sizes based on his working conditions, inspect his tires regularly and suggest effective measures of tire conservation.

In other words, Mr. Andrews' whole experience illustrates how the stamina of Goodyear Solid Tires plus the help of the Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station has helped him to keep tire costs down in the face of fierce conditions.

Hundreds of these Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations are located in the industrial centres of the country, where they maintain hydraulic presses and complete facilities for the prompt application and inspection of Goodyear Truck Tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

the irony of it all was that you paid him the price of two nips of *vin blanc* for his vandalism. In fact, if you didn't thank him his eyes would burn holes in the back of your blouse as you left him.

Your next crop of ringlets you probably entrusted to some native trimmer. Your first impression of a French barber was that he—or she—was exceedingly oratorical. Once you were a prisoner in the chair—always an ordinary affair with a straight back—you were helpless. You simply had to sit submissively and keep saying "*Oui, oui!*" at regular intervals. Whether you were able to *comprendre* or not you were promptly told and retold that the French barbers differed from those of other countries in that the French tonsorialist regards himself or herself an *artiste*. The lady species is by far the most eloquent, by the way.

"Mmmmmmm," you said to yourself, "if this baby can cut my hair and whiskers as gracefully as she can talk I'm due for the grooming of a lifetime."

The byplay of clippers, comb, and scissors used to go along more or less painlessly, and you congratulated yourself. You were also glad to be protected from the falling bangs by a generous-sized clean white covering. But the net result was anything but that you'd expect to get in a Broadway "parlor." As you looked in the glass you couldn't help regretting that you were poor on the *parlez-vous* stuff. With a grip on the language and that haircut you knew you could have cut quite a figure among the local *mademoiselles*.

But you were tolerant. You realized French styles weren't American styles, and you decided to brave a shave. You told yourself that whiskers grow and are removed in the same way the world over. And as the barber painted you with lather you marveled at her delicate touch, never thinking that even a blacksmith couldn't hurt you with a shaving brush. Meantime the latherer may have ceased jabbering at you, and now was busy exchanging gossip with a regular customer. You felt satisfied.

But oh—ouch! You wished you could cuss in French when that razor was pushed across your jowl with a rasping jiggle. *Madame* loomed over you more like a dentist than a barber. Each stroke of the blade made you shrink in pain, and between strokes *madame* waved her weapon aloft to give momentum to the next slash. And when she finished, your poor old phiz felt as if it had been used for a dance floor.

If perchance she managed to slip enough to draw blood you knew how sorry she seemed. The last French barber that cut me stood back and laughed uproariously, which encouraged me to remark that it wasn't at all funny to me. She then talked excitedly for two full minutes, succeeding eventually in explaining that it was, indeed, laughable that she should cut a customer after so many years of shaving experience. The French have a wonderful sense of humor.

None of the French barbers we ever dared was courteous enough to wash our faces and necks after he or she had sawed off the hair. When the razor that had tormented you was folded up you tottered to a tiny wash-stand over in one corner of the shop and effected your own toilet in a small agate basin. *Madame la barbier* would sneak up behind you as you were finishing and, when you turned, aim an atomizer at your face and spray your burning skin with something nice and fragrant. Next she dusted you with talcum powder and collected her due.

Most of us were loyal to our safety-razors after one such experience. As for getting our hair cut—well, it had to be a case of shrugging our shoulders and hoping for the best, murmuring when we got it our old pet phrase, *c'est la guerre.*

IN GERMANY WITH WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, well-known publisher of the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette*, is in Europe seeing and hearing what is to be seen and heard amid the somewhat messy conditions now prevailing on that generally distracted continent, and writing his observations for his paper back home. A recent account deals with his impressions received in Germany. Among other things he speaks of the doughboys constituting the American Army of Occupation, hordes of whom he saw on his trip. "They all look red-faced," he says; "all smooth-shaven and young and cheerful and grinny." He continues:

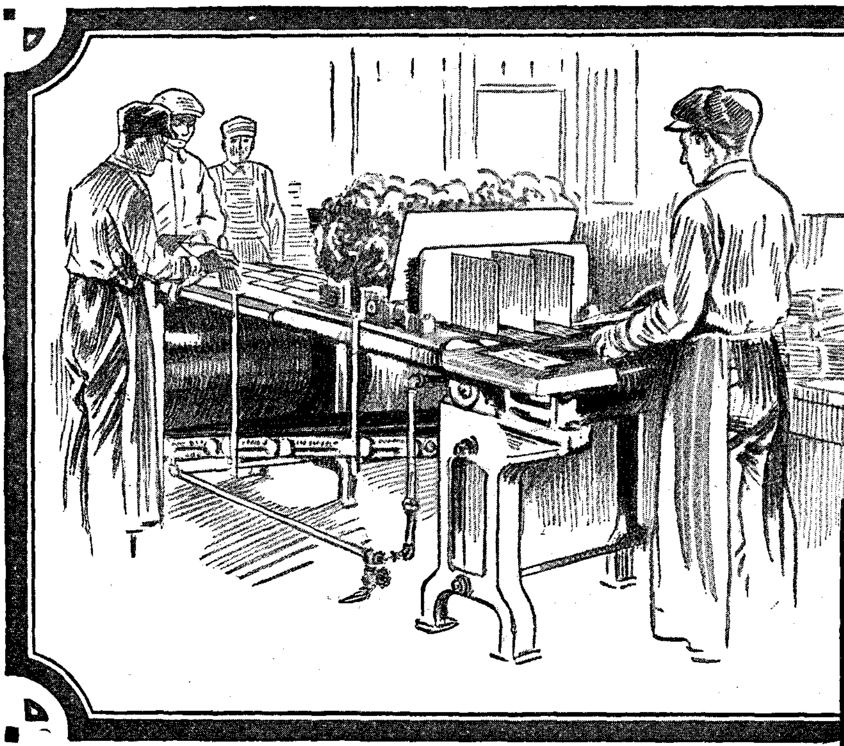
> The children take to them as big brothers. They have had no trouble with the civilian population; but they are natural-born fraternizers. They can't help it. They take the attitude of guests, not conquerors, and are as polite as a basket of chips. They tip their hats to old men and to the women; they get off the sidewalks—officers and all—for the women and mature men, and they play with the young girls on the sly, in spite of everything. They don't mean to do wrong. They wouldn't disobey orders for anything. But they love the society of their kind, and especially, being young, they love the female society of that kind, and blood is stronger than general orders.

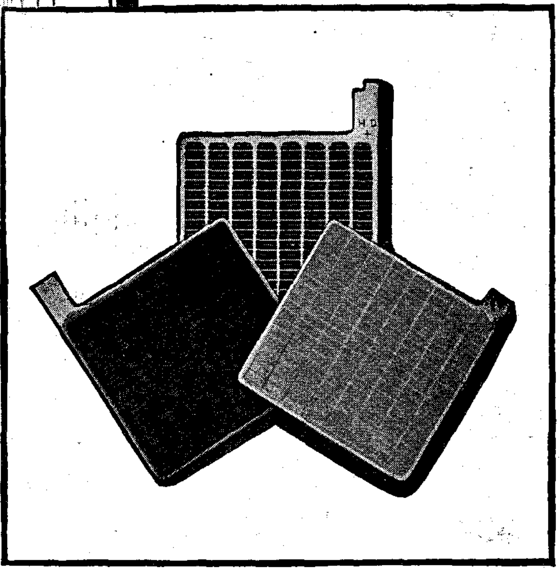
One of the interesting events of Mr. White's trip up the Rhine Valley was a visit to the headquarters of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. He speaks of this as follows:

> He has commandeered a beautiful home, high above the road, overlooking the Rhine and the hills beyond. It sets in five or six acres of ground—very old grounds they are, with formal plantings of evergreens. I should say a hundred years old. Yet the house is most modern and most comfortable. It is a grand contrast to the castle where General Muir lives on the Rhine peak. This house is a home; inside everything is white, very severe; all straight lines, all repressed as if the architect had said to himself: "I'll not be French; I'll not be French; I'll not be French," over a thousand times. The drapings and hangings are severely plain, but beautiful to a degree. And every form of house luxury that you ever heard of is found there—but always hidden, suppress, covered from ostentation. The repression of it all is Spartan.
>
> With the General and his staff is the household of the owner—an old man, a banker, I believe. He is like David Warfield, lisps like him, hesitates like him, and is exceedingly well bred. I found the young men of the General's staff (all staff officers here are in their twenties and thirties) playing a solemn game of billiards with the old man; very sedate, very dignified, very much on his behavior, always the host, never the companion of the men. They meet the family formally; exchange daily compliments, are pleasant, but not cordial, punctilious, but never familiar, and so their relations are little better than frigid, rather warmer, but not at all comfortable.
>
> Into this austere and formal situation flashes Gen. Douglas MacArthur, aged thirty-eight, a bachelor, with the grace and charm of a stage hero! I never have met before so vivid a man, so captivating a man, so magnetic a man. He is all that Barrymore and John Drew hoped to be. And how he can talk; he is a West-Pointer; son of the old Gen. Arthur MacArthur, Funston's friend; he has read widely, stands six feet, has a clean-shaven face, a clean-cut mouth, and nose, and chin, lots of brown hair, good eyes with a come-hither in them that must play the devil with the girls, and yet he is as "he" as Chapman's bull! His staff adores him, his men worship him, and he seems to be entirely without vanity. He was lounging in his room; not well—an ulcer in his throat; and he wore a ragged brown sweater and civilian pants—nothing more.
>
> He told of going out for a Christmas visit to the troops. In one little town of a thousand people the boys had rigged up a Christmas-tree in the town hall. They had decorated it beautifully and were solemnly having a stag dance, while outside looking in at the windows were two hundred girls. The general danced around with a sergeant to show his good will, and went on to the next town.
>
> He says the common people of Germany have had war crammed so far down into their bellies that it has gone into their legs, and they are done with it and all who advocate it. He says the German women all are voting, and are studying politics in a thoroughgoing scientific manner. He says the women of his household are solemnly going into their duties and that they all despise the Kaiser. He knows; no man with his eyes and face is going to be fooled in the woman vote. He said, what we found to be true when we got to Cologne, that the German Army has practically demobilized in the past few weeks and that there is no attempt to reorganize it except upon a volunteer basis. He has the new German Army regulation which provides that no German officer can hold a commission when a majority vote of his command opposes him, and he says all the young blades of aristocratic Germany are getting out looking for jobs outside the Army, because of that regulation. Also he says that our reports are that Hindenburg is getting few volunteers for the Poland expedition. No one cares what happens in Poland.

After leaving the headquarters of General MacArthur, Mr. White went into the British area, where he met Canadian soldiers. Of these he says:

> They are bigger than our men, and possibly it is their mustaches that make them seem older. Also, they are not living under such severe discipline as our men; no daily drill in many divisions, only a hare-and-hounds game twice a week, and fraternizing is winked at among the Canadians. But, on the other hand, they are not having the easy time we are having. They live as conquerors rather than as guests. There have been clashes with the German population; both sides were hot-headed.
>
> A German demobilized officer tramped on the Union Jack and got ten years for it; he tore the flag down from the statue of the first Kaiser William. The Canadians put it up there because the Germans had





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storage batteries

covered the base of the statue with wreaths; they covered the statue base with wreaths because some gay young Canadians at pistol practise had shot off the old Kaiser's nose! What prompted them to shoot off the old man's nose I don't know. But something came out of the house of hate that Jack built and the rest was inevitable. But it doesn't happen with our boys. And so men say in Paris that we are becoming pro-German. I thought so myself until I saw the situation. Given our American boys and the docile German people, and the result is foredoomed. They simply have to function as they are functioning.

Followed then a visit to Cologne where the Kansas editor was astounded at the large number of men he saw, the result of the demobilization of the German Army. He says:

As we came into Cologne, I saw with astonishment that the men were practically all back from the German Army. Never before in my life have I seen so many men; the streets are black with them. They are not at work, I am told—at least, only on part time, and the soup-kitchens are running at full blast. They are being fed, but they are demanding work. The walls are covered with political posters and little knots of men surround agitators gathered on every corner. No big public meetings are allowed, but it is evident that northern Germany is seething. The whole population is fighting the Reds. The Catholics are the strongest anti-Red group; the regular Socialists are next strongest, and the Social Democrats and the Democratic People's party seem next. But the walls are bristling with proclamations, and politics is red-hot. Men, women, every one is talking politics, and the streets are crowded.

But the queerest thing of all was that in all that crowd—and we looked, all of us looked for two days—we did not see one cripple. It is said they simply don't appear. Maybe they are being reeducated; maybe some public policy keeps the cripples hidden; but whose or what policy? It can't be the old régime; their power is suspended, if not gone. But the cripples—and there were hundreds of thousands, probably millions of them—are nowhere to be seen in Germany. Some other day they may come out. But they are absent or cured or hidden now.

The strongest contrast I have seen on this trip is in the stores and shops of Cologne, and of Strasbourg. Strasbourg's windows are full of food. Cologne's windows are absolutely barren of food. Not a sausage did I see in Cologne; not a piece of candy. Not a big butcher-shop window was visible. No cheeses or butter or rubber goods, no shoes were on display. The windows were filled. The great department-store flashed women's apparel; the picture-stores and the book-stores and the music-stores had alluring windows. Canes, umbrellas, furs, furniture, antiques—expensive articles, rich and luxurious—gleamed on every street; but the bakeries and butcher-shops and confectioneries were filled with a sad camouflage of boxes and jim-cracks to hide the truth from the casual eye. The bulging fatness of Strasbourg was nowhere duplicated. France is making her new possessions feel and see and taste the glory of France. Germany in her shop-windows is showing, more than anywhere else, the hopeless shame of a conquered people.

Otherwise Cologne was a splendid city. They have built it according to some modern plan of city building. In the dry-goods districts some architect has done marvelous things. The store buildings are modern Gothic and conform to some plan which is binding the commercial exterior of the town to the cathedral. The hotels are wonders of comfort. New York has nothing more gorgeous. The whole place seems to be the expression of the spirit of the times; but on these beautiful buildings and about in the squares are bas-reliefs of great hulking giants bearing clubs; and statues of the Hohenzollerns showing their power; or Bismarck with his sneer, and one saw the worm in the bud! Their crass philosophy was imprinted everywhere for them to bow down before. Possibly all these placards on the walls, and these angry street crowds, and the gaunt windows of the food-shops may turn the Germans from their idols of wood and iron and stone. I don't know. I seriously doubt it.

We stopt for lunch at Bonn, and went out to visit Beethoven's birthplace. It is a place of pilgrims, and they have a museum full of records. They seem very proud of Beethoven in Bonn, and they have done him well in the museum—quite thoroughly, at least. But a little steam-heat would help. A dozen Canadian soldiers were with us and seemed most intelligently appreciative of everything.

WHAT BEING IN THE "THICK OF THE FIGHT" IS LIKE

A VIVID account of individual experience just before and during a battle is given in *The Independent* (New York) from the rough notes scrawled by an unnamed gunnery sergeant in the United States Marines at Château-Thierry. The story begins in the evening before the day on which it had been planned to go over the top at dawn. The American force is on a hill reaching down to a wooded ravine. The other side of the ravine is steep and wooded also. The soldier speaks of the brilliant summer starlight. Then he goes on:

On the hill slope we dig holes. They are gravelike, but shallow. The hole I dig may save my life. Shells scream when they come. They make a great noise when they explode. They kill. We dig these holes to hide in—to crouch and shiver in. It seems strange to dig in the starlight a hole that may save my life. It is quite cool—the night, I suppose: digging will warm me. This clay is stiff—hard to dig. In the dawn we will go up and over that steep bank on the other side of the ravine. There will be bullets to meet us. I hope we will not be hurried up the bank! It is so steep. I am tired. How strange they look as they dig their little graves! So we go over in the dawn. I must dig. What will it be like? Screams, shells, bullets, blood. I must dig faster or there will be no time for sleep. What is the use of sleeping? We go over in the morning. The fresh earth is cool. How dark it looks in the starlight! This time to-morrow— Home is so far away, so removed, so remote, and consequently so doubly and desperately dear. In the dawn we go over. Will we go through the woods or will it be done in the open? Will the day break any differently to-morrow? The stars say "No!" The hole is deep enough. I wonder if it is long enough.

How cool and moist! I see nothing but a patch of dark sky and the swimming stars. Here I stay until dawn—the inevitable dawn. I hope it will be a clear day. I wonder what a real bed would feel like. Oh, New York! So far away. The lights—the crowds—the theaters! The subway—the taxis! Home! I am in a dark hole. Earth, then me and then sky. I feel alone. I may die to-morrow. I don't think so, but I may. It is the only thing that is not inevitable. The stars, the dawn, the sun, the line of boys, the bullets, shells, all are inevitable. My death is not. I feel quite safe and secure. I am glad that I am well trained. Sleep is slow. I had better close my eyes. We go over in the dawn. Boys will drop dead. It seems hard. It is inevitable.

Then the sergeant goes to sleep and the narrative is resumed when morning comes, as follows:

Dawn. This is the day we do it. I must get my pack together. Time to fall in—form a line. Time to become part of a unit—time to stop being one's self. How sleepy and uninteresting every one looks! They don't look as they ought to look before going over. Here we go. We do not keep step. It is not important that we should. Who has a cigaret? Smoke is good at dawn before going over. I wish they would not hurry so! The bank is steep. The underbrush is holding us back. Does it know more about this thing we are going to do than we ourselves? Perhaps, but it is written that we go on. A few steps farther. We deploy. I am no longer a part of a column. I am an individual again. The summit! Now for the bullets and the shells!

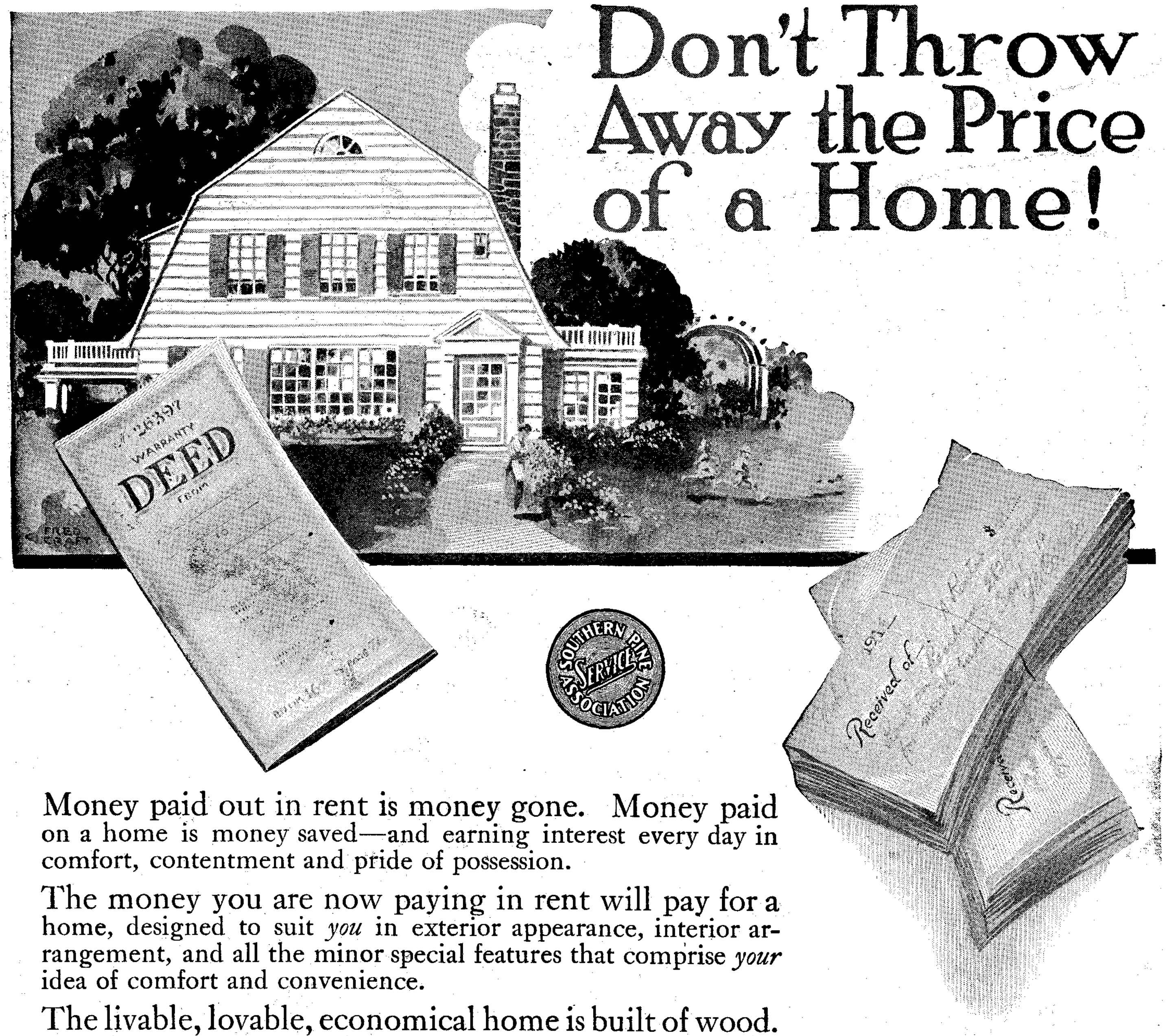
Long level fields of yellow grain, dotted with scarlet poppies gently whispering to strange breezes; banked against the further edge, a ragged wood. Brilliant sunshine—brilliantly blue sky. Birds sing. Is this war? There must be a mistake. The sky is blue, the sunshine brilliant, the fields beautiful, and the birds are singing. Why, this is not a proper place to fight! How golden the wheat-fields are! There goes a bullet, and another, and I think I heard a third. They make a thin, painful whine. They come from a distance A lark is singing. I am moving forward. How bright the sunshine is! Look out! They have seen us. Keep moving. I can not feel my legs at all, yet I move forward. That man is hit. He limps. Will you be able to keep moving after you have been hit? How they whine! We can never make it! That man's face is like a mass of bloody rags. He should keep his hands away from it. Why doesn't some one make him stop screaming? I don't like this place. Keep moving. Your turn has not come. Will my name really be on the bullet that hits me?

There's a shell. What an explosion! The smoke is like a mighty tree springing up in full foliage. Look at that boy! Where is his arm? What a shriek shells make! Will I leap into the air if I am hit? That man did. Will I? I could never leap quite as high as he did.

Oh, those bullets—those shells! Let's hurry and get somewhere. This place is horrible. That fell close. Something wet—wet and hot—in my face. Wipe it away, wipe it away. You are not hurt; some one else. Keep going. You are not hit. Keep moving. Step over that man. Why don't they get me? Keep going. Oh, the wheat! Oh, the dead boys! I knew it would be horrible.

Keep moving. The whine and the hiss

Don't Throw Away the Price of a Home!



Money paid out in rent is money gone. Money paid on a home is money saved—and earning interest every day in comfort, contentment and pride of possession.

The money you are now paying in rent will pay for a home, designed to suit *you* in exterior appearance, interior arrangement, and all the minor special features that comprise *your* idea of comfort and convenience.

The livable, lovable, economical home is built of wood. And the lowest priced high-grade building wood on the market today is—

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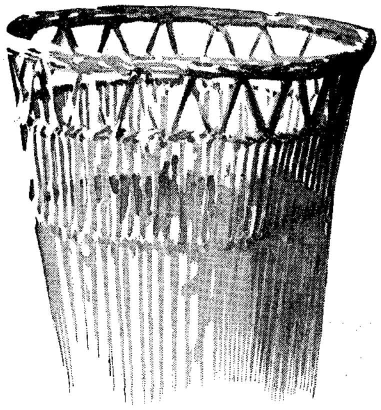
Southern Pine is the only building material perfectly adapted to every need in home building, from sturdy framework and weather-resisting exterior trim to the finest interior finish. And compared with the cost of other important commodities, the cost of Southern Pine today is moderate.

The National Government urges you to *build now.*

> **"There appears to be a more determined conviction in the building industry that present prices of material and labor are not going down in the near future. * * * * * —No one should hesitate to build or lend money for building."**
>
> —Extracts from statements authorized by the Division of Public Works and Construction Development of the United States Department of Labor.



Your local lumber dealer will gladly give you advice and assistance.

Valuable booklets relative to the proper use of Southern Pine in building will be mailed free for the asking if you mention this publication.

Southern Pine Association

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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BUSINESS AND SOCIAL APPOINTMENTS must be kept, or confusion and loss will follow. Care in the selection of tires, with an eye to proven dependability will remove at least one of the possible causes of annoyance and delay. Fisk Tires are *dependable*.

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

FISK CORD TIRES add the final touch of distinction to the smart motor car.

PAINSTAKING CARE in the detail of manufacture gives them the clean-cut quality of appearance so desired by the particular owner.

RECORDS OF PERFORMANCE prove their economy and riding comfort; non-skid tread insures safety in all road conditions.

Next time—BUY FISK.

FISK CORD TIRES

> of the bullets. There's another shell. What are we supposed to be doing? Where are we going? This is slaughter. Something has splashed on me! Never mind—push on. Move! Go on! Down! Drop quickly! Dig. Use bayonet—anything. Dig. Hurry. I must try to be calm. Dig. Throw the dirt up in front—it gives protection. Dig faster. Keep down, but dig. Your turn has not come. Keep digging.
>
> There goes that boy. He's dead. A second ago alive, now dead. Bullets still thump him. He does not jump as they thump him. I hear a lark singing. Dig. Keep on digging. Oh, I'm hit—in the leg. I'm hit in the leg. What should I do about it? I'm wet—warm wet on my leg. It ought to hurt. Warm wet *running* down my leg. Do something about it. Get up and run to a deeper hole. Hurry—blood is running. My blood! It lies wet and red on the green grass. Blood on the grass. Get up. Hurry! Hurry! My leg, it gives at the knee but holds me. Hurry! There!

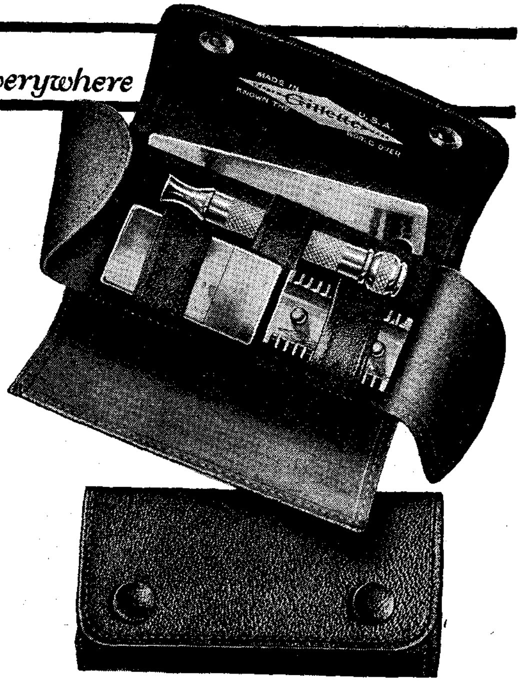
The wounded soldier continues to stagger on until he stumbles into a shell-hole, from which he is finally rescued. The account continues:

> My, my! Sitting in a hole wounded, alone. Cut the leg of the trousers. The knife is cold on my warm, wet leg. The blood is beautiful in the sunshine. The wound! I must examine it. Why, that's not bad, that's not bad. Just a hole, a sort of rip. Red, of course; everything is red around here. It is not a bad wound. Bandage it up. Quick! The blood again! Wrap it around and around—wrap it tightly. It hurts. Never mind. Wrap it tightly. There! It is difficult to move my leg. This is a nice little hole I am in; quite comfortable, quite. Much better than out there in the open field. These are bullets whining over. I wonder whom they are getting. Not me!
>
> There's an ant on that grass-blade up there on the edge of the hole. I do not think that ants care for blood. Flies do. Flies do. I must drive them away. The blood has soaked through. Let it soak. It will stiffen. I can not keep them away. Let them eat. Should I say drink? A few are finished. Why do they remain so near to clean their feet and wings? Is it the sunshine that makes their bodies look so pink as they settle on the grass-blades to clean their feet and wings? Is it the sunshine, or something else? Get out! Fly away! Go feed on dead boys. What a swarm! What a sight! My leg is pounding close to the wound. My wound—all mine. Drive away those flies.
>
> It is hot. My leg throbs, throbs, throbs. Some one must bring water. I am thirsty. Ring the bell. Drive those flies away. Please bring some water, just a little. Please, please, please. Oh, I'm hot! Burning! My wound. What was that? Some one calling? I must be calm. Be calm. You have got to be quiet, quiet. All day be quiet with the flies and the blood. The shells can scream—you must not.
>
> What time is it? How long am I supposed to stay here? How blue the sky is! There should be a few snow-white clouds floating in it. Then it would seem more real. There goes that bird again. This isn't much fun. I have had much better times than this—much better. There are not so many shells now. I will look and see what is going on.
>
> A man digging. Good work. He isn't dead. I'll call to him so he will know I am here. He waved and laughed. Look at those helmeted heads sticking up out of their holes! Comrades, all of them. All smiling and up to see who laughed. Why, this isn't so bad after all! Not at all bad!
>
> Here comes some one. He stoops low as he runs. Looking for me? Yes, here he comes. A runner. What does he want? He looks anxious. I don't blame him. Hope he gets to me before a sniper gets him. The hole will hold us both. How he puffs! A canteen of water! It's warm—oh, how good. Some more—good! Fine! Fine! I'm in command, am I? Good Lord, I'm in command! I'm scared green. Happy just the same. Happy as can be. I feel important, too. Send a report back. Let me see. Yes, of course, that's the thing to do!
>
> "Tell the Major everything O. K. Gained objective easily. Many wounded—send reenforcements and the stretcher-bearers."

GEORGE CREEL RELIEVES HIS CHEST AS TO THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

THE American press covered itself with glory during the war—or words to that broad general effect—according to George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, in a bitter-sweet article by him in *Everybody's Magazine* on the American newspaper. He speaks thus handsomely of the newspapers in spite of the fact that some of them—a number, in fact—have intimated a time or two that their admiration for George and his works was not as profound as it might be. Of course, Mr. Creel adds immediately, and makes it a part of his laudatory remarks, to be exact, that the papers did the splendid things with which he credits them, without seeming to know it. "Never at any time, however, did the newspapers seem to grasp the full meaning of their contribution, the true glory of the achievement," he says, to quote his precise language. Also, a large part of his article is given over to a recital, not entirely untinged with acrimony, of the shortcomings of the American newspaper in general and in connection with the war in particular. But going back to his observations regarding the achievements of the press for which he has only praise, the chairman elucidates his statements by saying that more than any other trade or profession in the United States the newspapers were exempted from control by law, being placed entirely upon their honor with reference to what they should and should not publish. The Government asked them not to publish things relating to the movement of troops and other military matters. But no law was passed providing specific penalties for non-observance of these requests. That matter was left to the patriotism and honor of the individual publishers. "Our European comrades-in-arms viewed the experiment with amazement," says Mr. Creel. But the American idea worked, he declares, to the everlasting credit of the newspapers, altho "to this very day they persist in an attempt to deny, to discredit, or else to evade the honor so splendidly won and so richly deserved." Then Mr. Creel goes on to explain, as he understands it, the attitude assumed by the press and its indifference to these honors which he insists belong to it. He says:

> The press insisted that I was a censor, that there were censorship rules and regulations, backed up by certain mysterious laws and equally mysterious penalties, and with mingled moans and protests the newspapers did their best to make the people believe that the voluntary censorship was not voluntary, that the uncompelled thing they were doing was not really uncompelled, and that while they could not speak with definiteness, certainly there was a "catch" somewhere that would some day become apparent.
>
> To be sure, there was a measure of excuse for this attitude. A censorship law, asked for in the opening months of war, was not permitted to stand by itself, but appeared merely as part of the Espionage Bill. This seeming inclusion of the press with spies and traitors naturally angered the newspapers, even as it afforded rare opportunity for the buncombe of politicians, and after an acrimonious discussion in which everything on earth and in history was discust, except the provisions of the Act, the whole proposition was killed.
>
> As a matter of fact, I was opposed strongly to the requested legislation, and felt that its defeat was a blessing. It was not that I denied the need of censorship, for it is one of the vital necessities of war, but deep in my heart there was the conviction that the desired results could be obtained without paying the price that a formal law would have demanded.
>
> With the nation in arms, the need of America was not so much to keep the newspapers from doing the hurtful things as to get them to do the helpful things. It was not servants we wanted, but associates. Better far to have the desired compulsions proceed from within than to apply them from without.
>
> There was also the fact that for the first time in its history, soldiers of the United States were sailing to fight in a foreign land, leaving families three thousand miles behind them. Nothing was more important than that there should be the least possible impairment of the people's confidence in the printed information presented to them. Suspicious enough by reason of natural anxieties, a censorship law would have turned every waiting heart over to the fear that news was being either strangled or minimized.
>
> Aside from these considerations, there was the freedom of the press to bear in mind. No other right guaranteed by democracy has been more abused, but better far these abuses than the deadening evil of an autocratic control. It is also the inevitable tendency of such legislation to operate solely against the weak and the powerless, and the European experience proves this by instance after instance of failure to proceed against great dailies for bold infraction.
>
> Censorship laws, too, even tho they protest that the protection of military secrets is their one original object, have a way of slipping over into the field of opinion, for arbitrary power grows by what it feeds on. "Information of value to the enemy" is an elastic phrase, and when occasion requires can be stretched to cover the whole field of independent discussion. Nothing is more dangerous, for people do



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This great modern razor principle—*No Stropping—No Honing*—simplifies a man's whole shaving practice.

It signifies the *hard-tempered,* sharp Blade, that holds its edge for shave after shave.

It does away with strops, hones, litter and mess. It saves him time—saves him trouble.

The Gillette is practical and right for every man. It makes his shaving easy instead of tiresome—quick instead of tedious—comfortable to the most sensitive skin.

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The latest Gillette ideal Genuine Leather Roll Case, compact for the kit bag, the pack or the pocket — with Razor, Metal Mirror and 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (*24 Shaving Edges*).
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The term "No Stropping—No Honing" signifies the application of *science* to razor-blade making.

It will appeal to every man anxious to eliminate unnecessary labor and save valuable time.

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not need less criticism in time of war, but more. Incompetence and corruption, bad enough in peace, take on an added menace when the nation is in arms. One has a right to hope that the criticism shall be honest, just, and constructive, but even a blackguard's voice is preferable to the dead silence of an iron suppression.

It was from these dangers that the voluntary censorship saved us. All honor to the press of America! Even tho every newspaper in the United States struggle as tho the laurel-wreath had poison-ivy in it, they deserve it and must wear it.

Mr. Creel concludes his remarks in relation to what he styles "the credit side," in the matter of the American newspaper and its activity during the war, by referring to the "generosity of the press in connection with every objective activity of the Government." All "drives," he says, owed their success to the newspapers, and every appeal received thousands of columns of space. But there were other needs of the Government in connection with which the press not only fell down, but was "more of a hindrance than a help." He continues with a bitter indictment of our press that will at least surprize those who were under a pretty distinct impression that the journalistic fraternity played their part with fidelity and patriotism. The newspapers have had their flings at Creel, however; now let Mr. Creel say his say in return. He writes:

> On April 6, 1917, the one thing that stood out above all else in point of importance—the one thing that loomed largest as a fundamental necessity—was unity. Not any mere clamor of protestation, but the unity that springs from understanding, from deep conviction, from stedfast determinations, from calm decisions, and fixt purposes—the unity that has its roots in reason, not in the haphazards of emotionalism. Public opinion that proceeds from the passions of the moment is of small value, for the excitement that forms it can destroy it just as swiftly. What we wanted, what we had to have, was a public opinion bed-rocked in truth and built high and strong with facts. It was in this fight that the press failed completely and continuously.
>
> The average newspaper, altho there were many splendid exceptions, made for confusion rather than clarity; its appeals were to the emotions, not to the mind; it muddled thought instead of molding it; it cluttered public discussion with rumors, distortions, false report, and hysteria; in plain, the press, as a whole, discharged the functions of a town-crier rather than the high duties of leadership. Every other business in the United States, either instantly or ultimately, changed to a war-basis. The press throughout held to its peace basis, in no single vital particular changing its operations, ideas, and ideals.
>
> Nothing has been proved to be more true than that public opinion is a vital military factor. Morale is as important as munitions. When the inner lines are calm, confident, and resolute, the firing-line has courage and enthusiasm; but let the people at home grow panicky, peevish, or disunited, and this spirit is communicated to the trenches swiftly and surely.
>
> Yet this esprit of the inner lines, this morale of the civilian population, was sapped and frontally attacked time and

again by papers whose loyalty could not be questioned, whose patriotism stood proved, yet who were as much the victims of habit as any opium fiend.

In the early days of the war, when the country was still under the strain of uncertainty about the loyalty of our foreign-born, a great daily carried a story on its front page that declared flatly that the "German conspiracy" in the Navy had been successful, and that Secretary Daniels had decided to remove Admiral Mayo, commander of the Atlantic Fleet, putting in his place an admiral of German descent.

It was a lie out of whole cloth, based upon a mere scandalous whisper, yet the paper printed it without thought of a people's disturbed confidence, or the ugly suspicions and demoralizing distrusts that might be aroused in the Navy itself in an hour when unity was vital.

A student in one of the aviation schools, made wretched by the fickleness of his sweetheart, attempted suicide by taking poison. Straightway the story spread and was printed that a German plot had been discovered to kill every aviation student in the United States with cyanid, and as a result the mothers of sons in the service were given over to every torturing fear.

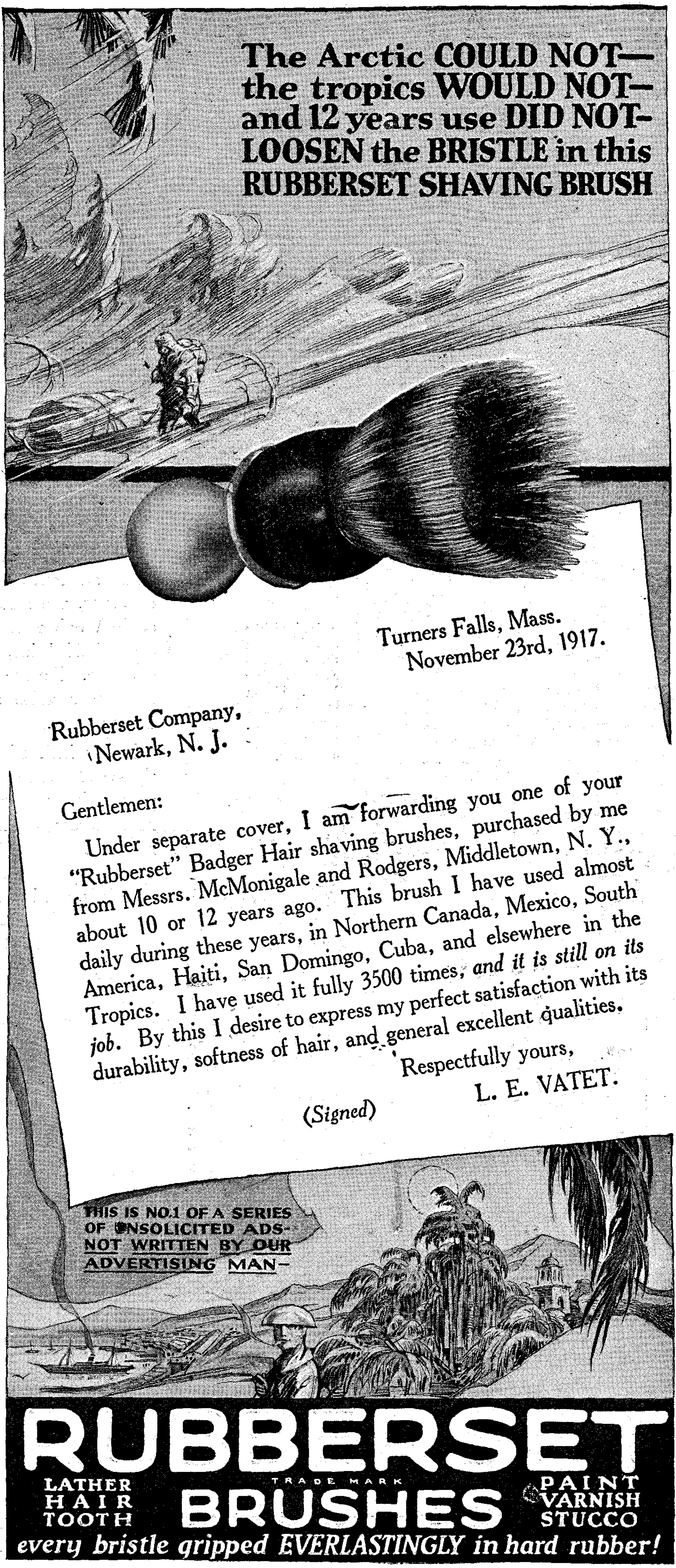
In the first days of a war a sailor, disgruntled for some reason or other, made the charge that hospital conditions were disgraceful and that the whole care of the sick in the Navy was attended by cruelty and neglect. Without any attempt to investigate the truth of this charge, the story was flashed across the country, printed in every newspaper, and again the mothers of the nation were robbed of comfort and confidence, and forced to bear a new anxiety. A competent committee, appointed by Secretary Daniels, instituted an immediate inquiry, and discovered that the charges were absolutely without foundation.

Who does not remember the numberless columns printed before our entrance into the war, and even afterward, declaring that Daniels was a "joke," a "misfit," and that the Navy was a demoralized junk-pile? Much of it was partizan, but a goodly portion of it was attributable to no other cause than the passion for imitation. Mr. Daniels looked like a good "goat," and "goats" are a boon to the press, if not an actual necessity. Attack has ever been a short cut to public attention.

An attack on America's war-progress in France was written by a reporter whose only first-hand knowledge was obtained from a five-days' stay at headquarters. Another series of articles was by a writer whose sojourn in France was limited to eleven days, and yet he made his assaults as authoritatively as tho he had given patient weeks to the survey.

In the last days of the Liberty Loan, when it seemed that the nearness of peace might undermine the war-will of the country, a vague, unconfirmed rumor came from Amsterdam to the effect that the Kaiser had abdicated. A great number of papers carried the rumor as a fact, and in many cities "extras" were actually issued. In one city a morning newspaper put an "extra" on the streets in the evening, using the rumor as foundation for this glaring announcement, "Germany Surrenders!"

Nor can it have been forgotten that the whole country was thrown into premature rejoicing by "extras" that the armistice had been signed, four days in advance of the actual happening, and when the German envoys had not even reached the headquarters of Foch. Huge amounts lost in the wages of celebrating workmen,


The Arctic COULD NOT—
the tropics WOULD NOT—
and 12 years use DID NOT—
LOOSEN the BRISTLE in this
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November 23rd, 1917.

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Gentlemen:

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Respectfully yours,
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BRUSHES
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every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

"Save the surface and you save all"-Paint & Varnish

Why the Woolworth Building should make everybody think

HIDDEN away from all contact with the elements, the steel skeleton of the Woolworth Building is embedded in brick, mortar and concrete. Do the structural engineers take a chance? They do not.

Every inch of surface of the skyscraper's steel frame is painted for protection against rust and corrosion. Neither moisture from within the walls or from without can attack it. It is safe because the surface is safe.

You own property. Every consideration of preserving it comes back to the same point—the surface. Always there is the surface—whatever the property is. If protected, the surface is an impassable barrier to rust, rot, friction or disintegration. If unprotected, it is an open door.

Whether it is a yacht or a single oar—an automobile or a wheelbarrow—a factory or a silo—an iron grill or a window screen—if it has a surface, it needs protection. Save the surface and you save all.

We have prepared a book which you will find as interesting as it is valuable. It will tell you some startling new things about preventing loss by surface protection. Thoroughly illustrated. Send for a copy. Address Educational Committee, Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

Section of the steel skeleton of the Woolworth Building, New York, highest in the world. Extreme height, 750 feet, fifty-one stories.

POUNDING HEELS DID THIS
And tramping feet. This floor would never have come to such a condition if the surface had been protected. The surface is spoiled—the floor practically ruined. Save the surface and you save all.

Stucco, excellent building material as it is, will absorb moisture. Stucco is greatly helped by a coat of surface protection—both as a guard against moisture and for appearance's sake. It smooths the surface, giving less lodgment for dust and dirt.

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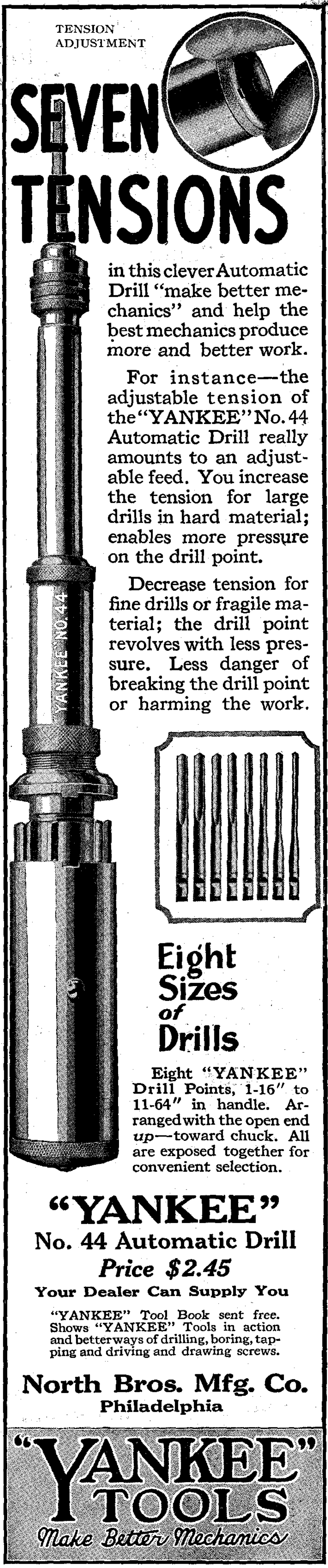
> war-work paralyzed, war-will smashed, human hearts lifted and dropt cruelly! And had the armistice not been signed four days later, who can tell what national injury might have been worked!
>
> These were not isolated instances by any means; the list could be multiplied indefinitely. And out of the same cloth, tho different in pattern, were the "spy" fakes. This mania that possest the press for so many unhappy months, was a direct blow at our national unity. It stirred prejudice and suspicion against the millions of foreign birth and foreign descent, it made for fear and hysteria, and, worst of all, the racial antagonism aroused either chilled or killed the loyalty in many an alien heart. Almost every fire, explosion, accident, or disaster, on land or sea, was credited to the "German spy system." No one with a German name was safe from distrust; high officials of the Government were alleged to have been arrested, tried, and shot; circumstantial stories were printed of executions in various camps, and hysteria reached a point where many newspapers attacked the Department of Justice viciously for its failure to make wholesale arrests.
>
> Had it not been for the Präger lynching, which threw its sobering chill over the press as well as the people, there is no telling to what extent the manufactured madness would have carried.

Speaking of the Committee on Public Information and its ticklish job, Mr. Creel tells of the trials and tribulations of that committee, saying that "on the one hand we had the military authorities reared in the school of iron silence, and on the other we had the press, jealous of reticence and impatient of every concealment." Notwithstanding this precarious situation between the "devil and the deep blue sea," as it were, the committee, according to its chairman, escaped with a minimum of charges being lodged against it as to the accuracy of its reports. Ten thousand releases were sent out during the year and a half the committee was in operation, "every one dealing with facts and figures of tremendous importance," and of these only two were ever assailed, and later developments showed that only one was fairly subject to honest attack. Also, in connection with certain pictures taken in France a charge was made that the committee was trying to deceive the people, due to an oversight in the caption. The article continues:

> Thousands of releases, dealing with every activity of Government, thousands upon thousands of photographs, hundreds of thousand of feet of film, seventy-five thousand Four-Minute Men speaking weekly, millions of pamphlets, a volume of work driven forward by an organization assembled under tremendous pressure—and yet out of this great volume only three complaints at all justified. And yet a large portion of the press deliberately and continuously attempted to exaggerate the manufactured stain of these three until they should smirch and shame the whole report of Government to the people.
>
> These failures on the part of the newspapers did not proceed from either desire or intent; they were the logical developments of a mistake in definitions. There are to-day, and have always been, two kinds of news: one is concerned with the fundamental significances of life and is educational, vital, and interpretative; the other deals entirely with the satisfaction of curiosity, and dies with the day that witnesses the events that it chronicles. One is truth; the other is tattle. The press of America, save in certain noble instances, rarely holds to the first definition, but gives unfaltering adherence to the second.
>
> Satisfy curiosity! No matter how mean, cheap, sordid, and ignoble the curiosity, satisfy it! Head-lines with a wallop in every word! Right between the eyes! Stuff with a kick! And always the necessity for furious speed in order to secure a "beat." Don't stop for investigation! Let rumor serve for fact, let conjecture take the place of certainty, let gossip parade as honest inquiry! Get on the street first! And not even war, with men fighting and dying and free institutions at stake, was able to work any change in these policies and habits.

Discussing the spirit in which newspapers are largely published to-day, Mr. Creel lays the blame for their shortcomings not altogether upon those doing the work of producing them, but upon the owners. These men, he says, regard the newspaper merely as a commercial enterprise and not in any sense vested with the attributes of a public utility. The result is that what is published must first of all tend to sell the paper, its interpretative, informative, and educational qualities being of secondary consideration. This development, he declares, is responsible for the intense yearning for the "beat" and the "exclusive story," which in turn leads to the well-known newspaper speed mania. We read:

> There was an evening in Washington when correspondents were asked to assemble at nine o'clock to receive an important piece of news. This news had to do with the fact that the war-council in Paris had agreed upon the terms of the armistice that was to be submitted to the Germans. No sooner had the reporter of one Washington paper caught the words "agreement" and "armistice" than he leapt from the room, without waiting to hear more, and in less than thirty minutes an extra was on the streets, blaring the announcement that "Germany Had Signed the Armistice" and that the war was over.
>
> Not only does the pleaded necessity for instancy preclude investigation, but it breeds an infatuation with the obvious. This inevitably causes the startling to be prized above the informative, and results in the placing of emphasis upon the bizarre, the violent, the unusual, or any other phase of human activity that contains possibility of "punch."
>
> One famous editor once frankly confest that his idea of a "good" paper was to have the reader exclaim, "My God!" upon unfolding it. This fetish is responsible for certain amazing traditions. Every reporter is brought up on the ancient phrase "a nose for news." A "shop" saying quoted to "cubs" is this: if a dog bites a man, that isn't news; but if a man bites a dog, that's news. Always cheap, this cheapness became terrible during those days when the world, like some great shell of the sea, echoed unceasingly the moan of mangled men, orphaned children, and widowed women. What we needed then,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SEVEN TENSIONS

in this clever Automatic Drill "make better mechanics" and help the best mechanics produce more and better work.

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Eight Sizes of Drills

Eight "YANKEE" Drill Points, 1-16" to 11-64" in handle. Arranged with the open end up—toward chuck. All are exposed together for convenient selection.

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No. 44 Automatic Drill
Price $2.45
Your Dealer Can Supply You

"YANKEE" Tool Book sent free. Shows "YANKEE" Tools in action and better ways of drilling, boring, tapping and driving and drawing screws.

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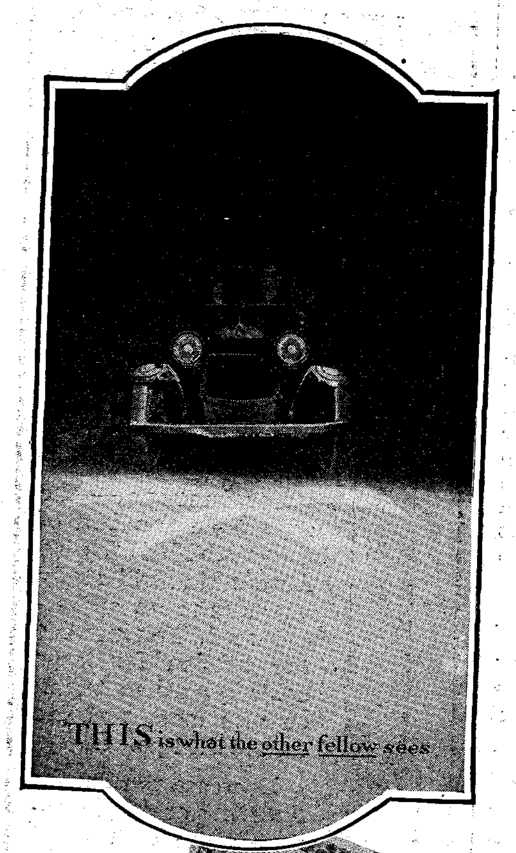
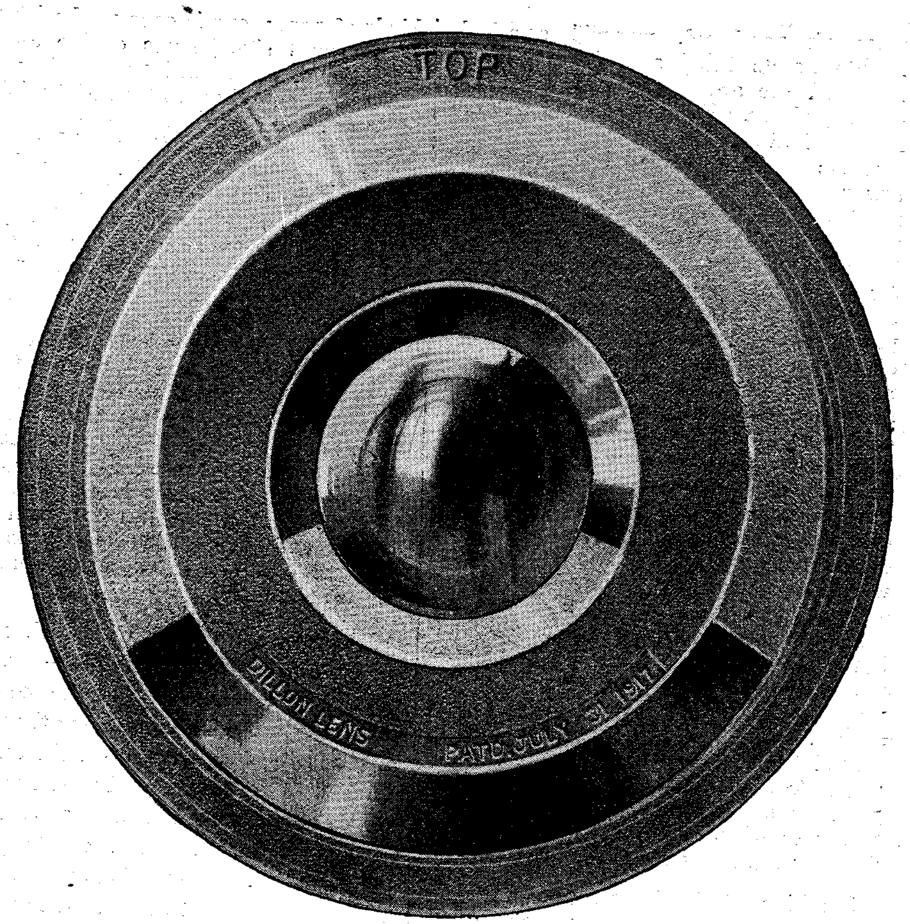
"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics





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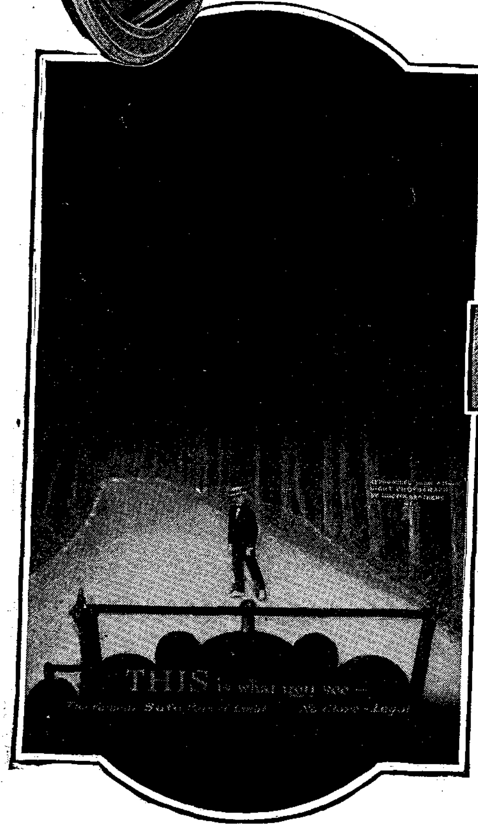

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Everywhere, in all parts of the country, wherever automobile headlights are discussed, the Dillon Lens is spoken of in terms of appreciation.

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if ever, was a heart for news, a soul for news.

It was this lack of the thoughtful, the interpretative, the informative, and the educational that was so keenly felt by the Government throughout its whole fight for a unified public opinion. The country press, from the very start, was a tower of strength, the so-called "provincial" dailies were helpful in amazing degree; but the metropolitan press, save in certain notable cases, took little time or space to fight for understanding. We were compelled to turn to pamphlets in order that the people might have the facts; but had we used every printing-office in the country, we could not have filled all the requests that came from thousands eager for the truth, and anxious to find their way out of the bedevilment into which they had been plunged by incoherences and passions.

To show that the people actually want what Mr. Creel styles "plain, complete, and unvarnished news," he tells of the committee's experience with *The Official Bulletin*, a daily published by the Government primarily for the information of officials and distributed free of charge. It carried only government news without any attempt at interest or color. To guard against a wider circulation than that intended, a price of five dollars a year was fixt. In spite of this "prohibitive" price, however, the circulation of *The Bulletin* soon rose to one hundred and sixteen thousand copies daily with subscription receipts averaging ten thousand dollars a month. Then Mr. Creel goes on to relate how the press failed the Government in proper attention to the patriotic activities of the foreign-born:

These people constituted our problem. They were at the heart of our national unity, just as they were the keystones in our arch of national preparedness. But never at any time did the press help. One alien, speaking disrespectfully of the flag, could be sure of a front-page notice; but ten thousand aliens could gather in a great patriotic demonstration without earning so much as an agate-line. In city after city, huge meetings were held by Poles, Croats, Czechs, Magyars, etc., etc., addrest by their great leaders, and ending in dramatic pledges to America and large subscriptions to Liberty Loans, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and every other national cause, and these events, so significant, were rarely mentioned, much less played up.

Paderewski told me that nothing deprest his people more directly than the manner in which the American press ignored great loyalty meetings of Poles. Dr. Masaryk had the same story of contemptuous indifference to tell with respect to the demonstrations of the Czecho-Slovaks. To us, at least, it seemed a tremendous thing that Hungarians, supposedly "enemy aliens," should gather by the thousands and declare faith and loyalty to America, but the press did not think the outpourings worthy of mention.

The National Croatian Society has forty-two thousand members, but is even stronger morally than numerically. Austrian influences made a bitter fight to keep this powerful organization from rallying to the Stars and Stripes, but America won, and the society not only adopted 100 per cent. resolutions, but voted three hundred thousand dollars—a third of its treasury—for the purchase of Liberty bonds. Save for a line or two in a Pittsburg paper, where the action was taken, the victory went unnoticed.

The Jugo-Slavs in the United States were, or had been, Austrian subjects. Here again Austrian influence was at work, but as in the case of the Croatians, the South Slav National Council declared for America and pledged service and sacrifice. Three hundred and fifty branch organizations held loyalty demonstrations, but the press of America failed to notice them.

April 30 is a great day among the South Slavs, for it marks the anniversary of the death of two Slavic heroes, beheaded by Austrian tyranny. This date, in 1918, was formally turned into a "consecreation of Slavic manhood to the ideals of America"; huge meetings were held from coast to coast, and famous Jugo-Slav speakers were even brought from Europe. Not only was the significance of the day never explained by any paper, but the meetings themselves were ignored.

It hurt! Leader after leader came to us and said: "Our people are disheartened. They say, 'America doesn't care. They do not seem to want us here.' Can nothing be done?"

And nothing could be done; for while these loyalty meetings spelled the difference between unity and riot, between industrial peace and strikes, they were not "news" as the average daily has come to define news.

Any silence with regard to loyalty, however, was more than made up for by space given lavishly to everything even remotely indicating disloyalty. Just as every untoward incident was credited to the "German spy system," so was every disorder, every manifestation of unrest, ascribed either to the I. W. W. or the Bolsheviki. Organizations like the I. W. W and the Bolsheviki thrive on publicity as much as any "movie" star. Every notice brings in members, for there is always a certain percentage of people ready to join any new movement that holds out promise of change, no matter what sort it is. And while the world was rocking, it was to this percentage that the press carried the message of "Bolshevik" growth and power. It might well have passed for a membership campaign.

No effort was made at distinction, labor demonstrations, Mooney protests, Socialist meetings, etc., all being lumped together. Whether in Europe or America, every disorder, every local revolt, every change in the established order, was ascribed to the Bolsheviki. Head-lines carried the word in the largest type, news columns fairly bristled with it, and all powers and every accomplishment were credited to the Bolsheviki. The name had news value—it carried a "kick." The world faced the danger of seeing mob autocracy rise from the ashes of military autocracy, but through the crisis the average newspaper raced blithely with no more constructive cry than that of "Wuxtra!"

As a matter of fact, the I. W. W. is a ramshackle organization that never had a large membership. The Bolsheviki, save in certain Ghettos, and among the "parlor radicals" of Greenwich Village and Wall Street, were in America without other strength than vocal. The press, however, by its "press agenting," gave prominence and importance to both organizations, and built them to a point where there would have been real danger but for the common sense and patriotism of the American worker.

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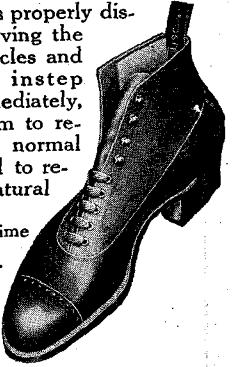

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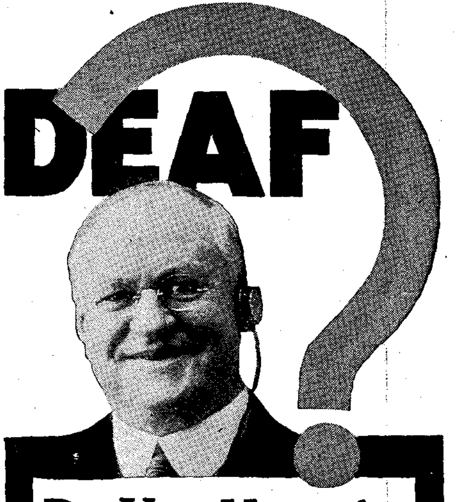

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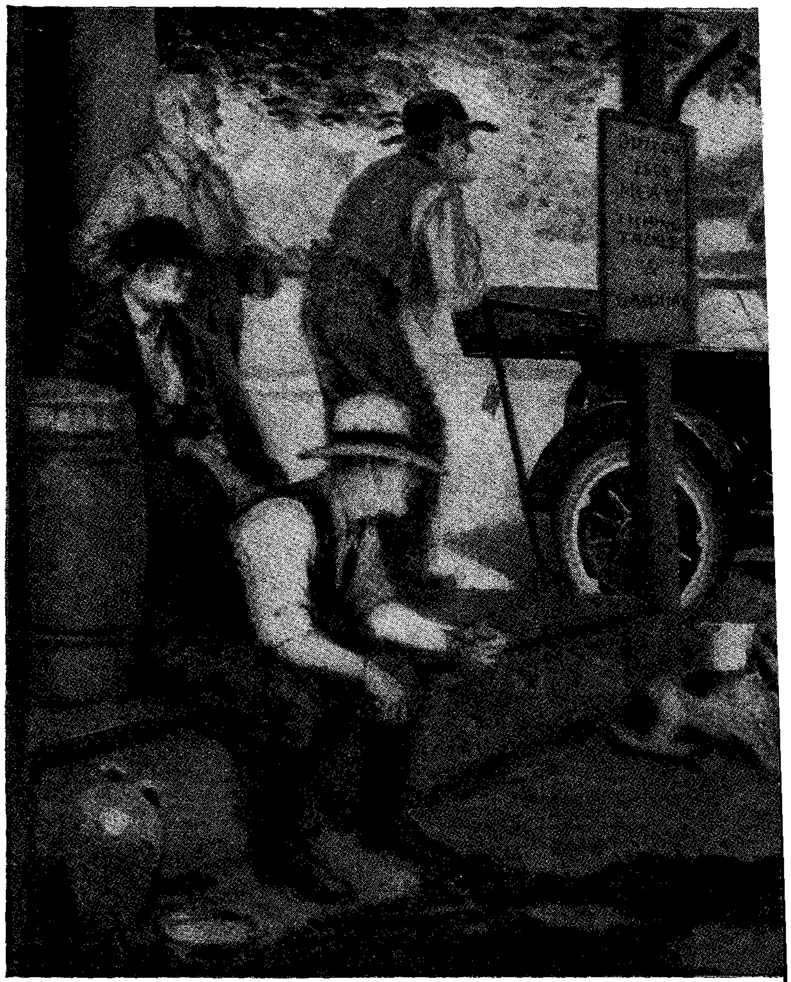

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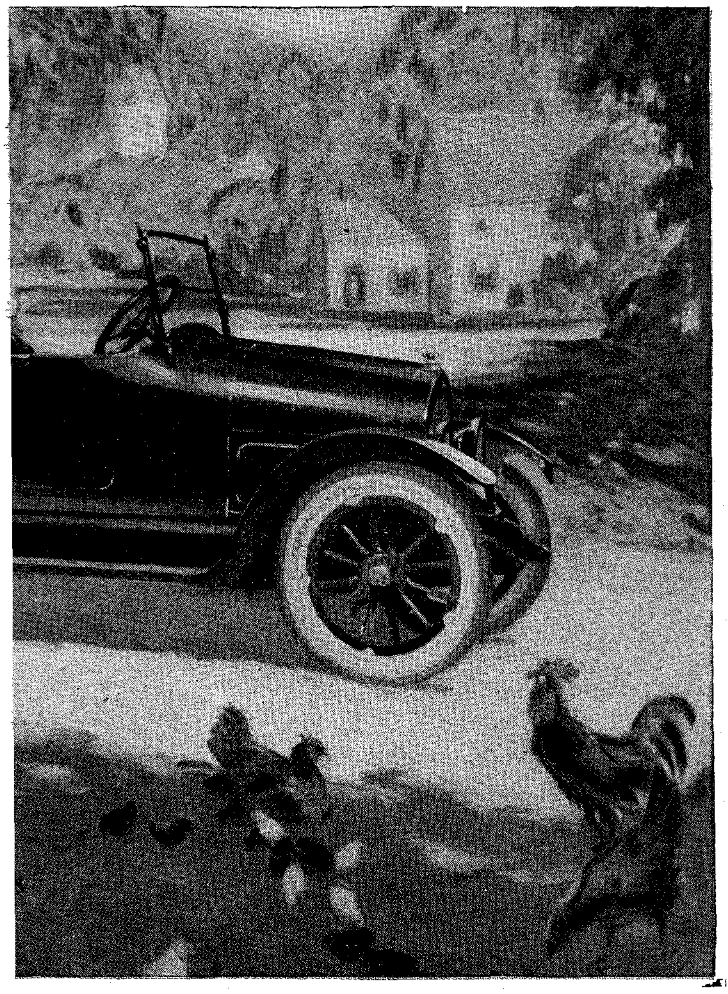

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THE THRILLS OF FILMING WILD BEASTS IN THEIR NATIVE JUNGLE

IF your nerves are "jumpy" you had better keep out of the movie game. It's a strenuous life and at times fraught with much peril. To furnish thrills for the delectation of the fans, there is nothing the producer won't attempt to film, from a sheer three-thousand-foot drop off the top of a mountain to a game of hide-and-seek with an untamed and ferocious man-eating lion. A writer in *The Wide World Magazine* (New York) gives a vivid account of the experiences of an expedition that set out to take moving pictures of African big game as it lives and moves and has its being in a totally wild and unfettered state in its own native jungles. Preparations for the trip were made at Nairobi, in East Africa. The paraphernalia included a moving-picture camera weighing forty pounds and ten thousand feet of film. The party thought they would first tackle a herd of wild elephants, and with that object in view set out for the region where these animals abound. Immediately upon reaching their destination they were informed by the natives that a herd of the pachyderms were near at hand. The account continues:

> After a hasty breakfast three of us set out, accompanied by some porters and native warriors. It was very tedious work forcing our way through the tall elephant grass, to which clung a kind of vetch with firm tendrils, in which we occasionally caught our feet and tript over. At noon we got our first sight of the elephants descending from the hills into a large swamp that lay at the bottom. No place could have been more suitable for our purpose and we felt sure of getting a good film. Maneuvering to within thirty yards of the animals, we had a fine view of them wallowing in the swamp.
>
> The operator soon had his camera fixt and began winding off the film. A young bull, however, heard the uncommon click, click of the machine, and, becoming alarmed, threw his trunk in the air and gave out a terrific roar. It was soon taken up by the other bulls, and then the cows joined in with their trebles, the whole producing a regular pandemonium. Our operator looked round for a safe retreat. My companion, thinking the animals intended to clear off, raised his rifle and fired at a big bull, but failed to bring him down. But he had not bargained for what was to follow. The now thoroughly aroused monsters began circling for our scent and we had to make a quick retreat to a rise about eighty yards away, so that we could see what was happening in case they got round to our rear.
>
> We had no sooner taken up our position than they made a charge over the spot which we had just left. Disappointed at not finding us, they split into small groups, the majority crossing the swamp. Two of the animals, however, stuck to the wounded elephant—a cow and a medium-sized bull. These evidently made up their minds to locate us, and again started circling for our wind. As there was only one tree near us, we decided to shoot if they came close and meant to attack. They gradually reduced the circle till they had got our wind, when they stopt dead at about forty yards distant.
>
> We knew that foretold a straight charge; so Robbey and I fired hastily. My partner brought his bull down with a quick shot from his .500 Express. I was using a 9-millimeter rifle, useless for killing an elephant with a frontal shot. So I aimed at the trunk, and it had the effect of turning the brute from his purpose of charging. Not so, however, the cow. Flapping her large ears, she started squealing with rage, and then, with trunk outstretched and gleaming red, beady eyes, came on like an express-train. The operator collapsed, and it was lucky he did so, for before we could get a shot home the enraged animal had seized the camera with her trunk and swung it aloft. We were forced to give ground, and then Robbey and I found ourselves on each side of the elephant, our rifles singing out together. The great beast sank down backward, dead, still holding the camera and stand. The operator investigated the camera and reported nothing broken, so we took up the hunt for the other wounded bull, leaving the photographer to continue his picture of the natives cutting up the dead beast.

The wounded bull led them a merry chase, and it was evening before he was finally finished off. On their way back to camp they found that the camera man had collapsed on account of the exertions and excitement of the day. Not only had he been exposed to sundry perils from the elephants, but when he and the native porters were returning to camp they stirred up a large and irritable rhinoceros which charged them enthusiastically and forthwith, but was fortunately speared to death by the porters. That was the last straw. The operator lay down in the grass scared almost into paralysis. They finally got him to camp, where he was laid up for three days. It was decided that he had not had sufficient jungle experience to make it practicable for him to try to film the more dangerous beasts. The place swarmed with zebra, antelope, and gazelle, however, and it was concluded that the party would confine themselves to securing pictures of these ostensibly less recalcitrant animals for a while until they had become more accustomed to the ways of the wilderness and its denizens. So they set out once more. The narrative proceeds:

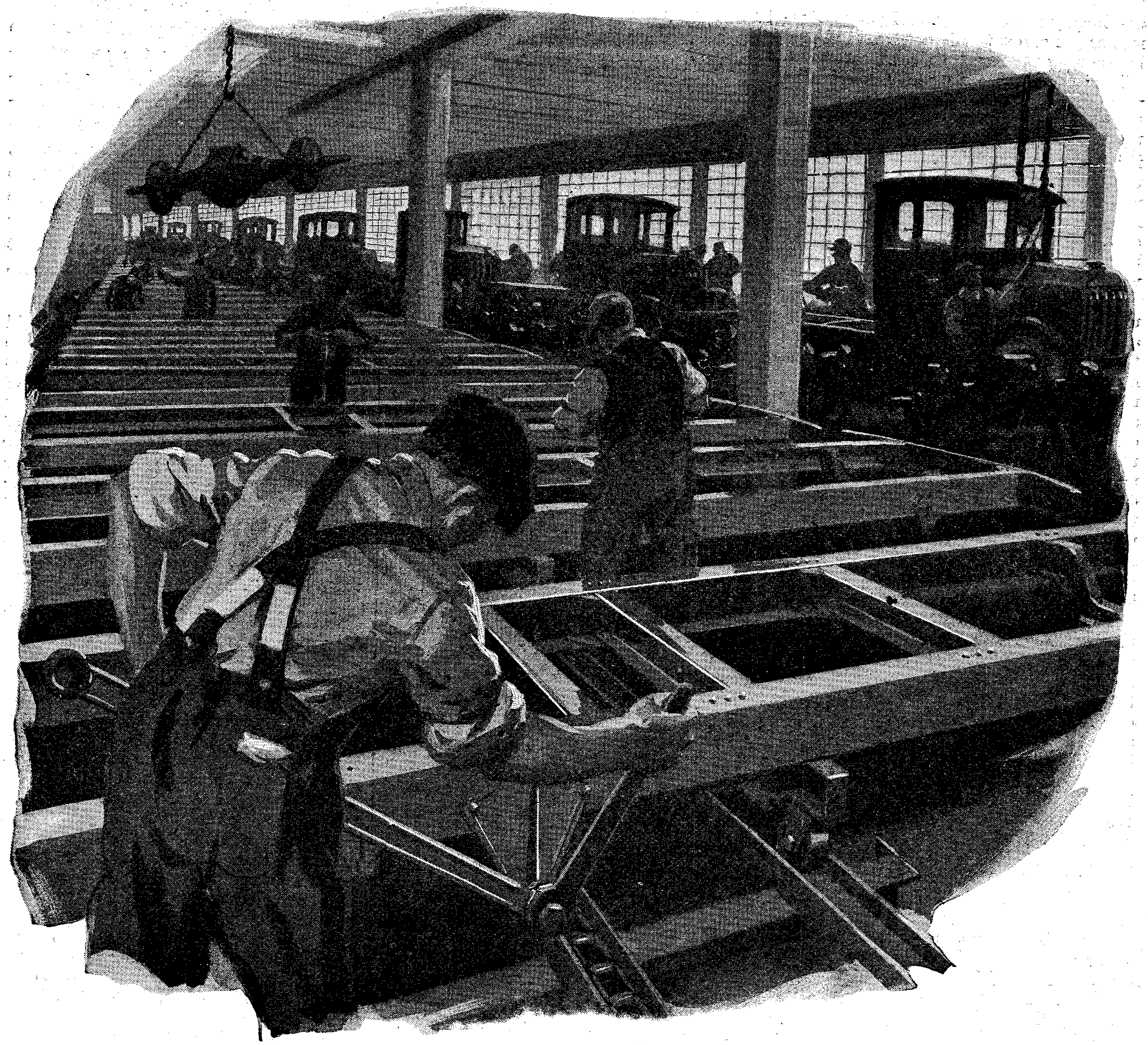
> On our way we came across a good-sized herd of giraffe, and tried to stalk them, but the wily beasts quickly detected the camera. So that it could be ready for instant use, it was carried already set up on the stand on the shoulders of one of the boys. For two hours we maneuvered near those giraffes, but never managed to film them. Then some one suggested that the camera should be concealed in some bushes while we rode round the suspicious animals and headed them toward it.
>
> This seemed the best solution, so we acted upon it. The animals, however, had become alarmed, and it took some fast riding before we could circumvent them and get them moving in the direction we wanted them to go. At last we headed them toward the bushes, but when they got to within eighty yards some motion of the operator startled them and they broke back. We, however, closed in, and riding after them with shouts managed to stampede them nearly over the place in which the camera was concealed. It was rather laughable to see the awkward lurch of the giraffes when they heard the click of the machine; some nearly stumbled over. We found the operator beaming with joy. He said he had taken over three hundred feet of a first-class picture.

Having had so much success with the giraffes, they naturally thought they would follow out the same tactics with a large herd of the other animals. Accordingly they sent out their carriers to round up those grazing on the plain, for the purpose of driving them past the camera. But the plan didn't work out just as they had expected:

> It was not till the afternoon that they began to come our way. I could see literally thousands coming over the rise. They had been so well herded that they headed straight for the place in which we lay concealed. Then some freak or knowledge of danger alarmed them, and down they raced like fiends hunting us to our death. There was no time to move, and only one thing to do, and that was to shoot the leaders. Not until I had killed four zebra, two wildebeest, and three hartbeest, did the tide of animals swerve. I held my breath in astonishment at the number and speed. Then, remembering the camera, I looked for my companion, but instead of finding him busily taking a picture of the sight of a lifetime, I found him standing with his rifle raised ready to shoot at any animal that tried to trample over us.
>
> "For goodness' sake take the picture!" I shouted.
>
> This brought him to the business we had in hand, and, dropping his rifle, he started with his machine; but too late! He only managed to get the tail-end of the charging squadrons, composed of gazelles.

After some more time spent in attempts to get pictures of impala and other comparatively docile beasts, they felt they had reached a state of experience which would warrant them in going after the dangerous animals again. They started with the water-buffalo, a beast, which, according to African hunters, is almost as deadly as the lion in an encounter. Once more they were treated to a glad surprize:

> Not expecting to come aross this animal for some days, the operator and I rode on in advance of the caravan, taking the camera with us in case we had a chance to use it. A party of warriors also accompanied us. We had now come to beautiful country resembling an English park, with clusters of bushes dotted here and there. After we had traveled some hours we halted while some of the warriors followed a honey-bird into the bushes after wild honey. No sooner had they entered the scrub than we heard a crackling of sticks and rustling leaves, denoting the presence of big animals, and out poured about twenty buffaloes within twenty yards of us. We were halted near a big tree, so I whispered for the camera to be fixt up behind the tree. The movement was noticed by the animals, who stood with heads raised looking in our direction. One fine bull started pawing the ground, throwing up great clods of earth. This I knew heralded a charge, and I promptly fired, severely wounding the beast. The report startled the others into activity,



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but luckily not our way, and the photographer got about two hundred feet of film before they were out of sight.

Now came the danger of following the wounded bull. I told my companion that if the brute charged not to be alarmed, but to go on taking the picture, because if I failed to bring him down with the rifle the warriors would soon dispatch him with their spears, which would make the film more exciting and all the more valuable. We then started to look for the spoor, but could find no trace of blood, altho we knew the animal was badly wounded, for we had seen it stagger. I told the men to stretch themselves out in a long line and go in the direction the animals had taken. The warriors started away, and my companion and I mounted our horses to follow, when my gun-bearer drew my attention to some huge animal partly concealed by bushes. We rode toward it, but the animal, who was evidently watching us, cleared round the bush. I had four dogs with me, and, telling my companion to stay still, rode toward the spot, urging the dogs into the scrub. They had no sooner started when out charged my wounded buffalo; head down and tail erect, he came plunging toward me and the dogs.

I wheeled my horse out of the way, but the beast, sighting the operator, charged toward him. Never having done any riding till he came to Africa, he lost control of his horse, which, frightened by the charging buffalo, bolted. He was thrown, and seemed to turn a double somersault before hitting the ground. I thought he would certainly be killed by this wounded buffalo, and rode toward the spot. Seeing the danger, my gun-bearer pluckily fired at the beast, thus drawing the animal's attention to himself. Before he could fire a second time he was caught on the tremendous horns and hurtled into space. I now noticed the photographer crawling on hands and knees into the bush. I do not know what would have happened if the dogs had not joined in at this critical moment. My Airedale terrier tried to fasten on the buffalo's nose, but was swept by the savage horns into the air. The brute then charged the other dogs, which action promptly made them come toward me. Thinking I should prove the easier mark, the buffalo now charged down upon me. That was what I wanted. I rode off with the wounded beast following me. When we had traveled about a mile I headed away to my right across a stream and through a small patch of forest, where the beast lost my trail.

I then rode back to find out what had happened. I found the operator sore from having fallen on to his revolver, and he was undecided whether he had some ribs broken or not. The gun-bearer had lost a good deal of skin and was severely shaken, but no bones broken. Mac, the dog, had a jagged wound reaching right along his right side. I had my pocket medicine-case, and we sewed up the gash, but he died before morning. The warriors now joined us, having come back at the sound of the gun-bearer's shots, and we decided to follow up the wounded buffalo.

We were not long in finding the spoor, and the trail led us into the forest on the banks of the river. We trailed him for two hours through thick underbrush, and at last arrived at the river which he had crossed. Seeing it meant going back about ten miles to the fording-place, I gave up the search and returned to the place where we had elected to camp.

They had now tried their hand with more or less doubtful success at filming a variety of beasts, but had not as yet tackled lions. That came next. A group of ten of these animals appeared not far from camp one day. The camera man hastily got his machine in order, but the lions didn't care to be photographed and refused to stay in sight. Knowing that lions were in the vicinity, however, a desperate attempt was made to get a picture. What happened is thus narrated:

> Seeing it was only a narrow path, I sent some boys to encircle it, with instructions to make a noise and drive the lions toward our position near some good trees. I stationed six warriors near us, armed with spears and shields, so as to protect the operator should any lions break through our lines. Silence reigned for some time; then we heard the beaters in the distance shouting and coming toward us, but no sound from the lions. I was just beginning to think they had escaped when I noticed one of my warriors making signs to me. Cautiously creeping toward him, I saw a magnificent black-maned lion standing about ten yards in front of us. I beckoned to the operator, and he started to come toward us when some of the other lions began roaring. The noise was enough to send a chill down the back of a veteran like myself, so I could not blame the camera man for losing control of himself and making for a good-sized tree to climb. The lion I was watching now turned to escape, but I managed to drop him with a bullet through the brain. This started a tremendous racket, and we could hear the beasts rushing backward and forward in the scrub, giving out terrific whoops of rage. Then they broke toward the beaters, who promptly climbed trees and let them through. Thus we lost what should have been a most thrilling film of lions.

EVERY YANKEE REPORTER IN PARIS IS A DIPLOMATIC STORM-CENTER

THE lucky, or luckless, American correspondents who are trying to keep a breathless world informed of the momentous doings of the august personages engaged in the thus far reasonably peaceful pursuit of establishing peace on earth, may fall down now and then in that laudable endeavor. Probably theirs is not the easiest job in the world. No doubt many things happen to cast gloom over their lives. But be these things as they may, there is no doubt that mixed in with the gloom those correspondents are getting a lot of fun out of the experience. One of them, writing in the New York *Times*, gives a few glimpses of what he calles the "lighter side of the Paris meeting." His story deals principally with the experiences of the American correspondents with that large and somewhat motley crew of representatives, kings, princes, premiers, warriors, ambassadors extraordinary, *et al.* who appear in droves at the Paris Conference in behalf of proposed, newly born, recently revived, or highly obscure villainously suppressed nations tucked away in various remote and often practically inaccessible corners of this plant. It appears that every American who has gone to Paris to write up the proceedings of the Peace Council, heeding the ancient admonition about the desirability of permitting the light to shine and not concealing it under a half bushel, has let it be known more or less thoroughly that he, individually, represents 100,000,000 people on this side of the Atlantic who love liberty and have a feeling for everybody who doesn't enjoy his full share of that priceless commodity. Wherefore, to quote the writer in *The Times:*

> So it was that any astute observer would find not only in the corridors, but in the temporary throne-rooms of visiting kings at leading hotels, and in the cabinets of Prime and Foreign Ministers in three-story Paris whitestone-fronts, Jimmie Hall, of the Texan press syndicate (representative of 100,000,000 people), or Pete Smith, of the Wyoming press (representative of 100,000,000 people)—being talked to or at by King or Minister, if not in our own native language, then through some court interpreter. And the tenor of the speech was always, "America, we count on you."

Going then somewhat into detail in his account of the various nationalities encountered by the American correspondent, the writer continues:

> In this presentation of facts to the virgin mind of the unprejudiced and naive newspaper man, the Lithuanians, buffer state without boundaries between Russia and Germany, certainly had an advantage. Their agent was a young Detroit lawyer, graduate of a Middle Western university, of Lithuanian abstraction, a perpetual cigar in his mouth, a derby always on his head, a fur coat always on his back. He was building up a practise for the League of Nations Court. In the meanwhile, he carried seven million people (according to Lithuanian reckoning) in his pocket and also a Prime Minister, kept dated up for lunch and dinner and supper with American press correspondents. I should not have been surprized if any very busy American newspaper man had arranged a breakfast or even prebreakfast bathroom date with the enterprising American-Lithuanian patriot and his Prime Minister. Some talked of being buttonholed in the barber's chair by the assiduous Detroit diplomat.
>
> Jugo-Slavia, at the beginning of the Conference, had a man who had seen experience in the byways of American publicity—on both sides of the fence. He had been a tenor singer before American audiences—and a worker for newspapers besides. Jugo-Slavia was in a bad way when he was working for her cause—nowhere to go but to Servia for recognition. Our friend, therefore, was both a High Commissioner for Jugo-Slavia, and, for reasons of safe conduct over annoying boundaries, a Servian diplomat. He dwelt much, in his contact with us, on the well-flavored wines of his native country and the beauty and fulness of spirit of the native Jugo-Slavic melodies. And because he was a good fellow and had known the hard knocks of a vaudeville circuit in the States, Jugo-Slavia's agent grew in popularity.
>
> Somewhere—if you happen to possess an ethnological map of Eurasia—you will find the land of the Kurds. (It will depend much, however, upon the nationality of the man who made the map.) We,

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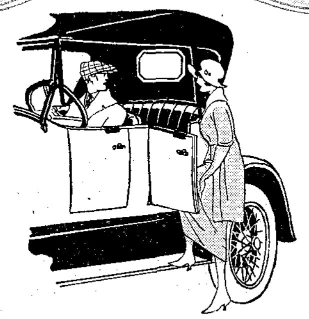

Four doors—a feature of the Haynes companionable Roadster. Low, racy in appearance and ultra-smart is this popular car. Sociability among the four passengers calls for this chummy seat arrangement. A ventilator in the front cowl is finely regulated.

HAYNES

NEW SERIES "LIGHT SIX"

Open Cars	
Touring Car—7 Passenger	$2485
Roadster—Four doors, 4 Passenger	2485
Closed Cars	
Coupé—4 Passenger	$3100
Sedan—7 Passenger	3350
Limousine—7 Passenger	4000

Wooden Wheels Standard Equipment

NEW SERIES "LIGHT TWELVE"

Open Cars	
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Roadster—Four doors, 4 Passenger	3250
Closed Cars	
Coupé—4 Passenger	$3800
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Wire Wheels Standard Equipment

A new catalog, beautifully illustrated, will be sent on request. Address Dept. 43.

BEAUTY, strength, power and comfort—these are the essential factors of character in a car.

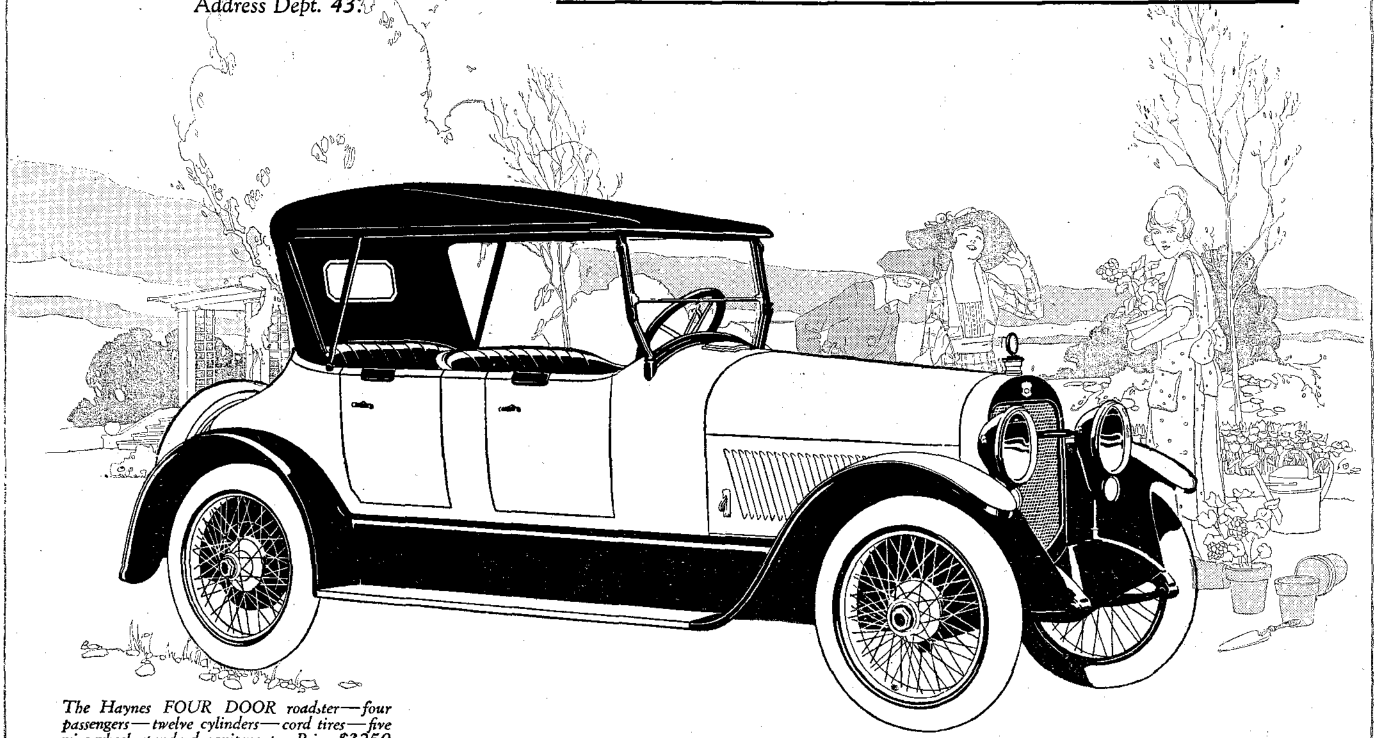
Real character cannot exist if one factor must be sacrificed to secure another. Haynes engineers and designers have held this principle through all the 26 years of Haynes history—and the new series Haynes exemplifies the worthiness of their skill.

This spirit imbues the entire Haynes organization. The *character* of the Haynes must not only be built into it at the factory; it is furthermore expressed in the service rendered by Haynes representatives.

The new series Haynes four-door roadster, with its full aluminum body, its roomy seating arrangement, its hand-buffed leather upholstery, its pleasant lines, its powerful, dependable motor—signally shows the character-value of these four factors which distinguish the Haynes—beauty, strength, power and comfort.

In every way consistent with maintaining the character of the Haynes we are expediting deliveries, but we advise promptness in selecting the new Haynes you wish to own.

The Haynes Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind., U.S.A.



The Haynes FOUR DOOR roadster—four passengers—twelve cylinders—cord tires—five wire wheels standard equipment. Price $3250

1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919 for our part, had never heard of them until one morning, in the press-room, we were suddenly apprized of our ignorance. It was in the form of a scrap of paper (paper is expensive in France) pinned to the bulletin-board, with an appeal in English to this effect:

"We have been Kurds the last ten thousand years. During all that time we have been surrounded on all sides by barbarians—by Russians, by Cossacks, by Czecho-Slovaks, by Poles, and so forth, who have tried to suppress our national institutions and customs. We appeal to President Wilson and the people of the great Republic he represents to make us free, autonomous, and independent, and we count upon the traditional liberty-loving Americans for this.

Yours for a free Kurdom,
"(Signed) THE KUR OF KURDS."

There is a notice to the effect that the High Plenipotentiary of the Kurds will be at home to American journalists next Sunday afternoon. The notice neglects to mention what every American newspaper man knows—that sherry and port and other wines, which cost at least three francs a glass at the "*moche*" bars and five francs at the better cafés, will also be served.

Arabs drop into town. They pitch their tents at the Hôtel Continental. To give a real Arabian touch, the two black serving men of his Royal Highness the Emir guard the royal throne-room, sitting on Louis XVI. chairs in the red-carpeted corridor. They wear college-brand clothes, a bit worn to be sure, but white turbans with long linen trailers give them the true Arabian stamp, while little French bell-boys in blue uniforms, with many buttons, products of Western civilization, deliver to them on silver platters visiting-cards of American newspaper men come to see the Prince on a little matter of the Arabian Empire—Mesopotamia, Syria, the Hedjaz, bones of contention among the Allies. America is looked to by the Emir to cut the Gordian knot. The oldest civilization in the world seeks from the youngest its independence and its freedom.

The Prince Emir, a young man of earnest mien and stately bearing, is surrounded at his hotel by a royal Court, which even includes a brilliant young English colonel, chief political and diplomatic adviser, and a Syrian-American, who when he was in the States wandered far enough from Washington Street to get a clear idea of who's who and what's what in America. His Highness the Emir, the eighty-eighth of his line, is well informed. Through an Arabian interpreter, late a student at Oxford, he tells me in his throne-room, where he receives me with all the pomp and majesty that is in kings: "Tell the 100,000,000 American people that we count on them to keep us delivered from our oppressors, the Turks. Tell them that we depend upon them to guarantee our liberties—the liberties we have fought for against the Turks. Tell them that should we not receive the liberties we have struggled for, we will ourselves emulate America's example and continue to fight for them or die in the attempt."

It is learned that the Prince Emir, who has personally led his hordes against the Turk during the war, now has the French against him, the British for him, in his plans for a free Arabia, and that he looks across the Atlantic for the push of public opinion which will make him and his people free.

An advantage enjoyed by the Czecho-Slovaks and Poles, the writer says, is the fact that they have a large number of good propagandists for their home lands in the numerous soldiers of those extractions in the American Army. Further:

One of the most interesting of Parisian figures at the Peace Conference, perhaps, is an American captain in the Intelligence Department, of Czecho-Slavic origin, who was instrumental in carrying on the Bohemian educational campaign. He was a poor sculptor when he came to America years ago. A policeman's driving him away from a corner where he was selling his modeled figures thrust him into other fields. In Paris he was advising our new allies how to use their new-made freedom and publicity. When last we heard of him he was in Prague, organizing public opinion against Bolshevik propaganda conducted by German merchant princes.

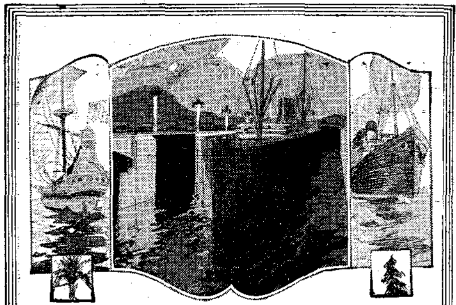
The Poles—Prime Ministers, statesmen, everybody—are as easily available as famous prima-donnas, tenors, and barytones in any well-run opera-house. And if the aspiring nationalities and oppressed peoples are scrambling for the favor of us poor press correspondents, are the Greater Powers, the Council of Ten, doing nothing for the ten million back home? By no means. They are busier—on a larger scale. With more *finesse*—to be sure. The man with the cigar in his mouth and a derby on his head, the late itinerant tenor, gives way to a Marquis and Lord. The drink of good fellowship becomes a meal. White-stone houses blossom out into millionaires' palaces rented for the occasion.

Who of us has not met Italy's representative?—a veteran of her campaigns, tall, statuesque, handsome, a patter of backs, hail-fellow-well-met, picked for American newspaper men's especial consumption. He is a veritable Cook's tours agency, when it comes to arranging personally conducted trips for American correspondents. He has arranged them for the Adriatic littoral and into Jugo-Slavia, to prove the Italian nature of these countries. It is said by those who have undertaken these free voyages that to stray from the straight and narrow path of the itinerary, physical and mental, is a grave *faux pas*, not to be condoned. Thus Socialists and labor-leaders are tabu for interviews, and slums and back streets likewise. One correspondent, who was a member of such a personally conducted tour, has even stated that his satchel was searched for the manuscript of an interview with an Italian labor-leader. But this must be an exaggeration!

When I was leaving Paris the bluff gentleman was crying out in the market-places that there were still six places—count them, six—open for American press correspondents to the Dalmatian coast. I left before he had filled his quota.

Lord Northcliffe did his bit in the world-war when he gave a reception to American newspaper men at the Ritz and provided a festive American bar in one corner of the room, where American drinks were served free by French gentlemen in white coats. Incidentally, Lord Northcliffe invited those present to accept a trip to England to see her reception to our President. Lord Derby, British Ambassador to France, who was present, by chance, seconded the motion. And many of the correspondents accepted the welcome invitation.

The British statesmen were most readily



Progress in Science of Sanitation

WE have many conspicuous examples of the important part modern sanitation plays in our commercial life—the building of the Panama Canal, the erection of army posts, etc.

These great engineering enterprises, however, concern relatively few people, while every family is in daily contact with a piece of equipment which is of greatest importance to its health—the refrigerator. Bohn has taken speculation out of refrigerator buying.

BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

This well known home refrigerator is a refinement of the big Bohn Syphon Refrigerator system used in cars by the great railroad systems.

Beautiful white porcelain lining made in one piece and with full rounded corners—air circulation so rapid that the food compartments are drier than the rooms of your home—insulation that saves ice and maintains low, even temperature—beautiful exteriors—these are features which make Bohn patrons enthusiastic in their endorsements.

Ask the Bohn Dealer in your city to show you. His name and our literature mailed on request.

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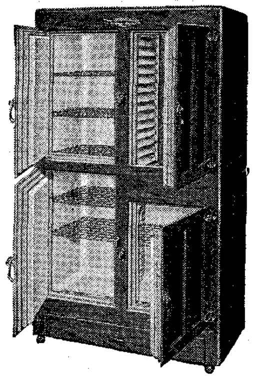
We also make Bohn Sanitor Kitchen Tables with white or blue porcelain tops.



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You like honey--everyone does--kiddies and grown-ups. Keep one hive or more in your back yard, garden or orchard. We'll tell you how by

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Our 50 years of bee-keeping experience at your service. Little expense to start. Bees hunt their own food. Lots of fun and profit and easily kept and cared for. Write for free book. Contains fascinating information about bees and beekeeping.

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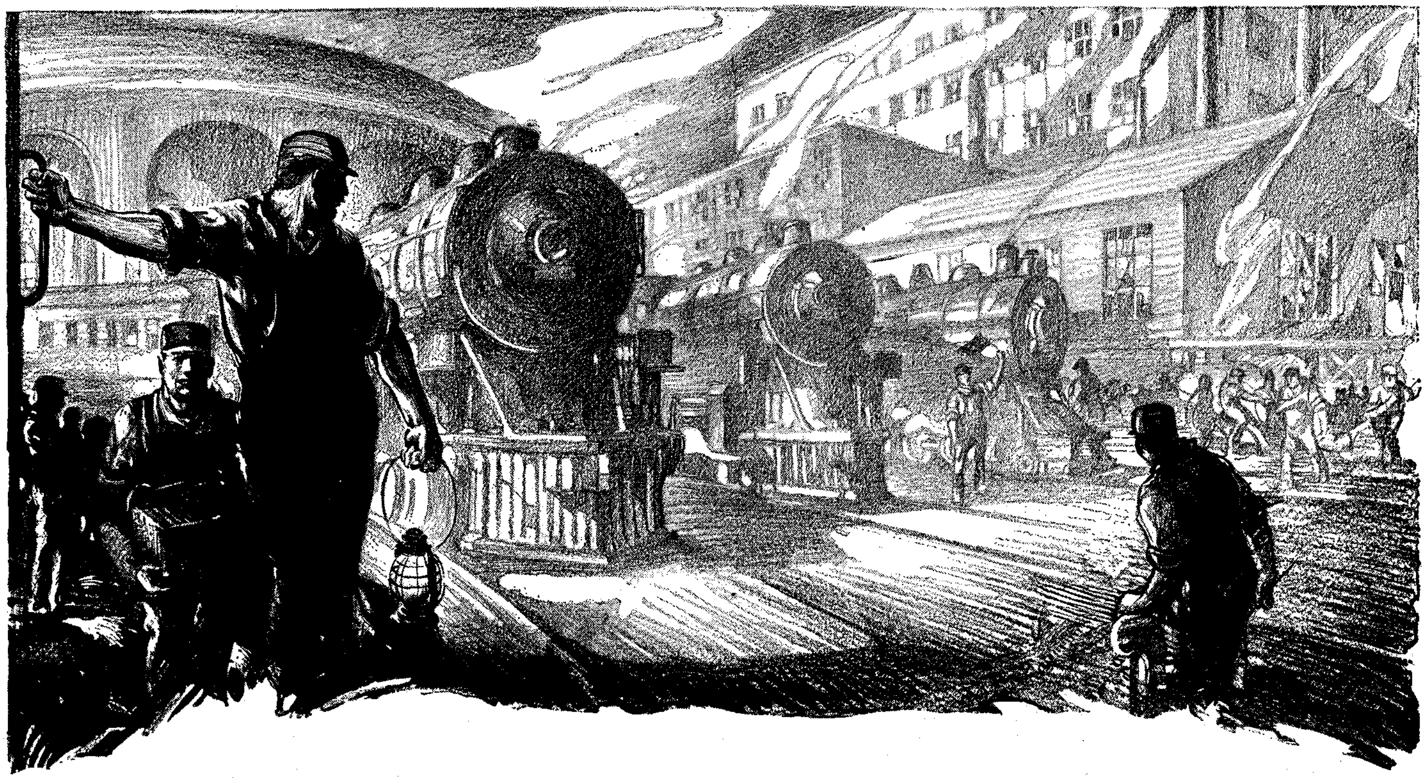


They built 112 more Locomotives with a third less tool cost

IN a great locomotive plant only one thing delayed the rapid completion of contracts.

Men and machines worked at top speed—but tool-troubles halted deliveries on schedule time.

The long taps that cut the threaded holes in the great steel boiler-plates kept breaking again and again.

Men lost patience. Thousands of dollars worth of time and spoiled work were being sacrificed.

They sent for a Greenfield Engineer.

He said that screw-cutting tools ought not to break—*if they were right*—and after investigation sent on for trial samples of the GTD improved stay-bolt taps, specially designed for this type of work.

Those taps stayed on the job. They cut breakage to the minimum. They pleased the men, finishing more boilers, with less effort, in fewer hours. More were ordered and at the end of twelve months, the previous year's production record had been beaten by 112 engines—and the cost report of these particular tools showed a saving of $12,000, or one-third the former tool cost.

American inventive genius had eliminated one more obstacle confronting *national industrial efficiency.*

Greenfield thread-cutting tools are solving the problems of manufacturers in many industries because they stand for *Accuracy, Dependability, Endurance.*

The story of what happened in this locomotive plant may apply to you, too. If you are engaged in the use, purchase or supervision of the tools that cut and gage the threaded parts of machines, motors, implements or appliances, it will pay you to look into Greenfield service.

Our new book—"Tools and Dividends"—will be published shortly. It is for busy executives as well as for experienced engineers. Your copy will be reserved for you, if you write today.

GREENFIELD
TAP & DIE CORPORATION
Greenfield, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Screw Cutting Tools

available for the American press. At stated intervals, too, receptions were given to them, and a seasoned journalist handled routine announcements.

When France realized finally that even war-bread could be buttered as much by American public opinion as by American loans, she did what France always does. She did "*un beau geste.*" With that broad, sweeping flourish of the hand she requisitioned what was at the same time her most magnificent and her ugliest millionaire's palace—the Dufayal mansion—gave it a name, the "*Cercle Etrangère de la Presse,*" and provided a bar and a restaurant (strange bedfellows of public opinion). The cooking is good and the prices reasonable. The "club" provides an excellent, well-situated meeting-place for the correspondents of all nations.

The fight for American public opinion is a natural one. Since Wilson's arrival the peoples of Europe and the statesmen of Europe have realized that the people rule, that the fight for the predominance of their particular view must be made before the people. More than that, since the war they have realized the importance of having on their side the public opinion of a majority of the one hundred million, even tho they be three thousand miles away.

THE END OF A GERMAN MAN-HUNT —SEEN FROM THE HUNTED SIDE

IT was Captain Gilliland's twelfth attempt at escape from the torments of German war-prisons, and a rush of panicky fear, putting them temporarily out of their heads, came over him and his comrade refugee when daylight found them without a hiding-place, in a clearing through which German workmen were beginning to pass. For four days they had hidden, mostly in mud-holes, and for four nights they had scrambled through swamps, crawled over exposed roads and railroads on their knees, and dodged bloodhounds and German sentries. The escaping prisoners were already light-headed through exposure and lack of food, and so, when "voices were heard on all sides" of them and a man came tramping through the clearing in which they were lying, they lost their heads so completely that only a crazy kind of animal instinct remained. When the man had passed without seeing them, it seemed to strike both of them at the same time that they ought to dig. Beneath them was a thick carpet of dead leaves. They fell on their knees without a word, and began frantically scratching up the leaves until they got down to the rotten mossy bed underneath. After minutes that seemed like hours they succeeded, with broken and bleeding nails, in scratching a hole large enough to cover their bodies. But they found it impossible to rearrange the leaves so that they would look undisturbed. The rest of that day, which both of the men remembered as the most terrible in their lives, is described in one of the later chapters of Captain Gilliland's book, "My German Prisons" (Houghton-Mifflin). From their discovery that their digging had been useless, the narrative proceeds:

For a moment or so I lay back in the little grave I had dug and gave myself up to despair, and then suddenly it dawned upon me that this was not the way to make a successful escape. We were in a very bad position, but we were not acting with the coolness necessary to bring about a successful issue to our project. Forthwith I jumped up, and the two of us moved out of the clearing and scouted through the open country traveling in what we thought must be a westerly direction. Very soon we espied another small clearing, this time to our right. Immediately we made our way to it with the utmost caution, only to find that here also there was no place of concealment. But on leaving this clearing on the farther side we came across a deep drain about two feet broad and four feet deep, with four inches of water in the bottom. Following this drain down its length to right and left, we found it was just the place in which to lie concealed, if only we could find some sort of covering for the top that would look at all natural.

Unfortunately it was now practically light, and there was great danger that we might be seen while trying to construct a roof. Without some sort of covering we would almost certainly be discovered by the first passer-by. With this in view the two of us hastily snapt off a few small branches from the neighboring clearing, and stuck them into the sides of the top of the drain, so as to form a rough framework; then tearing up some ferns of old-man's-hair which we found growing along the edge of the wood, we arranged them as quickly as we could on the top of the frame of branches, and, removing our boots, we wriggled in one by one, drawing them after us. This was all right for the first one, but extremely difficult for the second, owing to the want of space in our retreat, since there was no room for both of us to lie on our backs. We had, therefore, to wedge ourselves in, lying like a pair of spoons on our sides, prest so close together that the slightest movement became impossible.

Our first sensations were of intense satisfaction at having at last found a place where we stood a reasonable chance of not being discovered, and great bodily relief after our long trek of the night before. Before long we felt the strain of supporting our heads above the water, in which we were partly immersed, but were able at length to alleviate this with the aid of our boots, which we contemplated using as pillows, tho this was more easily thought of than done, as, owing to our wedged position, neither of us could put a hand out to reach the boots and draw them under our heads, altho they were not more than six inches away, so that this had to be brought about by one of us rolling over on top of the other before we could get a hand free. This being accomplished, he rolled back into his old position, with the added comfort of the boots as a pillow.

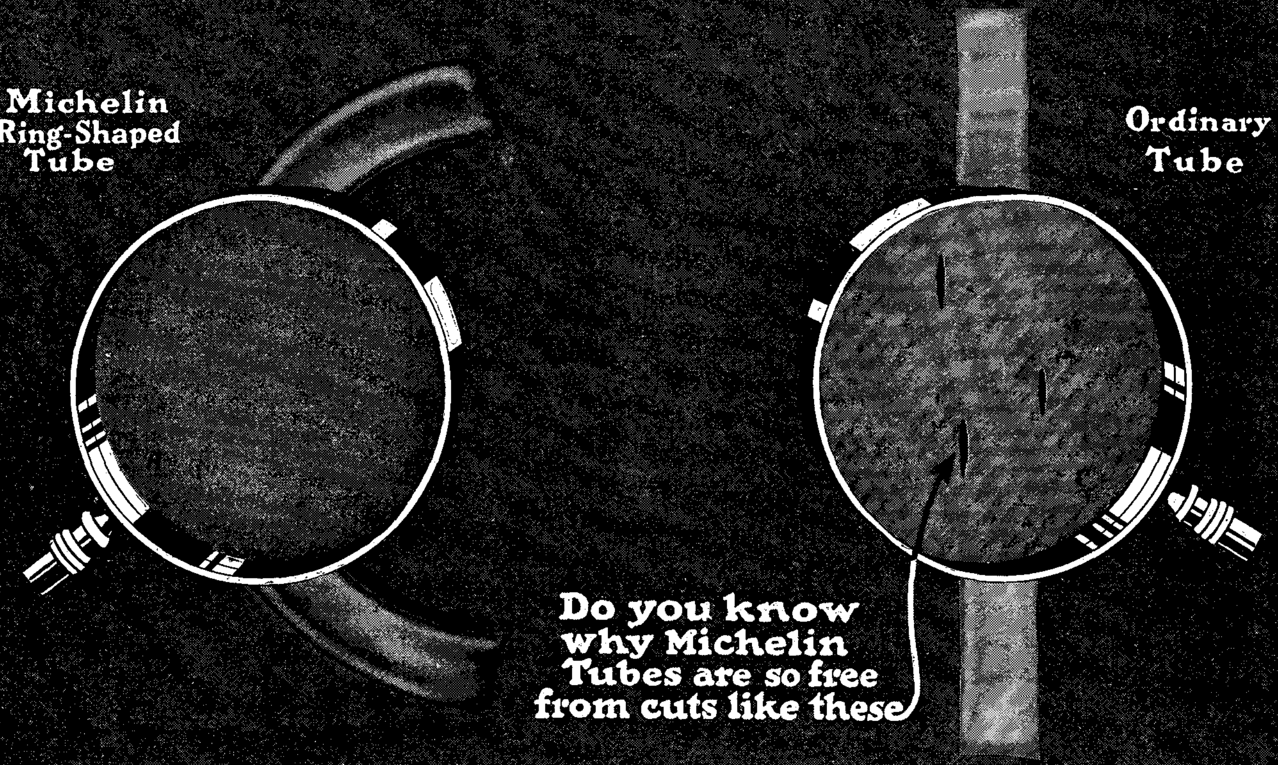
For a time we composed ourselves to rest with a sigh of content, only too glad to feel that we were at least out of the danger of immediate discovery; but before very long we began to realize that we had a very bad time in front of us. Fortunately it was not given to us to know how bad that day's experience would be—one that we should ever afterward remember as the most terrible of our lives. No description of the awful time we spent in that drain, however vivid, could possibly depict the agonies of body through which we went. Owing to the cold and damp, we first were assailed in turn by an ague which nothing could suppress, our teeth rattling like castanets. This changed to the most severe cramp of the stomach and legs, which, owing to our position and not being able to move, it was impossible to alleviate. The cramp lasted till nearly midday, when quite suddenly it passed away, to be succeeded by a complete deadening of the limbs from the feet upward—in fact, from the waist downward we were as if made of stone, without any sign of feeling or life whatsoever. This was really a great mercy, as it relieved our previous suffering—anything was better than that awful cramp.

But the possibility that they might not be able to regain the use of their legs when night came flashed across their minds, says the writer, and this mental torment took the place of the physical torment which had passed. And even if they managed to restore the circulation in the deadened parts of their bodies, should they be able to endure another day and night of crawling and wading through swamps without food? Of course they decided that they would go until they collapsed, but they had practically done that already. Until nightfall they lay and endured the torments of thoughts like these, which were only interrupted by the greater torment that was brought by the danger that they would be discovered. Captain Gilliland describes the cumulative effect of these threats of discovery:

Soon after the cramp had left us a party of children passed, so close indeed that it seemed as if they must be walking almost on top of us. We feared they might be poking along the drain in search of minnows or something. The danger passed, but for some little time we could hear children's voices, which kept us in a perpetual fear that some game or other might lead them accidentally to stumble upon us. From this time on pedestrians passed close by, either singly or in pairs at varying intervals, which brought us to the conclusion that we had chosen a spot near to some footpath or other across the fields, as we afterward discovered to be the case. Just about this period it began to rain pretty hard, for which we were very thankful, altho it made us more uncomfortable than ever, as we calculated it would reduce the number of pedestrians who would be likely to take a footpath across the fields.

Until the time when the first lot of children had passed, playing by the way as they went, we had felt pretty secure in our retreat, which was our chief consolation for being in such an awfully cramped place; but now that the danger of detection was becoming more frequent, owing to our close proximity to a path of some sort, we began to suffer mentally as well as physically. It was not long before we discovered that, if the rain reduced the number of people likely to be abroad in the fields, it was also very considerably diminishing our head covering, which, if the rain did not soon cease, would be reduced to a minimum, on account of its being chiefly composed of old-man's-hair fern, which, as most people know, is a kind of gray fiber, very much like horsehair. These hairs, when dry, had formed a beautiful thick and fluffy covering, but now that they were soaked with rain they had become shriveled and hung down in lank tresses. We could now see

MICHELIN Toughness



Do you know why Michelin Tubes are so free from cuts like these

Many experienced motorists use Michelin Tubes because they have noticed that small stones and particles of dirt which get inside tires do not cut Michelin Tubes as they do other makes.

This superiority of Michelin Tubes is due to their unequalled toughness—which you can test for yourself by cutting such old tubes as you may have or can borrow from your tire dealer. You will find Michelin Tubes far more difficult to cut than other makes. In fact, you will find it almost impossible to cut Michelin Tubes even with a sharp knife.

This superior toughness is one of several reasons why Michelin Tubes give the unequalled service that has made them the choice of the great majority of motorists.

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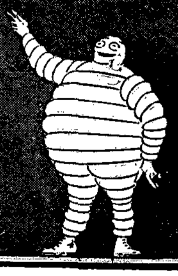

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Our "rating sheet" tells you which, in our estimation, are the six best cleaners referred to above. Also which we consider first choice, second choice, etc. It also contains other very valuable information. A copy will be sent anywhere on receipt of coupon. At the same time we will tell you about our easy payment terms on all other cleaners besides the six best. Any further advice is also free.

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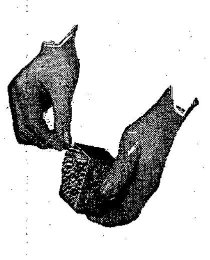
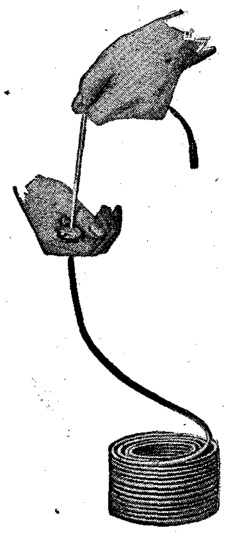
that are dependable





In all work calling for the use of explosives, it is extremely important that the accessories known as Blasting Supplies shall be of the very highest quality.

In the manufacture of Atlas Blasting Supplies the most scrupulous care is exercised to make them thoroughly practical, effective and RELIABLE.

The ATLAS name on blasting supplies signifies that they are as safe and sure as it is possible for experience and manufacturing skill to make them.

Our Service Division will gladly confer with you as to what detonating supplies will give you the most economical service.

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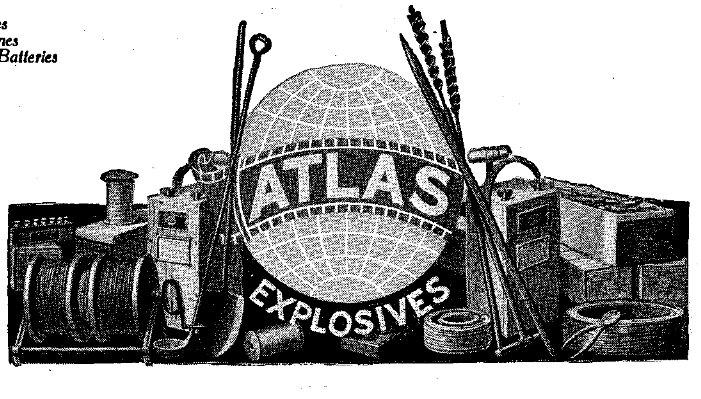


out perfectly clearly; but owing to the depth of the drain, and not being able to move, we could not observe any persons who passed, tho we felt their eyes could not fail to spot us. This is, I know, very bad reasoning, since one can always see a passer-by from the window of a room without being seen in return.

But philosophic reasoning such as this requires a better mental and physical condition than was ours at that time. Consequently we suffered tortures every time any one passed by. In one case in particular our nerves were strained to the breaking-point. A man came along the path, carelessly humming a tune to himself. Just as he was passing us he suddenly stopt, and so apparently did our hearts. For a moment or two he stood motionless. How long he actually remained, or why he did so, I can not tell, but to us it seemed a thousand years. Finally he moved off and started humming again, tho he took our peace of mind with him. We felt sure that he must have seen us, but had feared to take us on single-handed, and had now gone to summon help. For that every German kept his eyes and ears open in the hopes of detecting escaped prisoners we were well aware, as the reward offered by the German Government for such information as might lead to the capture of prisoners was very considerable, especially for the hated English. Rumor had it that any person lodging reliable information received the sum of two thousand marks.

What should we do? If we crawled out, it would probably be hours before we got our legs to work, in the meantime being exposed to the view of everybody. No! we must stay, and pray that we were mistaken and had not been seen. From this time on, however, we were a prey to the most harassing fears, as we listened with bated breath for the slightest sound which might foretell the coming of our captors. One or two more pedestrians passed, and at the coming of each we thought the game was up, but all went by without incident. Toward 6 P.M. the rain ceased, but the sky was overcast with heavy gray clouds, which, with the coming of dusk, decided us to try to extricate ourselves.

It was with the very greatest difficulty that we got out of that ghastly drain, owing to having lost the use of our lower limbs. Eventually my companion was the first to get clear, but it took a good quarter of an hour's work to accomplish this, and it was brought about by my placing my right arm (my left was pinned underneath me) round his neck and endeavoring to draw him over on the top of me, he at the same time pressing with both his hands against the opposite wall of the drain, and the two of us pulling and pressing in jerks, until finally he succeeded in rolling over on top. I was now able to edge my body into a flatter position at the bottom of the drain, owing to the removal of my friend's body making more room, at the same time supporting his weight on the top of mine. We were now no longer wedged, so that he was able to pull himself out by pressing on the two sides of the drain with his hands, and thus gradually edging himself along, dragging his useless legs behind him.

As soon as he was clear and I had had time to recover from my previous exertion, I succeeded in dragging myself out in the same way, the two of us edging along until we found a broader part of the drain, when, pulling ourselves to a sitting position, we tried to induce the circulation to return to our legs, which we did by putting our hands under the knee-joints and raising them up and down. After about twenty minutes of this, both of us began to experience excruciating pain as the blood came back. However, we worked away with joy, the return of pain also indicating the return of circulation, and therefore the use of our limbs. It must have been nearly seven o'clock before we were able to scramble out of the drain and crawl to the shelter of the clearing close by. As it was not yet quite dark we felt that we should be safer in the clearing than in an open drain so close to the footpath; also we must get rid of some of the water in our clothes.

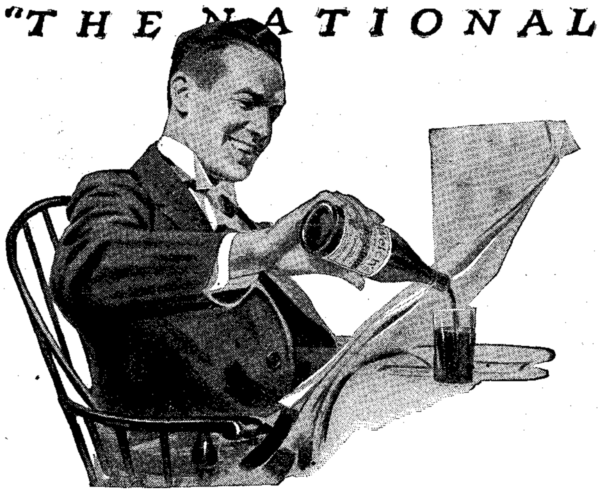
Crawling to the wood had still further aided our circulation, so that before long we were practising walking, which at first was not at all reassuring, but improved as we began to warm up. The two of us could not help laughing at ourselves during the time we were trying to walk about, when a leg would suddenly give way, precipitating the owner to earth. Very gradually we began to get the full use of our legs. This difficulty having been overcome, we proceeded to take off our clothes, in order that we might wring the water from them. I then cautiously returned to the drain for my boots, which I had the very greatest difficulty in putting on. However, we were equipped and ready for the final venture at a little past eight o'clock, when we moved off westward as jolly as a couple of sand-boys. All the horrors of the past twelve months were forgotten; the farther we walked the warmer we got, and in consequence more optimistic. Good Heavens! what feeble rats we had been! We were good for another week of this, and we felt that all was well with us.

Toward morning they noticed a glow in the sky which they had reason to believe indicated the position of the Dutch town of Venlo. Swamps and small lakes impeded their progress, and when they tried to use a railway embankment that crossed the morasses they were obliged to do a good deal of crawling to avoid the frequent German sentries. The sentries were more numerous as the refugees neared the border. They escaped one by tearing their way through a hedge and sprinting with all the strength left in their starved and used-up bodies. This man, they reasoned from a number of signs, belonged to the third row of sentries posted along the border, and they had heard that there were only three rows. The account then continues:

Slowly and painfully—for we were very nearly at the end of our tether—we made our way eastward through a thinly planted wood, on the other side of which we traversed a large area of plow. For some time now the struggle to push forward had been purely a matter of mental control. I had an extraordinary sensation, never before experienced, of mental detachment of mind from body. I felt as if the real me were floating above the clumsy, lumbering body, urging the weak flesh to further effort. Sometimes the detachment was complete, when we tript over every root, tumbled into every bush, and fell into every hole in the ground, and yet we picked ourselves up, unheeding, and staggered on again. We now felt so certain that we were over and safe that we actually began to discuss the fact, without troubling to lower our voices very much.

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"



There's joy in a glass of Welch's. Not only the joy of a cooling drink and the pleasant taste of fresh grapes, but the gladsome feeling of health and energy it gives you.

1919 Fiftieth Year of National Service Welch's

Ask for Welch's at your club or restaurant or at the Fountain. Drink it diluted with plain or charged water, or blended with ginger ale. Drink a small glass straight as the fruit course for breakfast.

Sold in bottles by grocers and confectioners.

Welch's Grapelade
Welch's GRAPELADE

Welch's Grape Juice

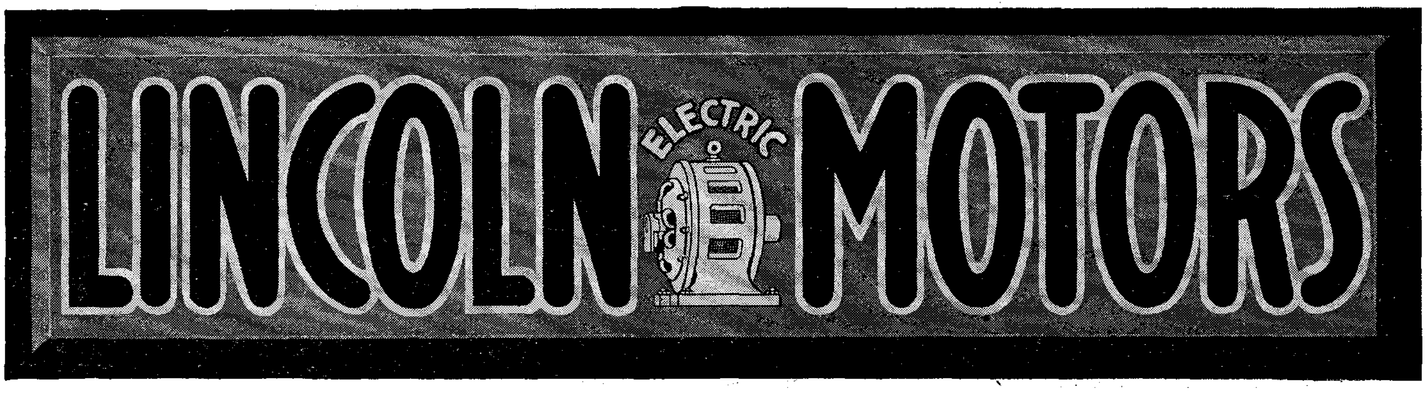
Welch's Grapelade

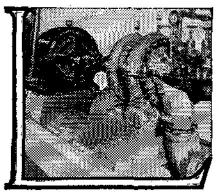
The new Welch discovery—a pure grape spread without seeds, skins or acid crystals. It is not jam, not jelly—it is better than either. All the goodness and richness of ripe grapes and pure sugar, with the delectable Grapelade flavor. Try it. In 15 oz. glass jars, 35c; in 25 oz. tins, 50c. All grocers.

Ask the Fountain Man for a Grapelade Sundae

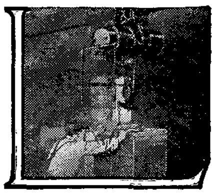
The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

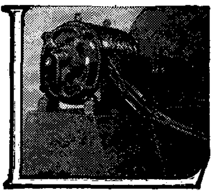
The
HARTMANN
Berth High
STEAMER WARDROBE
THE HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY
RACINE WISCONSIN

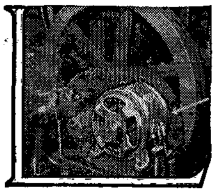



Pumps and Compressors

Woodworking Machines

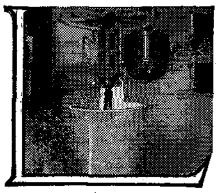

Elevators, Hoists and Cranes

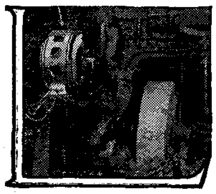

Fans, Blowers, etc.

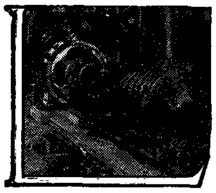

Punches, Shears and Presses

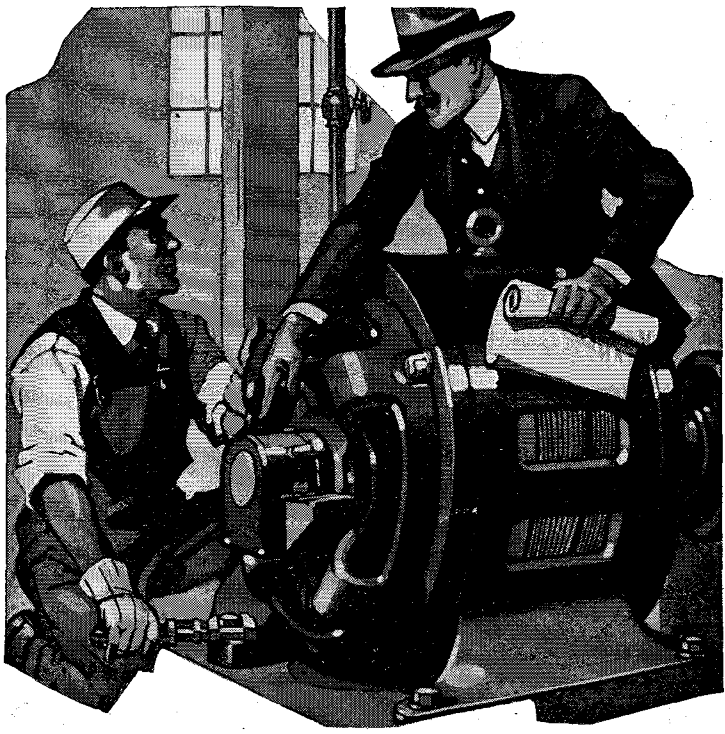
Textile and Paper Machinery

Metal Working Machines


Mixing Machinery


Crushing, Pulverizing, Grinding Machines


Every Machine that a Motor Will Drive



How to Pick Motors for Your Machines

Who can pick the motors for your machinery so intelligently as the man who built the machine? He has to select the motor for hundreds of such equipments instead of one. He knows the work the machine has to do. He knows when it has the right speed and power to do it properly.

Lincoln has a special engineering department trained to work with the machinery builder to help him in fitting the machine with the right motor before it leaves the shop. It is the best way to insure satisfactory service to the user.

When you buy a machine of any type ask the manufacturer to equip it with a Lincoln Motor—a motor that fits the machine.

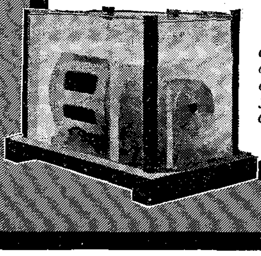
"Link Up With Lincoln"

The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, O.

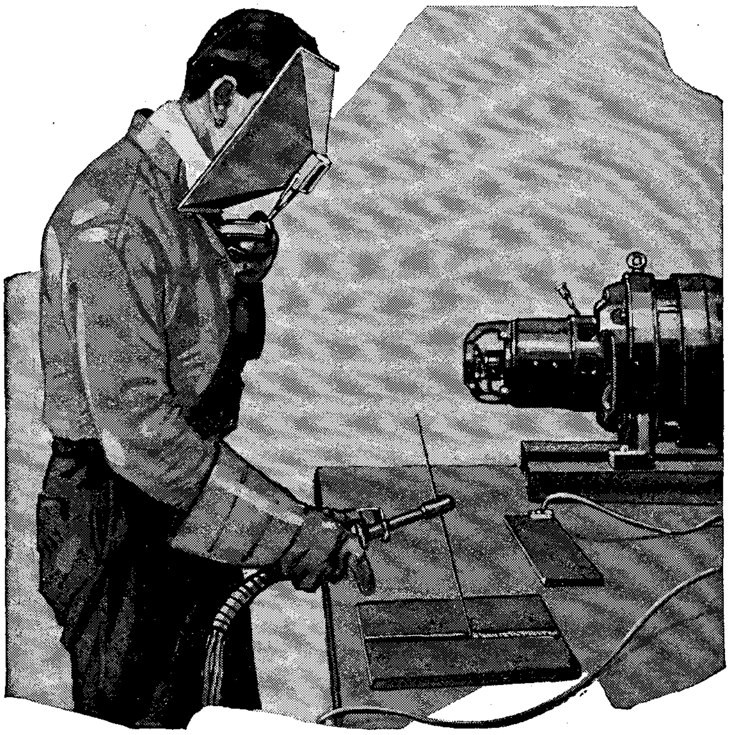
New York City **Cincinnati** **Detroit** **Baltimore** **Philadelphia** **Boston**
Buffalo **Chicago** **Columbus** **Pittsburgh** **Charlotte, N. C.** **Minneapolis**
Syracuse

The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada. Head Office: Toronto

Agencies in other principal cities


This Lincoln Motor operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for over 3 years without damage to windings.

LINCOLN ARC WELDER



How to Work Iron and Steel at Lower Costs

If your plant makes products of iron and steel—if you have worn or broken parts to repair—if you have defects or flaws to correct—then you can save money by electric arc welding.

The Lincoln Arc Welder will fuse two separate parts of steel into one solid continuous whole. It fills in molten steel between the edges of any pieces you want to join. It builds up new metal in defects, flaws or worn places on castings, forgings, shafts, etc.

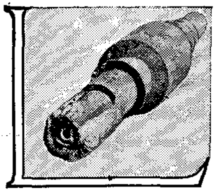
Lincoln Welding Engineers are finding every day new plants where they can show great savings. Why wait for them to seek you out? Put your problems before them today for investigation.

The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, O.

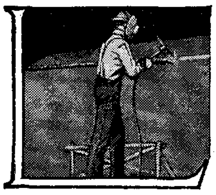
New York City **Cincinnati** **Detroit** **Pittsburgh** **Philadelphia** **Boston**
Buffalo **Chicago** **Columbus** **Baltimore** **Charlotte, N. C.** **Minneapolis**
Syracuse
The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada. Head Office: Toronto

Agencies in other principal cities

Quick Repairs to Locomotives

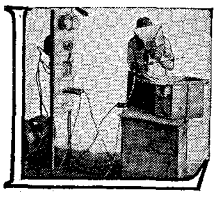


Build Up Worn Parts or Parts Wrongly Machined

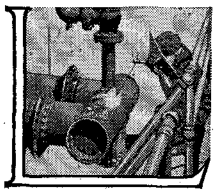


Boiler, Tank and Steel Plate Construction

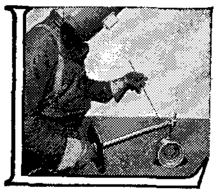
Building Steel Ships, Steel Cars, etc.



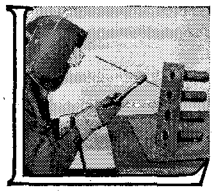
Joining Castings, Forgings, etc., to Steel Sheets



Repairs to Pipe Lines, Tanks and Containers

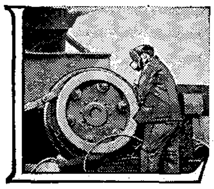


Correcting Minor Flaws in Castings, Forgings, etc,



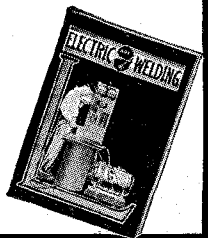
Wherever Iron or Steel Parts Must be Joined

Manufacture of Sheet Metal Work



Welding or Repairs Wherever a Cable can be Carried

Send for this 80 page book with hundreds of shop photos and full information on this wonderful process.



Suddenly a man called "Halt!" Looking to our left, we saw a figure bearing down on us. He could not have been more than twelve yards away, or we should not have seen him in the darkness. "Come on!" and we were running over plow for dear life. "Halt!" On we raced. Then his first shot rang out. What a wicked crack it made, as the bullet struck the ground somewhere by my feet! I was doing better time than I had done before, and then the second bullet came just under my nose. I could feel the rush of air on my mouth. His third shot passed a foot or two above my head.

Where was my companion? A fourth shot and a heavy fall some distance behind me. "My God! they've got him!" Should I stop? No! It is each for himself now—that was understood. Then another shot rang through the night, somewhere a long way behind. The sentry was finishing my friend. Horrible! Still on I flew, suddenly to fall heels over head into a ditch. I was too done up to go any farther, and lay gasping for breath; but the spirit of self-preservation is a hard one to break, and before long I was calculating what I must do next. The light of dawn would soon be upon me. I must get to a better hiding-place for the coming day.

What's that moving toward me? Is it my fancy? No. By Gad! it's a man, and he's moving so slowly it must be the sentry; he is looking for me. He will walk almost on top of me. All right, my friend; if you miss me by a foot, I'll strangle you from behind. The figure came on, was beside me; in a flash I was on his back and had laid him out. A familiar groan. Good Heavens! it was my companion. I almost cried over him, but his temper had gone with the blow I had given him, and it was some time before he would have anything to do with me.

"I followed you as best I could," he gasped, "and I thought I had lost you, and I haven't the faintest idea where I am. That brute turned on me after he had given you the first three. The first one hit me just under the heel and laid me flat, but I got up and rushed in the direction I thought you had taken. Then he fired again, but it was miles behind me."

When my friend had sufficiently recovered his breath we started off again, and after a few hundred yards entered a region of decayed woods. Here we experienced great difficulty in advancing, owing to our exhausted condition, caused by the lack of food and the extreme cold. Continually we tript over the stumps of trees in our path, to go sprawling full length over the other side, only to pick ourselves up in a dazed determination to press forward as long as any strength remained in us. Time after time we crashed to the ground in our blind progress, until finally the two of us fell over at the same spot, where we eventually decided to rest till the coming of dawn, which was just about to break.

While we were resting it was gradually borne in upon us that we were not alone in the wood, as we could hear something rustling up to us through the undergrowth. As yet it was some distance away. Instinctively we got to our feet and stumbled on again, a little refreshed by our short rest. Once or twice we stopt in order to find out if we were being pursued, and discovered that every time we halted the person behind did the same. Evidently he must be trying to get our position by the noise we were making as we passed through the undergrowth, a fact of which he seemed to have taken full advantage, for it appeared to us that he was very much nearer than when we had first heard him.

Somehow we managed to move forward at a faster pace than we had done hitherto, and in doing so we passed through a small clearing, in which we noticed some bundles of cut fagots, and the idea struck me that they might possibly help us to evade our pursuer. Hurriedly seizing one or two of these fagots, we plunged into the undergrowth on the far side of the clearing; then stopt to get the direction of the man behind, who in his turn stood still, as soon as he discovered we were not moving. I then swung one of the heaviest fagots to our left, right over the top of the bushes. Immediately it landed, the man started off in the direction of the noise it had made as it fell through. In the meantime we remained silently crouching in the bushes. Eventually we heard the man, or whatever it was, pass us to the left in the direction where I had thrown the fagot, and we heard no more of him.

It was broad daylight before we moved on again, and found that we had been resting within a few yards of the edge of the wood. In front of us there was an expanse of plowed land, but quite different to what we had previously seen. Here the fields were neatly trimmed; hedges divided one from another; also the furrows were more regular, and not so far apart. My companion and I discust the fact, and decided that it did not look at all like the work of the *Boches*, which led us to believe that we were really over at last. So we were, and had been for a couple of miles past, tho, of course, we had no means of knowing it. We heard afterward that the man in the wood to whom we had given the slip was a Dutch sentry. Oh! if we had only known it we should most certainly have hugged him round the neck, and probably asked him for something to eat: not that we were in the least hungry; we had long ago passed that.

At the end of one of these plowed fields we were brought to a halt by a broad ditch about thirty feet across on the other side of which was a railway-line. How on earth were we to get over this? Personally I sat down in despair, wondering in a dazed sort of way who put the beastly ditch there. My friend scouted to right and left for a bridge, but found nothing. On returning to me, he noticed that I was sitting on a long pole.

"Buck up, old man! that's the very thing we want," he said. "We can pole-jump it." And so we did.

On the far side of the railway-track we reached a small village situated on a big main road. Crossing the road, we saw a line of trees running north and south as far as eye could see—beyond the trees a long white line of what appeared to be mist. As we approached we discovered it to be a river. When we reached its margin, it was found to be about three hundred yards across.

"It's the Meuse!" I shrieked, "and we're over, man. We have been over three miles, and didn't know it. Do you understand, you blockhead? We're over! We're free! We've escaped!"

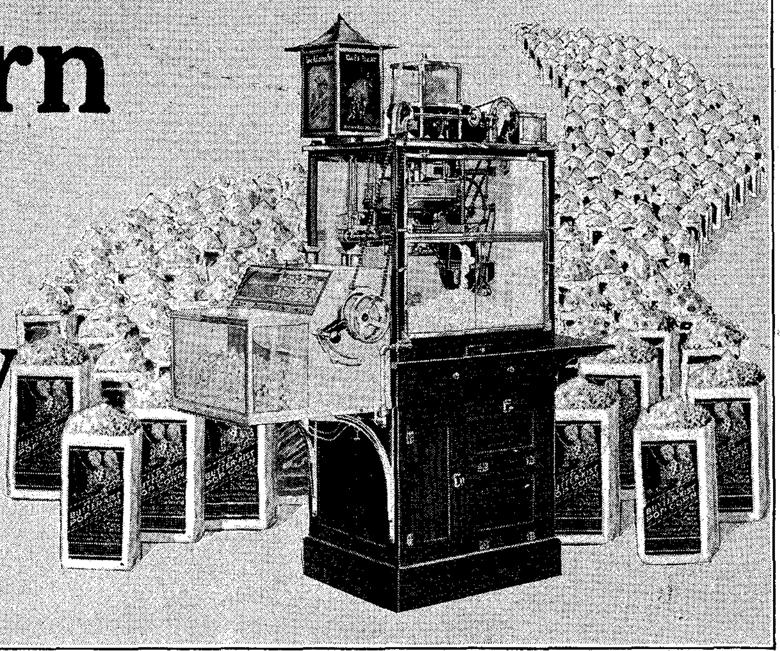
Side by side they "lay and wondered at it all" until they heard the bells of some church far up the river strike seven. Then they pulled themselves together for one last effort, and walked a mile into the Dutch town of Venlo, where the Dutch welcomed them like brothers, and sent them off to "Blighty" to get well.

THESE PEOPLE KEPT TRACK OF THEMSELVES BY TYING KNOTS

Tying bewildering knots in varicolored strings to record passing events would seem like an awful job. But the ancient Peruvians did that. Of course, the world in their day was probably not as hectic as it is to-day. Researches conducted under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York City reveal that the Incas had developed their system of knot-records to a remarkable extent. They had reached an advanced stage of civilization, employed an intricate system of governmental machinery, possest a wealth of tradition and a rich and expressive language, but had no system of writing. Yet they kept accurate records of various kinds, and got along beautifully until Pizarro came along and put them out of business. A brief account of the Peruvian knot-record system has been given out by the news bureau of the Museum, from which the following is quoted:

> A knot-record consists of a series of knotted cords, depending, like a fringe, from a main cord called a "*quipu*" (from the Quichua Indian word meaning "knot"). The cords used in knot-accounts were spun twice the desired length, then doubled and the two strands twisted together, a loop being left at the closed end. In attaching to the *quipu* or main cord, the pendent cord was laid around the *quipu*, the free end being passed through the loop formed by the doubling, and was then drawn taut.
>
> The knots in the pendent cords represent different numbers, their value depending on their distance from the main cord and on the manner of tying. A single or overhand knot tied in a pendent cord, if it is in the position farthest from the main cord (units position) stands for 1. Two such knots in the same position represent 2. Two such knots in the position next farthest away from the main cord (tens position) indicate 20, or, if in the next position (hundreds order), 200. The decimal system being used, not more than nine single knots are ever found in one group. A long knot was used in place of a cluster of single knots to express the repetition of units of the same order. The rows of knots representing units, tens, hundreds, etc., in a complete knot-record were kept straight (so that they ran horizontally across the fringe), just as our columns of figures are kept straight in accounting.
>
> Differently colored cords were used, sometimes merely as a matter of fancy or convenience with the record-keeper, but frequently to indicate different accounts. A Peruvian herdsman would (and does to this day) keep the record of his rams on cords of one color, the record of his ewes on cords of another color, and the record of his lambs on cords of a third color. Very frequently, short subsidiary cords were attached to pendent cords to represent numbers outside the main count. For instance, a record of the population of an Inca village might for some reason be supplemented by a record of deaths. A series of blue cords might be used to indicate the number of men living in the village at a given time, a series of red cords the number of women, and, in addition, a subsidiary cord of corresponding

Stores Earn $600 to $3120 Yearly From a Little Waste Space



Took in $10,000

"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than $10,000 on pop corn and peanuts."—Bloomington, Ill., population 26,850.

Bought Him a Car

"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a $1,200 automobile besides."—Electra, Tex., population 640.

Paid For Itself

"Paid for machine out of profits in less than year."—Mt. Pleasant, Ia., population 3,874.

Increased Other Sales 97%

"Made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist pop corn and peanuts first year and it increased my sale of magazines 97 per cent."—Evansville, Ind., population 76,078.

The Greatest Payer
That a Store or Theatre Can Have

DO YOU realize that America is on the threshold of her greatest business era? Every day we are getting letters from Druggists, Confectioners, Grocers, Bakers, Department and Variety Stores and Film Exhibitors who want the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine to attract and expand the enormous retail trade set loose by the ending of war.

What are you doing to seize this lifetime opportunity? Will you start right now by sending for our much discussed Butter-Kist book and see the sales records and photographic proof of the hundreds of stores and theatres earning from $60 to $250 clear profit per month, AND MORE, from a little waste floor space 26 by 32 inches?

Pays 4 Ways—*Look!*

1—Motion makes people stop and look.
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn Machine

PAY FROM YOUR PROFITS

Our Easy Payment Plan gives every buyer a chance to pay right out of his Butter-Kist sales as thousands have done.

Don't think you have to be located in a busy centre to make this machine pay. The beauty of the Butter-Kist is the way it draws trade to you. Many a business that never succeeded without this machine has been put on its feet.

An average of only 85 nickel bags a day means $1,000 a year profit.

Everybody loves pop corn and Butter-Kist ranks in highest favor because of Butter-Kist exclusive toasty flavor made under our patent process.

VALUABLE ☛

This coupon has started many a business man on the road to new profits.

Each read an advertisement like this and had the good horse-sense to know that it doesn't cost anything but a postage stamp to investigate.

If this machine pays big profits in towns of 300 and 400 population as well as in the largest cities, then no man in business can afford to ignore it. Mail the coupon now for full facts and amazing success records.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
144 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

394

For PROOFS, PHOTOS and PRICES

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,
144 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist book—"America's New Industry"—with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name ....
Business ....
Address ....

'Radio' Steel
Ever-Ready Safety Razor
Blades
Ever-Ready Radio Steel Safety Razor Blade
Radio Steel—Art Design
$1.00 Complete

X3X Temper Does It!

X3X Temper is a War Discovery in modern metallurgy which enabled our fighters in France to better a barber shave in the bottom of a shell-hole.

Experiment *X3X* crowned the efforts of the 'Ever-Ready' laboratories to discover a temper for steel that would take and hold the keenest cutting edge ever put to metal—an edge that would waft away the stiffest beard in a twinkling.

'Ever-Ready' 'Radio' Blades

with *X3X Temper* did this—they retained their marvelous keenness through repeated shaves and established themselves and the 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor as the greatest shaving combination ever produced.

Get a package today—try one in your sturdy 'Ever-Ready' holder or any of the numerous holders that this blade will fit. Then—farewell to the patches of left-over stubble and the smarting-feverish face!

The 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor comes complete with Radio Blade supply for $1.00.

Your dealer carries *X3X* Temper Radio Blades. They are positively the best and most durable blade ever manufactured.

6 for 40c

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., *Inc.*
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready
TRADE MARK FACE

color might be used in each case to indicate the number of deaths within a given period of time. Still another cord might be used to sum up the account kept on the series of cords. The cord representing the total was attached in such a way that if it and the group of cords were pulled taut from the main cord, their ends would extend in opposite directions.

Mr. L. Leland Locke, of Columbia University, was the first to work out the significance of the Peruvian knot-records. To him belongs the distinction of having analyzed what was probably the earliest decimal system of notation of the Western world. Mr. Locke has demonstrated, by testing and checking, that he can readily and correctly read the knot-records of the Incas. His researches were made possible through the courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, which extended to him the freedom of its collections of knot-records.

THE RULES REGULATING THE DOUGH-BOY'S MESS CONDUCT

FROM the reports that come floating in it is apparent that "eats" were, or was, a subject upon which the dough-boy's mind dwelt fondly and much of the time. To this his thoughts turned yearnfully when the hard drill was over or when he had completed a useful day bayoneting or otherwise disturbing the enemy. Aside from his regular duty of annoying his country's foe, it would seem that the dough-boy's principal diversion, in addition to frantic assaults on the pestiferous cootie, was to engage in the destruction of substantial and man-size messes of grub or to indulge in pleasing mental pictures thereof. Hence it is not strange that in order to systematize and regulate his relations with the mess-line somebody should have thought up a set of general orders covering that subject, based apparently on a long line of observations resulting in great familiarity with same. Somebody else reduced these rules to writing and they are published in *The Gas Attack* (New York) as follows:

1. To take charge of all the spuds and gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausage that comes within sight or hearing.
3. To report to the mess sergeant all bread cut too thinly.
4. To repeat all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied that there is nothing left.
6. To receive but not pass on to the next man any meat, cabbage, or beans left by non-coms, buck-privates or K. P.'s.
7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
8. In case of fire to grab all eatables left by others in their escape.
9. In any case not covered by instructions to call the company clerk or the K. P's.
10. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub.
11. To salute all chicken, beef, pork-chops, ham and eggs, or liver.
12. To be especially watchful at the table and during the time for eating to challenge any one who gets more prunes than I do.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

"WITH a smile"—so Private John Osterberg, of Schenectady, New York, went into "that hell over there," and still "with a smile," a far braver and more significant smile this time, he reached New York City the other day on his way home. His smile meant, this last time, that, altho he had been called upon to pay a terrific price for his devotion to the ideals for which America fought, he was so far from being downhearted that he could pass off his loss with a bit of wisely humorous verse. The spirit of the American wounded lights up the letter that he wrote from New York City to his parents in Schenectady, breaking the news of his luck—which was either unusually good or unusually bad, according to the way in which one looks at it. At least, as he points out, it is something to be the only one left alive of five men who were wounded at the same time and in the same way that he was. His letter, a little classic in its way, runs as follows:

DEAR FOLKS:

Hello! Yes, I am back again in God's country. Have left for good the place so-called by authors "Sunny France." Arrived in dock this morning about eight o'clock after a dandy voyage, which I feel about fifteen pounds the better for. Well, I suppose you are wondering what is the trouble with me, that I am being sent home. Well, first let me tell you I have my eyesight; secondly, my senses (even sense of humor, which is very limited in this letter), in fact, have all my faculties; the only trouble with me there is not quite as much of me as when I left. Oh, yes, my stomach is O. K., as you would know could you see me at "chow" time.

By the way, let me, in way of preparation, tell you that I walked from my ward to this Red-Cross hut (a distance of 300 feet) by myself, with the aid of a pair of crutches, only I use a pair of legs that have been made by a carpenter, blacksmith, tinsmith, and all the other smiths—well, it is just this: I have lost both my legs, but don't cry, just thank the Lord that I am alive—I do—for of thirty-two who were struck by an aero bomb five lost both their legs, and of that five I am the only one alive. So remember:

From the time you are born,
Until you ride in the hearse,
There is nothing so bad,
But it might have been worse.

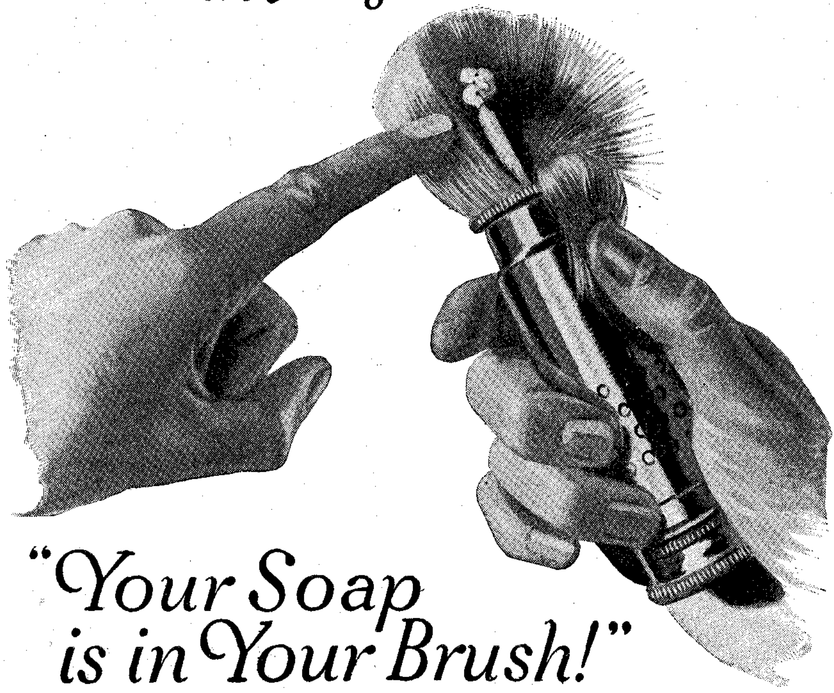
Yes, mother and dad. I know it doesn't read very good, but I wish you could see me. You would never dream I had them both off. So cheer up. What I have said in regard to my condition is straight, and in time no one will know I have lost a limb or two. Now I don't want you to sit down and mourn, but I want you to know the truth and thank God I came back out of that hell as clean in spirit as I entered—and with a smile.

Good-by this time. Hope to see you soon.

Your loving son,
JOHN.

P. S.—By the way, when hit, was twenty-one miles northeast of Château-Thierry, on the way to Reims. Oh!

WARNER
FOUNTAIN
SHAVING BRUSH
"everything but the razor"



"Your Soap is in Your Brush!"

Right in the heart of the bristles—right where it **ought to be** to make the richest, foamiest, quickest lather you ever experienced.

A cartridge of Mennen's Shaving Cream is in the handle. Turn the screw cap—click! Out spouts the cream through a flexible rubber tube. Dip the brush in water and you're ready to lather. Simple—speedy—no waste!

Sanitary, too. The brush is genuine Rubberset—detachable, so you can dip in boiling water for sterilizing. When not in use, brush is covered and protected by ventilated metal sleeve.

A Lifetime of Shaving Convenience

The Warner bespeaks its quality in beauty of appearance. Few parts—all heavily nickeled. Guaranteed under the Warner name by the makers of the famous Warner-Lenz and Warner Speedometer. The Warner Fountain Shaving Brush is a **lifetime investment,** $4 worth of unending **shaving service** and **satisfaction.** (In Canada $5.)

See the Warner at your dealer's—today. Or, if his supply has not yet arrived, send for it at our risk in accordance with the offer in Free Approval Coupon below.

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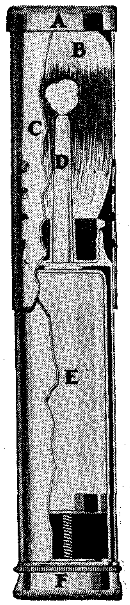
903 South Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Also makers of WARNER-LENS



As closed when used in traveling

A Removable, ventilated cap for guard.
B Genuine Rubberset brush.
C Between shaves the telescope handle forms a wet-proof top.
D Cream delivered to the bend of bristles through soft, flexible rubber tube. Patented—and unless soap is delivered at this point, lathering is impractical.
E Warner Shaving Cream Cartridge, filled with Mennen's Shaving Cream.
F Feed cap: turn for instant lather at heart of brush.

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903 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Send a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush in care of the dealer named below for my free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied I agree to accept the brush and pay the dealer $4. (In Canada $5.) This does not obligate me to pay any money if, after free examination, I decide I do not want the brush.
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Address..
Dealer's Name..
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A thin, light, form fitting elastic fabric of the finest quality cotton, knit into Union Suits and Two-Piece garments on Double Spring Needle machines.

The porosity of the fabric allows the body to breathe.

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Double Spring Needle knit cotton underwear is cleaner; your body is more fully protected against dust.

It is healthier; it does not interfere with the natural action of the body pores.

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STEPHENSON UNION SUITS are made in full length sleeve and leg; quarter length sleeve, three quarter length leg and athletic style.

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A full line in all sizes, wool over-shirts for sportsmen and workmen. Wool shirts as protection against excessive heat when fishing, tramping or working out of doors in hot weather have the endorsement of all men who know.

Half the price of flannel—twice the wear. Specify STEPHENSON when you buy.

STEPHENSON UNDERWEAR MILLS
South Bend - - Indiana

guess I won't tell any more—will save the rest to tell when I see you. JOHN.

Out of the darkness and storms and general electrical disturbances that surround the great Peace Conference, at Paris, where nations are being made over to the accompaniment of all the troubles common on such occasions, comes a letter from a soldier-translator that is like a ray of sunlight for pure idealism. It is a letter from an American boy to an American mother, discussing the present state of that world-democracy for which America went into war. Sergeant Linton B. Swift, of the 16th Railway Engineers, now employed by the American Peace Commission in the Division of International Law as Translator of Treaties and Legal Documents, is the writer. Sergeant Swift was a practising attorney in St. Paul when the war broke out. He enlisted as a private, crossed with the first American troops, went through the war with those American engineers, who diversified engineering with plain fighting, and is now helping to see that what he fought for isn't bartered away over any green tables. His letter, written under date of March 7, is as follows:

DEAR MOTHER:

Well—I have been here in Paris, settled in my new job, as translator of treaties and international law, for two weeks now. The work is about what I thought it would be, and I like it very much, for it is interesting. I consider it a great opportunity, not only because I shall be right on the scene of the greatest conference the world has ever known, but because of what it may mean to me in the future. And I'm going to soak in every bit of education this city has to offer and I have the time for. And this is the greatest city in the world for that.

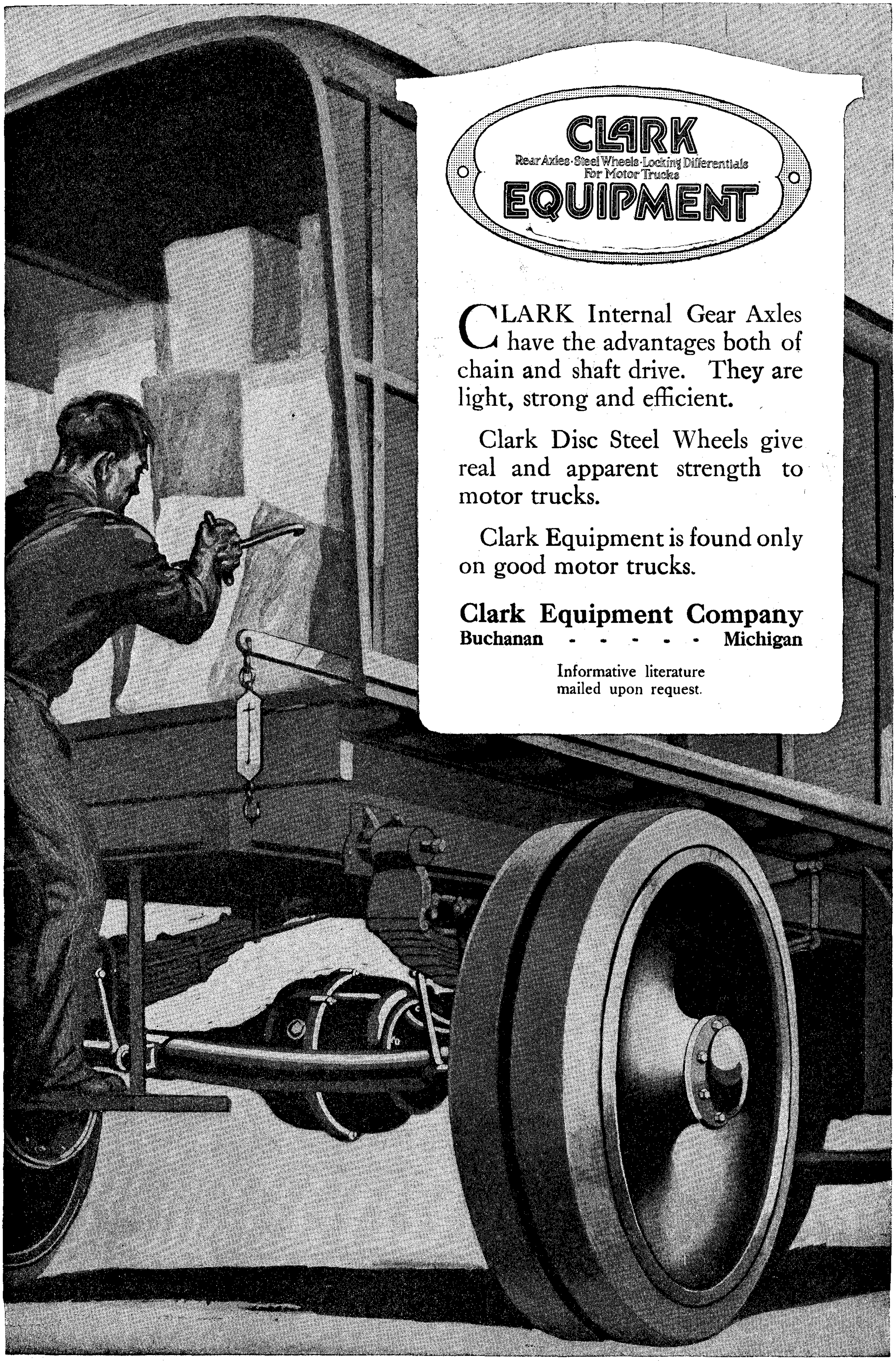
I spent several hours the other day in the Museum of the Louvre, but I had only time to become bewildered by the immensity and complexity of its wonderful collection.

You have no idea of the size of the Peace Conference. The American Commission alone occupy all of the immense Hôtel Crillon, and one or two office-buildings; and they have a large library. There must be over a thousand employees—civil and military.

I have been doing a lot of reading, and—yet—my thoughts continually center around "My Dear Old Home," and when I do finally set foot on the home-shores again I shall feel almost like kissing the earth, as some people (in ancient history) did on their return from the Crusades.

Speaking of the Crusades—there's an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Review of the Two Worlds), by Émile Hovelaque, entitled "From Neutrality to the Crusade," which certainly ought to make every American tingle with pride. This magazine is one of the best and most conservative in France, and its opinion is of real value. I want to translate a small portion of the article. After describing the pacifist and the German propaganda, the author describes the great rush of feeling which culminated in America's declaration of war.

"The failure of the German and pacifist propaganda, the Russian revolution, and



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Informative literature
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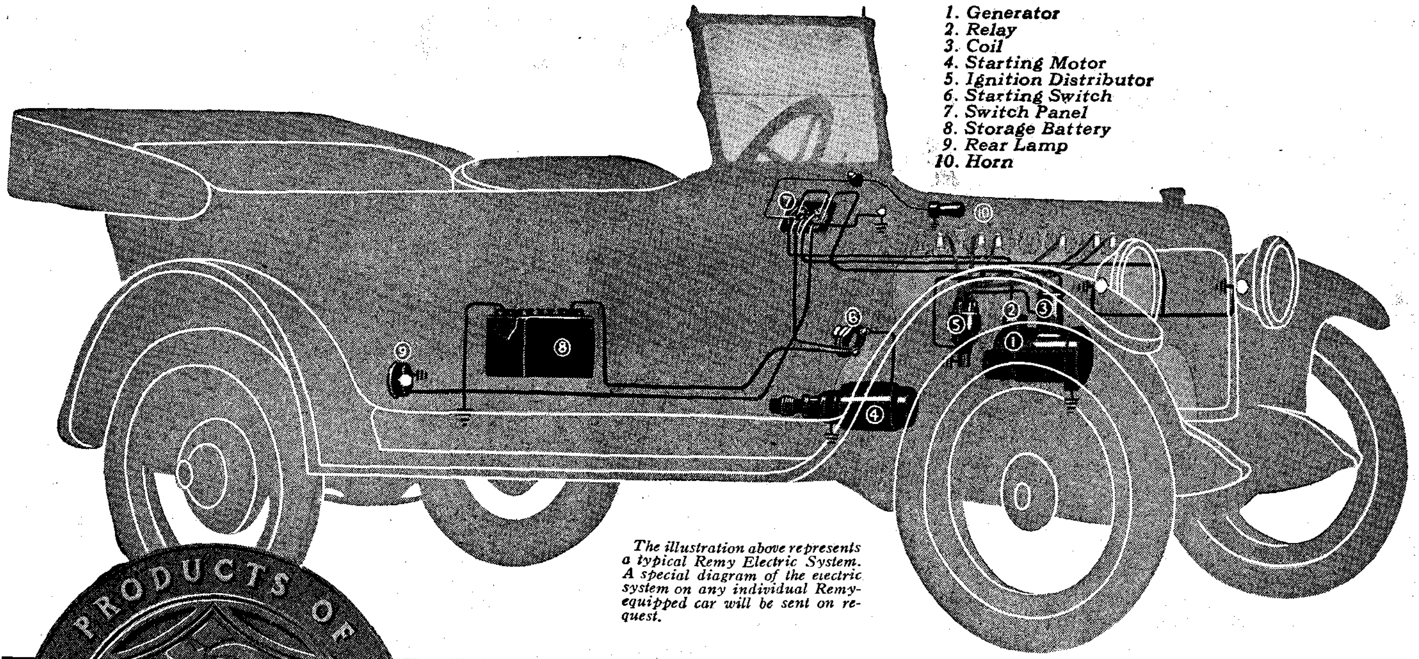

1. Generator
2. Relay
3. Coil
4. Starting Motor
5. Ignition Distributor
6. Starting Switch
7. Switch Panel
8. Storage Battery
9. Rear Lamp
10. Horn

The illustration above represents a typical Remy Electric System. A special diagram of the electric system on any individual Remy-equipped car will be sent on request.

PRODUCTS OF REMY CONSTANT PERFORMANCE

Know More About the Electric System on the Car You Choose

Do you realize that in your automobile you have a complete electric power plant—the most nearly self-operating, self-sustaining feature of your car? It is the one important feature that acts automatically and requires least attention from you.

In the complete Remy System you have a reliable Starting Motor which cranks the engine instantly regardless of weather conditions. Remy's precise manufacturing methods insure this positive action.

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The Remy Generator, equipped with the exclusive, patented Remy Thermostat, adapts its output to the seasons—supplies more current in winter when the demand is greater, and in summer cuts down the current to avoid overcharging of the battery. No other generator combines these desirable features.

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These are the most important units that comprise the electric system; upon them depends the satisfactory performance of your car.

Realizing this, Remy engineers have planned each unit with painstaking skill—prepared it to serve to the uttermost—given it the faculty for positive, perfect action that has earned Remy Products their title—"Products of Constant Performance."

Take interest and pride in your Remy Electric System. Don't tamper with it merely out of curiosity, but know its functions, give it the little attention it does need—and it will serve you well.

We have a new booklet which will give you a better understanding of automobile Starting, Lighting and Ignition in general, and the Remy System in particular. The story is simple and interesting. Write for a copy. It is yours for the asking.

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Motor Equipment Division
Detroit, Mich.

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Chicago, Illinois

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

America's love for France do not alone explain the vehemence of such a movement. In giving to the intervention of America an object absolutely disinterested; in affirming that the United States seeks no private gain, but fights for an ideal, President Wilson has done more to make the war popular than if he had insisted upon the menace to the United States from the ambitions and strength of Germany. He has shown himself the veritable chief of his people, the worthy successor of Washington and Lincoln, the spokesman of the most noble instincts of the country; and the response has been instantaneous.

"At a stroke he has attached to the war the highest, the most moving, and the most profound of the national traditions; the ideal of equal liberty and justice for all—affirmed in the Constitution and realized in the life of every citizen. This ideal carried with it a force and a vitality which no material interest or abstract reasoning would have given.

"History offers no spectacle to compare with it, nor one more beautiful. For the first time an entire nation devotes itself to a cause entirely disinterested. It does so, not through an obscure, unreasoned impulse, but after long and mature reflection and with clear vision. Its sons face death—not to defend their own independence, but distant liberties which are menaced; not to liberate their own country, but a world to which they are strangers; not for themselves and those who are more dear to them than life, but for all.

"No inferior motive is mingled with this free acceptance of supreme sacrifice. They react under no immediate personal menace; no blind hate arouses them, no egotistic interest, no hope of profit or even vainglory, no warlike heredity nor traditions to revenge. . . . . . .

"Truly, it is wonderful. An immense hope comes to all of us: the exalting promise of a new era where the world will no longer be delivered over to the blind forces of egotism, unreason, hate, and brutality, which in the past have too often been its implacable sovereigns."

Now, mother, that is what America stands for before the world to-day. At first the people of Europe did not fully trust us. They knew what our ideals were, to be sure; but they couldn't reconcile those ideals with the gunmen, cowboys, and uncouth dollar-hunting Yankees which the movies had set before them as typical Americans. They thought we were only talking, and were not willing to fight for our ideals.

Then came our declaration of war, and the miraculous girding of strength of the giant Republic; America poured forth her wealth without stint, and at a stroke drafted the entire man-power of the nation into the struggle. All of this she did without a demand for herself—none of the secret treaties or understandings such as usually precede one country's coming to the aid of another.

And, when our men began streaming across the sea as fast as the ships of the world could carry them; when the French people saw, contrary to what they half expected—an army of clean-cut young fellows, to whom their children ran with open arms, and whose only fault was that they fought too hard—then they not only believed in us, but they loved us, too. Our ideals ceased to be abstractions, and became a living, breathing hope; we not only preached democracy and brotherhood, but were willing to fight for them!

People began to really believe that out of all this turmoil and blood and anguish there would emerge some sort of world society which would make the sacrifice worth while, which would in some measure assure peace and the protection of the weak against the strong. And now the war is over, and now comes the test. The nations are assembled in council to remake the map of the world; each with its own idea of how that map should be drawn, each with its claims for indemnity, territory, etc. And over and above the clamor of strident voices, like the insistent minor note in a piano crescendo, one can hear the wail of the little peoples, races trampled underfoot so long that we had almost forgotten their names. But who among all these nations has time to listen to their tale?

A real, democratic sympathy for them may beat strong in the heart of France, but she has her own grievous wounds to heal, great problems in the immediate future which need her whole attention. So has England, and all the others. All, save one—America, who stands before the watching world with hands outstretched—but outstretched only to give, not to receive.

Of all the great nations, she alone demands nothing for herself. And the almost pathetic faith with which the little nations turn to her is a tribute which alone is sufficient reward for all that we may have done. Truly, the new order of things for which America has so far stood is the hope of the world.

But now it seems that there are apostates in America who want us to go back on our promises. There are politicians who are afraid that our "sphere of influence" in South America is threatened; that we might lose some of our "sovereign powers"; above all, they fear—do these politicians—that they may lose some of their precious senatorial prerogatives; and, back of their whole attitude, are jealousy and personal bitterness toward the President. So they're trying to convince the rest of the world over here that America doesn't support Wilson's ideas any longer; and that all that we've been saying was just "bunk" after all.

On my desk are copies of appeals from those little nations. They are all addrest particularly toward us, because they know that without the protection of some League, supported by us, some big Power would pounce on them, and there would be war again inside of twenty years. But, to the faith of these long-opprest peoples, and to watching Europe, the Hearst papers answer with a screaming head-line, "Let Europe Stew in Her Own Juice!" And—edifying spectacle!—allied at last with the Hearst papers—pacifists and pro-German sympathizers, are such men as Lodge, and Knox, and Borah. And the Republican party, through its chairman, Hays, announces that it is going to make its next campaign on the issue of "Nationalism"—which is nothing but another word for "sectionalism." Nationalism bears the same relation to the world as the old shibboleth "State rights" bore to the nation; it divides society into selfish, jealous sections. Nationalism, in the selfish sense which Chairman Hays gives it, would be discredited if people just stopt to think that it only means sectionalism. . . . which even the people of Europe are outgrowing. As adopted by the Republican party, which has been floundering around for an issue for years, it is nothing but a cheap appeal to the selfish side of patriotism; and, as a matter of fact, it is not patriotic at all, for

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The Florsheim SHOE

FLORSHEIM shoes cost no more than any good shoe but the difference in service, fit and appearance proves that Florsheims give greater satisfaction in the end.

Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

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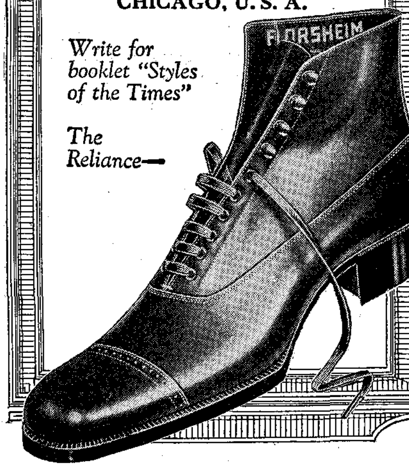
Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The Reliance—



Your Best Asset
—A Skin Cleared By—
Cuticura Soap

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 6B, Boston."

HOME GYMNASTICS
According to the Ling System. By Prof. Anders Wide, M.D. This system of gymnastics has been designed on strictly scientific principles, and has been recognized by educators throughout the world as the most valuable and practical one. 12mo, Cloth. 50 cents.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., NEW YORK

All Your Garden Tools in One

Ideal for small gardens and truck patches. With its several tools—which are quickly interchanged—you can plow, open furrows, cover them, cultivate and hoe. The large wheel and "double curve"—which is an exclusive feature—elevate the draft and make the

Leader Garden Plow

easier to operate than any other hand tool on the market. Readily adjusted for adults or children—just the thing for families where everyone helps in the garden. Your hardware dealer carries them and you will be surprised how reasonable they are in price.

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President Suspenders

Nothing supports and drapes the trousers like Presidents: abdomen free from pressure, shoulders unconscious of any pull, no "yank" on buttons, trousers hang as they should be, *always*.

The give-and-take feature of Presidents—unlike the rigid back of ordinary suspenders—*adjusts with the slightest movement* of shoulders or body. That's why they're so comfortable.

Some Presidents in fine mercerized lisle and silk-faced webbing, gilt-finished non-rust trimmings. *All* suspenders marked "President" on the buckle *are guaranteed satisfactory or money back.* Accept no others. All dealers.

President Suspender Company
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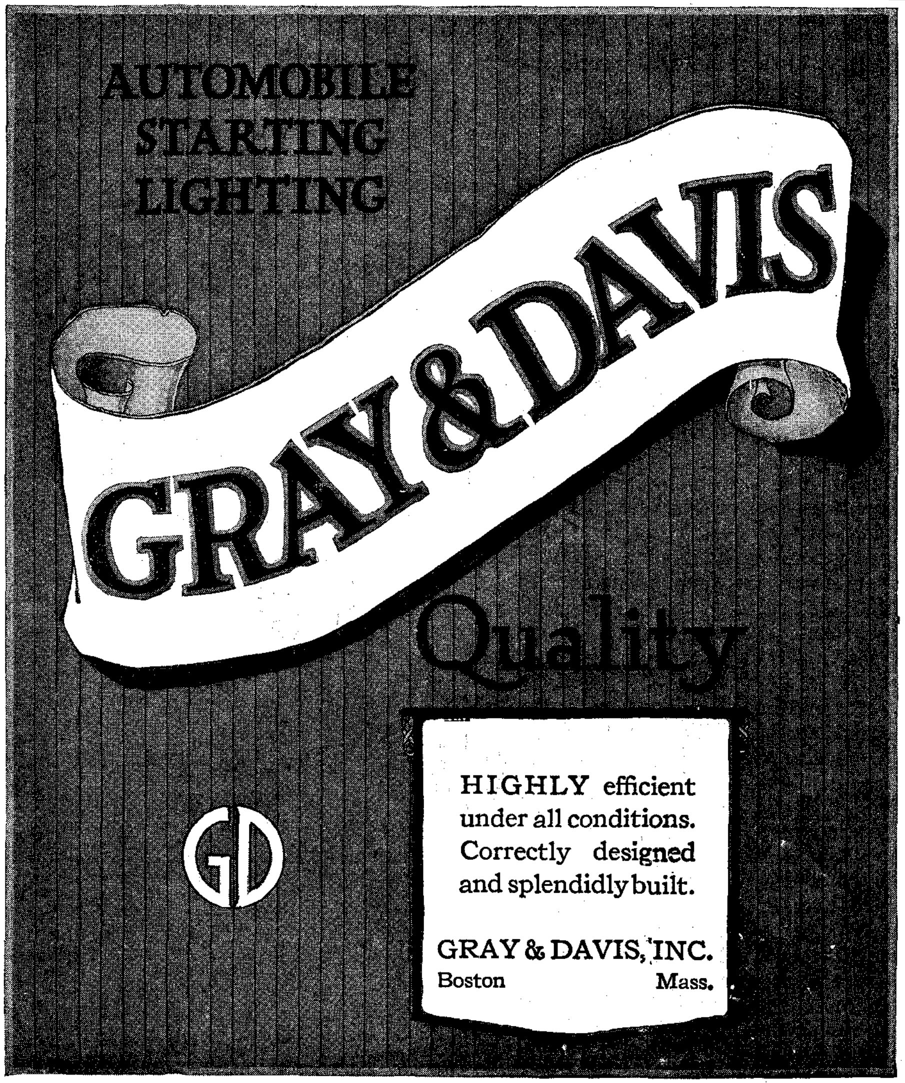


HIGHLY efficient under all conditions. Correctly designed and splendidly built.

GRAY & DAVIS, INC.
Boston Mass.

it is a betrayal of all that America stands for before the world!

Mother and dad, you may think it strange that I am so worked up about this; but I hate to see all the sacrifices of this terrible war made useless by a few men with Presidential bees in their bonnets. True! I have neither their brains nor their vision—for I am only a soldier—and, of course, they are statesmen. But—while they were fighting for their Senatorial prerogatives, there were about two million of us soldiers over here—fighting the Hun; and our great hope—the hope that animated all—was that the world might hereafter unite in such a manner as to make another world-war improbable.

If we are robbed of that hope by a few selfish egotists at home—well, history and their own consciences and public opinion will damn them more effectively than I can.

I'm not speaking of those who accept the principle of a real League of Nations, and only desire a few changes in the present draft, which, of course, may be desirable; I'm referring to those who advocate America's shirking her duties and responsibilities in the maintenance of world-order. I've read all their arguments, and thought them over carefully; but I'm absolutely convinced that a League of Nations must be created as a part of this treaty, to keep big nations from pouncing, at the first opportunity, upon the little nations that are being created; to regulate in a universal manner the economic, industrial problems which confront all nations alike; to erect a defense against Bolshevism, which, under various names, is now smouldering all over the world; and to do away, if possible, with the only alternative—jealous alliances, which impose terrible burdens of armament, and are sure to end in another war more terrible than this.

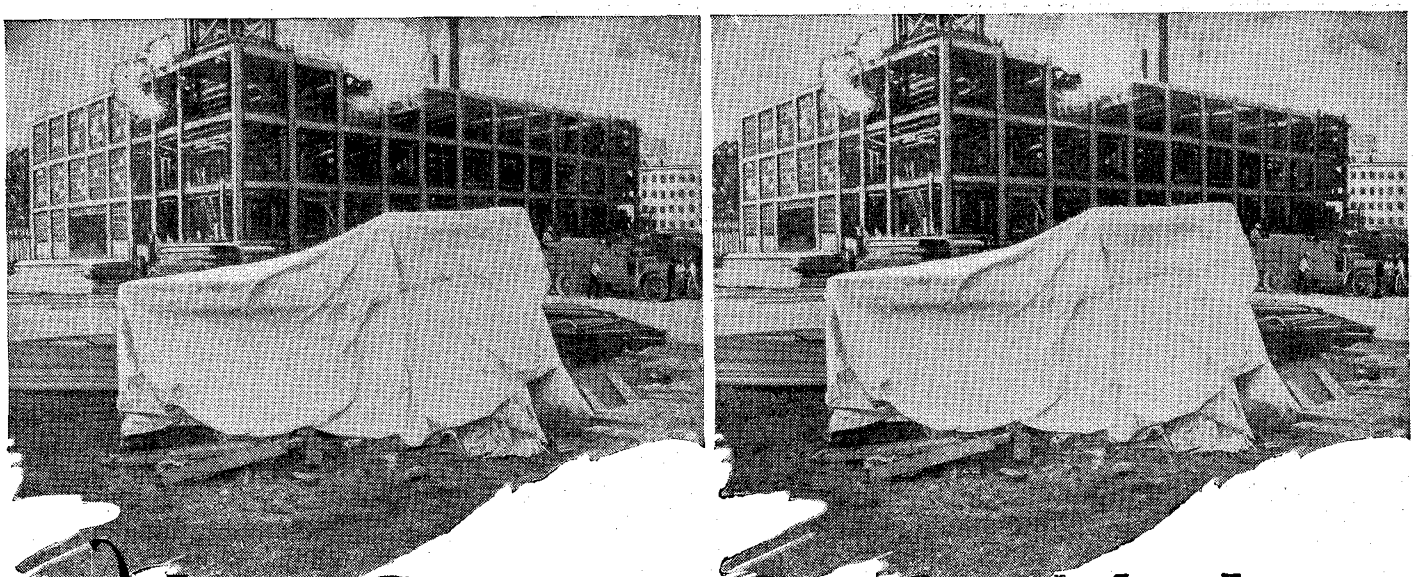
And, remember, in any world-organization, America is the keystone of the arch. So I hope that every one I know at home will do all that is possible in the right direction in this hour of test.

Your boy,

LINTON.

Some of the difficulties of locating the graves of American soldiers in France have been mentioned in recent reports. The following letter tells the story of a search that was successful, and mentions another that failed. The writer, Sergeant Harrison J. Luhn, of a Michigan unit, had set out to find the grave of his brother, Lieut. Graham D. Luhn, of the 36th Division, who was killed near St. Etienne-à-Arnes, while leading his men in a charge, on the morning of October 8. Sergeant Luhn writes:

At last I have returned from the trip which I waited for so long, and the trip itself was not without results, for altho there were many difficulties to overcome I succeeded in locating the burial place of Graham. I had obtained as much information as I could from sources which have the business of recording graves in hand, but when one goes out to find one in a country with which he is not familiar it is very different from what it seems. The grave is located just as you described it in one of your letters which I found waiting for me on my return, and is in a beautiful part of France. It is among other graves which are placed just at the foot of a partly wooded hill, and from which place



How Canvas Can be Made to Give Double Wear

HERE are two canvas covers of the same weight and quality that in appearance are practically identical, yet one of these covers will *wear twice as long as the other.*

Why?—One cover is made from plain canvas, and one from canvas that has been PRESERVO treated. The cover of plain canvas will not give economical protection because canvas of even the heaviest weight is not proof against any but the lightest rains. Moreover, plain canvas is all together too short lived—moisture soaks into the fibres—mildew forms, the fabric loses its vitality and holes and cracks soon develop.

What All Canvas Users Should Know

The cover that is made from PRESERVO treated canvas will suffer from none of these causes. Instead it will be absolutely waterproof against the hardest storms. Every fibre will be impregnated with a strengthening solution that is *proof against mildew and decay.* Hence the PRESERVO treated canvas will not only give efficient and economical protection, but will also possess *double the wearing qualities* of the plain canvas.

Why All Canvas Should Be PRESERVO Treated

Every yard of canvas used for outdoor protection should be treated with PRESERVO. Perhaps you need only a few yards of canvas for a tent for the children—or it may be you need hundreds of yards for some commercial enterprise—the additional wear that PRESERVO assures makes it worth-while to investigate.

PRESERVO is by no means a new product. For nearly twenty years it has been steadily growing in favor with the large users of canvas. Today, with our nation-wide distribution among canvas goods dealers, we want *every user of canvas,* no matter how small, to learn of the big saving that PRESERVO will enable them to make.

Used By the Government

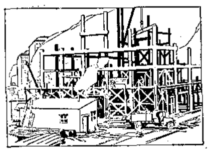
When our army first began arriving in France, orders were cabled to Washington that every yard of canvas sent overseas should be treated with a soft finish waterproofing of proved efficiency. As a consequence, thousands of gallons of PRESERVO were used to treat the canvas for army tents as well as for the canvas used to protect the immense quantities of equipment, munitions and supplies that were streaming across the Atlantic.

There Is Only One PRESERVO

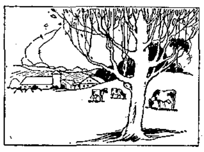
While there are other methods of waterproofing canvas there is *only one genuine PRESERVO.* When you are in need of canvas go to your canvas goods dealer and ask about PRESERVO and get his opinion about the merits of PRESERVO treated canvas. If you have any difficulty in securing same, write us and we will see that your needs are quickly supplied.

Tell us about your canvas needs and we will gladly show you how to secure maximum canvas economy. Use coupon.

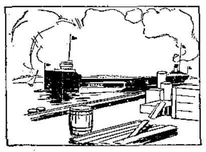
Where PRESERVO Treated Canvas is Extensively Used



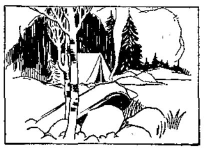
Contractors and Builders use PRESERVO treated canvas; for protecting fresh construction work, especially concrete, also for protecting materials, equipment and machinery.



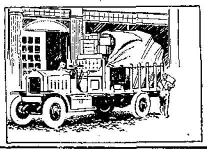
Farmers find that PRESERVO treated canvas gives very economical protection where used for stack covers, and for protecting binders, mowers, tractors, and various other farm implements.



Boat Owners use large quantities of PRESERVO treated canvas for deck covers, hatch covers, sails, cargo covers, spray hoods, etc. A positive necessity in marine work.



Sportsmen and Campers use PRESERVO treated canvas for their tents, pack saddles, duffle bags, covers, wearing apparel, etc. It insures both comfort and economy.



Truck Owners insure protection for valuable loads of merchandise against storms, dust and dirt by having their truck covers made from PRESERVO treated canvas.

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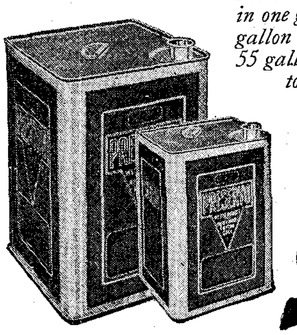

Preservo is furnished in one gallon and five gallon cans. Also in 55 gallon steel agitator drums.

Preservo Trade Mark Registered **Waterproofs and Preserves Canvas**

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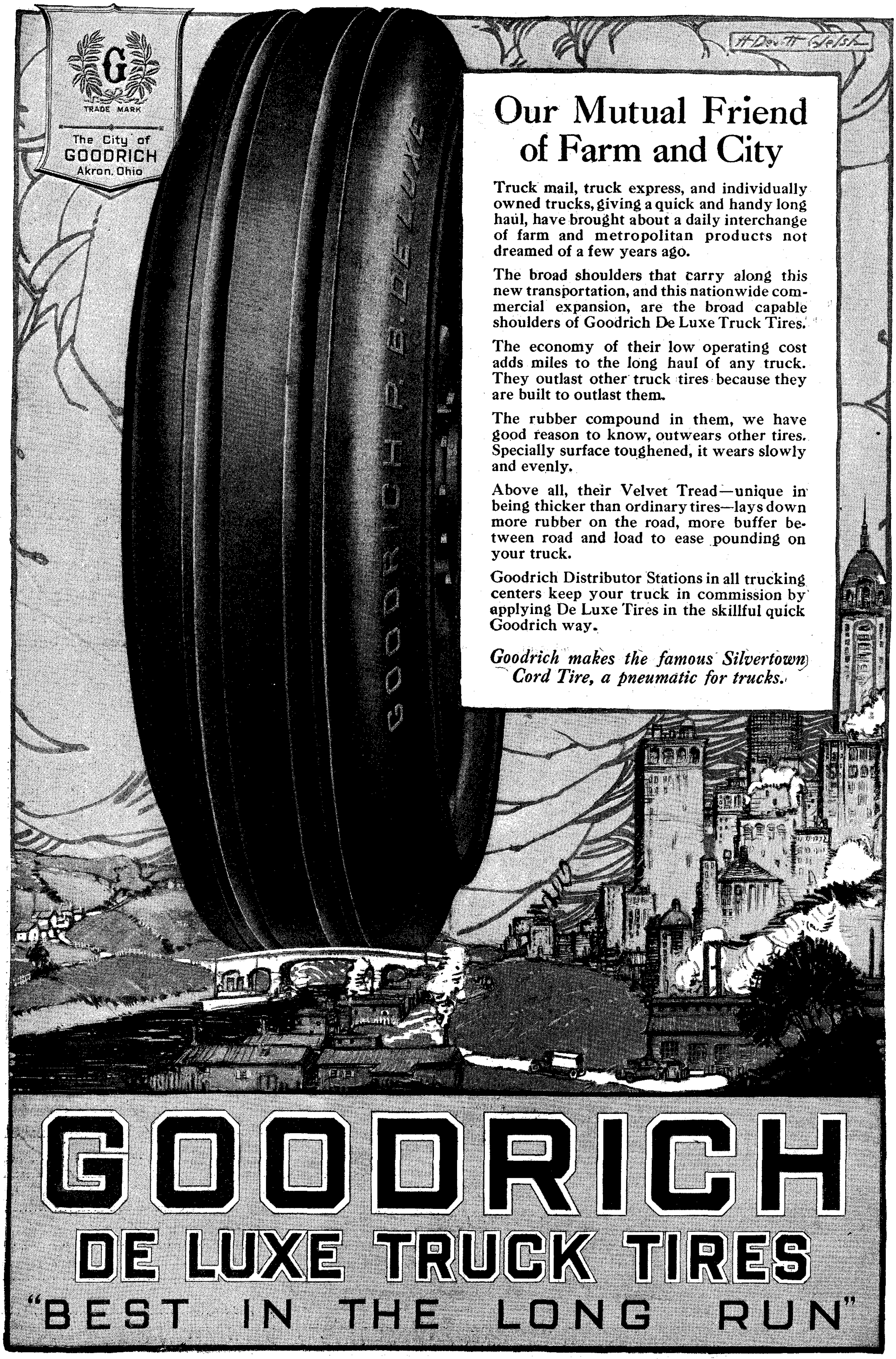
TRADE MARK
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GOODRICH P. B. DE LUXE
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DE LUXE TRUCK TIRES
"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

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Truck mail, truck express, and individually owned trucks, giving a quick and handy long haul, have brought about a daily interchange of farm and metropolitan products not dreamed of a few years ago.

The broad shoulders that carry along this new transportation, and this nationwide commercial expansion, are the broad capable shoulders of Goodrich De Luxe Truck Tires.

The economy of their low operating cost adds miles to the long haul of any truck. They outlast other truck tires because they are built to outlast them.

The rubber compound in them, we have good reason to know, outwears other tires. Specially surface toughened, it wears slowly and evenly.

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Goodrich makes the famous Silvertown Cord Tire, a pneumatic for trucks.

one can get a view of the valley as it slopes away. Owing to the limited transportation facilities I experienced much trouble in reaching the little village of St. Etienne-à-Arnes, and on top of the transportation difficulty there is no place for one to stop, as everything is partly or totally destroyed, but through the kindness of some United States troops and French troops I managed very well; in fact, every one whom I met was more than willing to give me a hand, and altho it would seem that the logical point from which it could be reached would be Reims, still I was unable to do anything from that side, so circled around and reached it from Vouziers, which is still nearer than Reims, which is thirty-five kilometers, while Vouziers is only twenty (as you know, a kilo is five-eighths of a mile), so I figured that if I found no other way to get there it would be better to walk twenty than thirty-five. However, in the end I only walked eight as I managed to catch a truck which happened to be going in that direction. I reached the village one afternoon. While looking around I came across some of the Graves Registration Service men, whose headquarters was only five kilometers away, and they told me if I would go there with them they would be able to give me the exact location, so I accompanied them and spent the night with them, and they gave me the exact location. They moved their headquarters to another location the next morning, so I was very fortunate in meeting them before, altho I would have just kept hunting until I found the place, for I knew that it was located in that vicinity, and it was just a case of looking for it until it was located. Nevertheless, the next morning I walked right out to the spot where it was located, and found the place in very good condition with a neat wooden cross with one of his identification-tags on it together with another tag put on by the G. R. S. I mounded the place as best I could, for there was still snow on the ground, drove the cross in a little deeper so that it would not be in danger of falling, put bayonets, which I found in the vicinity, at the four corners of the grave, and spelled the last name across the top with rifle-cartridges, also placing a helmet at the foot. As I walked up to the spot I saw a lieutenant looking at the graves, and I asked him if he was looking for some one, to which he replied that he was looking for the grave of a Private Booker. I got to talking with him and learned that he was looking for his brother also. With him was a sergeant of the French Army, who spoke excellent English, and who was with a guard detail in the little town, guarding a bunch of prisoners of war. He had a rustic fence with a rustic cross made to place around the spot, and I am sending him a brass plaque from here and he is going to have that placed on the cross, after which he has promised to take a picture of it and send it to me. I had a little board made at Reims out of aluminum letters which I placed on the grave in order to try to make a permanent marker; however, with the rustic fence it will be very well marked. I had a small kodak with me with which I took several snap-shots of the place, but as I had to use foreign films I am not certain of success, altho it will be nearly two weeks before I can get the pictures, as it takes that long for them to do such work over here. Lieutenant Booker took a snap of the place, and promised that if it were any good he would send a copy to you, so between the three I think I should get a good picture. After I had made the location, and accomplished the mission, I helped Lieutenant Booker look for his brother's grave, and stayed with him for three days, during which time we covered all the territory in the vicinity as you would with a rake, and never did locate the grave. He was much distrest. However, he was going off for more information, after which he expected to return and make a further search. I hope he succeeded the second time.

During my stay in the little town I was quartered with the French, and had excellent meals, everything considered, and a fairly good place to sleep. They were all extremely nice to us, and assisted in every way possible, and refused pay, altho we made them take it for their mess, to enable them to buy a few little delicacies. I am going to send you a map of the vicinity, showing as nearly as possible with a mark the spot where Graham is buried. It will be impracticable for any one to visit that part of the country for some time, as there will be no place to stay, and for some time I expect there will be no transportation, but a place to stop is the principal thing, for the town is practically destroyed, and it is doubtful if *many* of those towns will be rebuilt. Nevertheless, there will always be towns in the vicinity where one could stop.

Busy days continue for the Red-Cross workers in France, even tho their duties are not as frequently connected with hospital work as in the days that were heart-breaking, at least from a nurse's standpoint, just before the armistice was signed. Here are some extracts from a lively letter written by Miss Mary Ellen Stevick to her grandfather, Gen. R. H. Pratt, retired. Two of General Pratt's grandsons, in addition to the granddaughter who writes the present letter, have been doing their bit "Over There." To quote Miss Stevick:

Last Monday General Pershing visited our Red Cross Canteen while on a tour of inspection, which took him through the station at Nantes where so many members of the A. E. F. are now passing on their way home. Those of us who work in our bungalow "hut" have always loved it. The walls are cheerful, with the blue and yellow paint, and there are bright lights and warm fires—to say nothing of the good eats—and we have always known that it pleases the soldier-boys. But now we are very proud because it also pleases General Pershing. He told us so.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, just before the arrival of the Paris train, we dropt our preparations for its rush, and the girls—twelve of us—made a blue and white line at "Attention" in front of the canteen to greet our General. He shook hands with each one of us and spoke to each one separately, thanking us in a very kindly way. He said that the American women have been needed and greatly appreciated in the places they now fill with the Army in this country, and that our families should be proud to have us here. That made us happy.

The next minute we were at work in the canteen, in spite of the fact that there were great doings outside while the American and French troops, with their bands and all were being reviewed at their best, just outside of the canteen. But there was bread to be cut, sandwiches to be

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Silver Overlaid
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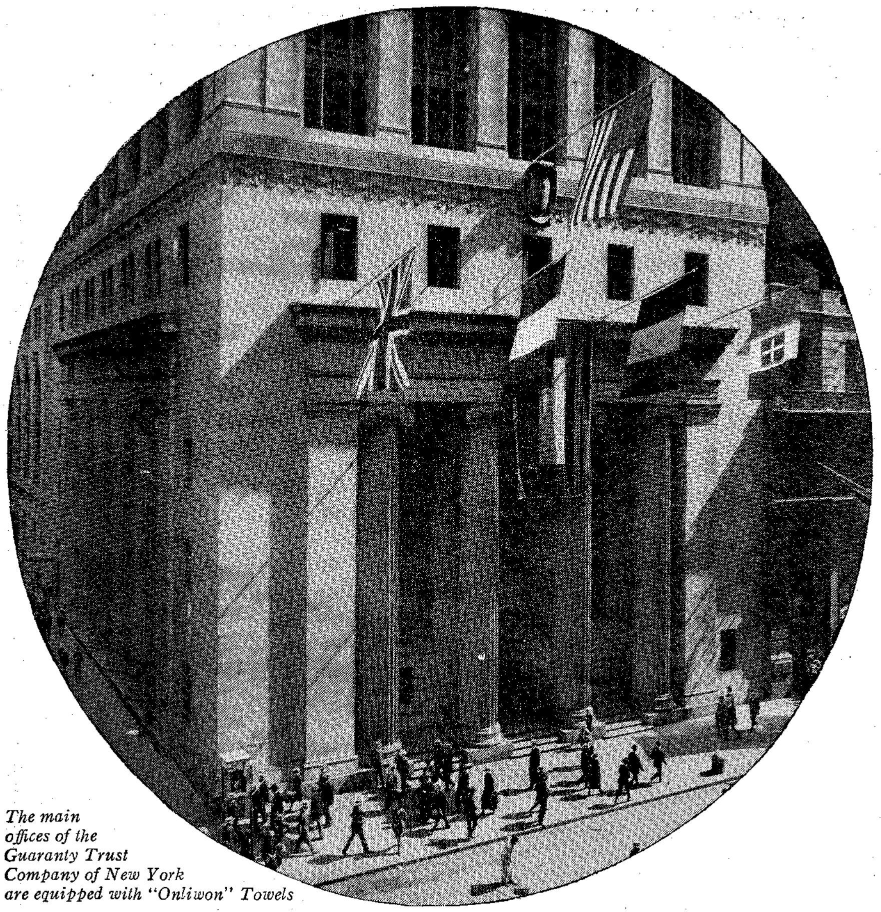

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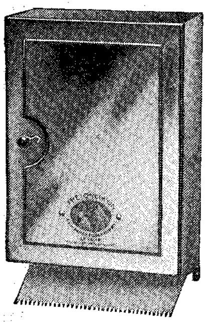
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAPER TOWELS & TOILET PAPER

Onliwon Service is the toilet room equipment that thousands of toilet rooms throughout the country are using to prevent the spread of disease. "Onliwon" is now recognized as the toilet room necessity. It provides automatic service of highest quality paper towels and toilet paper from the "Onliwon" Cabinets.



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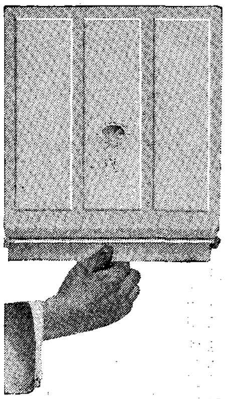

The hand touches ONLY ONE Onliwon towel at a time.

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Write today for "Test Folder" No. 1. It gives exact results of tests that will help you to determine the economy of Onliwon Service for you. Samples showing quality of Onliwon papers are included.

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made, cans to be opened, chocolate and coffee to be served—and not even time to stop long even for the General. The trains run night and day, and because they do, so do we.

Pershing made a complete inspection of the whole place—dormitories, infirmary, kitchens, showers, and lavatories, etc. All of these things the boys appreciate, certainly, but it is quite another thing to feel the approval of an eye trained to criticize. He liked especially the dinner which costs one and a half francs, and said "such a dinner would certainly be fifteen francs in a Paris restaurant," which those of us who have been in Paris recently well know is quite true.

When I first came to the canteen some one started to call me "California." Now that is my only name, and it is a great one, too, because every one knows where I am from by that and all the California boys come dashing up to sing the praises of California to me, and "Do you know this?" and "Do you know that?" and "Oh, you are from Stanford." "Well, I am from Berkeley," etc., etc. Yesterday one of the companies which is made up of professional actors from Keith's or the Orpheum or different orchestras, and the like, and who are now going around to amuse the boys in different camps, came through Nantes again.

They have all been here several times before. They always come into the canteen, and play for us to dance, whether it is the middle of the night, or Sunday morning, as it was yesterday. The minute the train stopt some one sang out, "Here's California," and California had the time of her life. There is one great big handsome boy, who looks like a George Barr McCutcheon hero, who danced marvelously. I asked the next boy I danced with who he was, and he said one of the best prize-fighters in United States. And that boy, himself, is probably a barber. I will have great friends the rest of my life.

Last night I went to a dinner-dance given in great style by four officers who have rented a beautiful French home and are living together in state. It is a great combination. One of them is a captain and before the war was a stevedore in New York. He is rather the pet of the other three because he is so awfully funny. One of the others is a lieutenant in the marines, and they tell me he is several times a millionaire, and I think it is true because he is so sick of the world, and the other two men are very nice, just like you and I. But they all live together and make the best of Nantes and the army there, and this is a queer world to bring them from such different lives and put them in one household. I forgot, one of them has always lived in France, and is in the French Army, altho he is an American, and he is the queerest of them all.

This week I am working again from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight. That gives me time to do many things in the day, and it is always fun to rummage around the quaint old town. I do wish mother could come with me. The streets are so narrow, and crooked, and cobblestoned. And you see the queerest things. There are lots of little carts full of all kinds of heavy things, being pulled around by old men or old women who wear wooden shoes, and make an awful lot of noise. Sometimes there is a dog hitched along on both sides of the cart to help pull, and they jerk the cart along, and bark and make the greatest racket.

TWO SUBMARINE HUNTS THAT "STRUCK OIL"

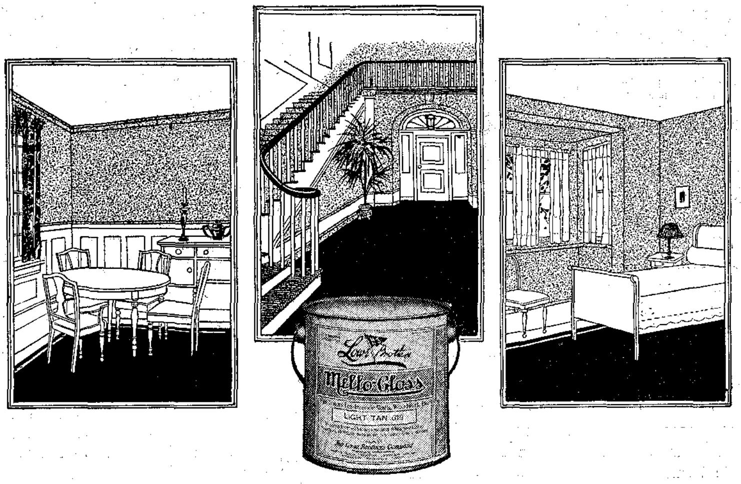
OF all the many unheard-of contrivances devised to put a crimp in the infallible submarine plans of the Hun, the depth-bomb was probably the worst. An account is given in *Our Navy* of typical encounters between chasers and *U*-boats, in which the depth bomb was brought into play. It tells of three chasers, *215*, *128*, and *129*, which were out after submarines. Presently one was sighted. Chaser *215* opened fire with her three-inch gun and damaged the sub's periscope. What took place then is thus recorded:

> Submarine-chaser *215* kept turning to port, and submarine-chaser *128*, which had been following, maneuvered to take position on starboard beam, distant one hundred yards. About the time of the second shot it was seen that the submarine was turning sharply to starboard in a generally southerly direction toward the British light cruisers which at the time were at a distance of about two miles and headed to the southward to enter their bombarding sectors. Submarine-chasers *215* and *128* closed the submarine and laid a pattern of depth charges in position approximately latitude 41.23 north, longitude 19.14 east, in about forty fathoms of water. Submarine-chaser *215* dropt six depth charges from her stern and fired "Y" gun charges. All charges were set at fifty feet and functioned properly.
>
> The first four charges let go from the submarine-chaser *215* showed only the usual depth-charge disturbance. In the explosion of the starboard "Y" gun charge, the executive officer of the submarine-chaser *215*, who was on top of the pilot-house, saw an object which resembled a plate, also some débris, rise to the surface and then disappear, and he sang out something to the effect, "That got him." This object and débris were seen by several men on deck; also, a man in the engine-room looking out of the port and seeing something similar, sang out that a ship had been torpedoed close aboard. At the explosion of the fourth depth charge, dropt from the submarine-chaser *128*, the two machinist's mates, who were dropping the charges, reported that they saw a piece of wreckage rise and then sink. Heavy dark oil in large globules was seen rising.
>
> After bombing, submarine-chaser *215* and submarine-chaser *128* turned to head for submarine-chaser *129*, which latter vessel had previously reported a submarine and was at this time lying to with her engines disabled. At the moment it was felt that a successful attack had been delivered, and it was considered more important to hunt other submarines to the southward and to search carefully the area just bombed. Submarine-chaser *215* and submarine-chaser *128* immediately stood for submarine-chaser *129* at full speed.

Another encounter, in which chaser *129* alone figured, is described as follows:

> About 10:25 United States submarine-chaser *129*, the rear ship of unit "B," then steering a northeasterly course to take position on assigned patrol line, sighted a moving feather on her port quarter, distant about 1,600 yards. The feather was moving in a southerly direction and was seen by the executive officer and by members of the crew. A signal was sent immediately to the submarine-chaser

Lowe's



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It covers your walls with an unbroken, satiny sheened surface, in unusual color effects.

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Tell your heart it's missing some sunshine

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—tell your feet they're missing SOME Dancing

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By Jack Yellen, Geo. W. Meyer & Abe Olman
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John-ny's in town, John-ny's in town, And oh, dear-ie, oh, dear-ie, he's been a-roun', He knows French and ev-'ry-thing,
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Sing the song of welcome—dance the dance of joy—laugh the laugh of happiness—"Johnny's in Town"! It's the song of songs—a hit that hits the song-spot, dance-spot and smile-spot with a wonderful melody. Try it out—now.

Alabama Lullaby
By Cal De Voll
CHORUS
Down in Al-a-bam-a when the breeze be-gins to sigh, Seems to soft-ly mur-mur just the sweet-est lull-a-by, Each dear old Mam-my in old Al-a-bam',
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Chong
By Harold Weeks
CHORUS
Chong, he come from Hong Kong, Where Chi-nee-man play all-ee day on a drum, Chong, no lik-ee that song, Where Chi-nee-man
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"Dreaming Sweet Dreams of Mother"
"Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia"
"Jerry" "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry"
"Moonlight in Dixie" "Heart of Wetona"
"I Ain't Got Weary Yet" "My Belgian Rose"
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Chong

JOHNNY'S IN TOWN

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215, reporting a submarine sighted, and course was altered slowly to the left so as to deliver an attack at right angles. The speed of the submarine was estimated to be about six knots. He was headed in a general southerly direction, apparently getting into position to attack the bombarding forces. About the same time a second periscope feather was sighted a little farther to the westward.

At 10:34 a stern bomb was dropt, due to the whistle having been accidentally blown. After this explosion the submarine submerged for almost a minute, and he then reappeared showing both periscopes. At 10:36 submarine-chaser *129* commenced laying a pattern of depth charges ahead of the submarine and at right angles to his course. All charges were set at fifty feet except No. 8, which was set at 150 feet. After bomb No. 2 was dropt the periscope was still plainly visible, but disappearing. No. 3 bomb was dropt just before reaching his wake, and it seemed that the course being steered by *129* would bring the fourth bomb directly over the submarine. After bomb No. 5 was dropt it was necessary to slow to five knots on account of engine trouble. In the water thrown up by bomb No. 7 objects resembling pieces of metal appeared. What seemed to be an explosion other than the depth bomb was noted about this time.

The chaser, after delivering her attack, steamed back toward the bombed area and found thick brown oil spreading and numerous bubbles rising. The vessel was stopt. At 10:40 a circle of white bubbly water suddenly rose to the surface about twenty-five yards distant on the starboard beam. This boiling patch lasted for about twenty seconds and then subsided. After this bubbles continued to rise.

HARD DIES DEMON RUM, AND THE BOOTLEGGER MAKES IT HARDER

UNTIL the recent wide-spread attempts to put an end to the Demon Rum, it had been supposed that a cat, with its nine lives, held the record for that sort of liveliness. The cat has been outdistanced by the Demon. The reason seems to be that, whereas the cat has to struggle from life to life by its own unaided efforts, the Demon Rum has a whole army of solicitous "bootleggers" ready to fly to his assistance whenever he is crusht to earth. By ways that are dark and tricks that frequently are not vain, the "bootlegger" keeps the battered Demon on the job, at least under circumstances that would have done for several nine-lived cats in succession. Here is a story, from the San Antonio (Texas) *Light*, illustrative of the peculiarly demoniacal way in which the D. R. clings to life even after the coffin lid has been screwed down. If the pathetic beginning makes any tender-hearted reader reach for a handkerchief, he is advised to restrain his emotions and read on:

The platform of the station of one of the railroads that run in and out of Dallas (Texas) presented a sorrowful scene. A coffin draped in black was being removed from a baggage-car. Attending the coffin was a mourner, arrayed entirely in black also, even to his complexion. Tenderly the mourner and a negro undertaker lifted

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No. 3

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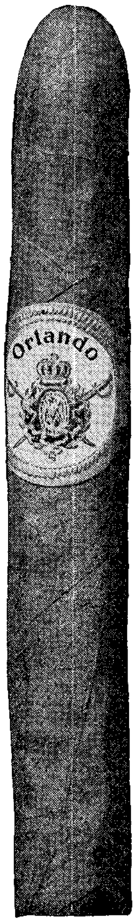
Orlando comes in ten sizes—10c to 15c. Little Orlando 6c. Ten sizes enable us to use a fine grade of tobacco without waste — the secret of high quality at low prices.



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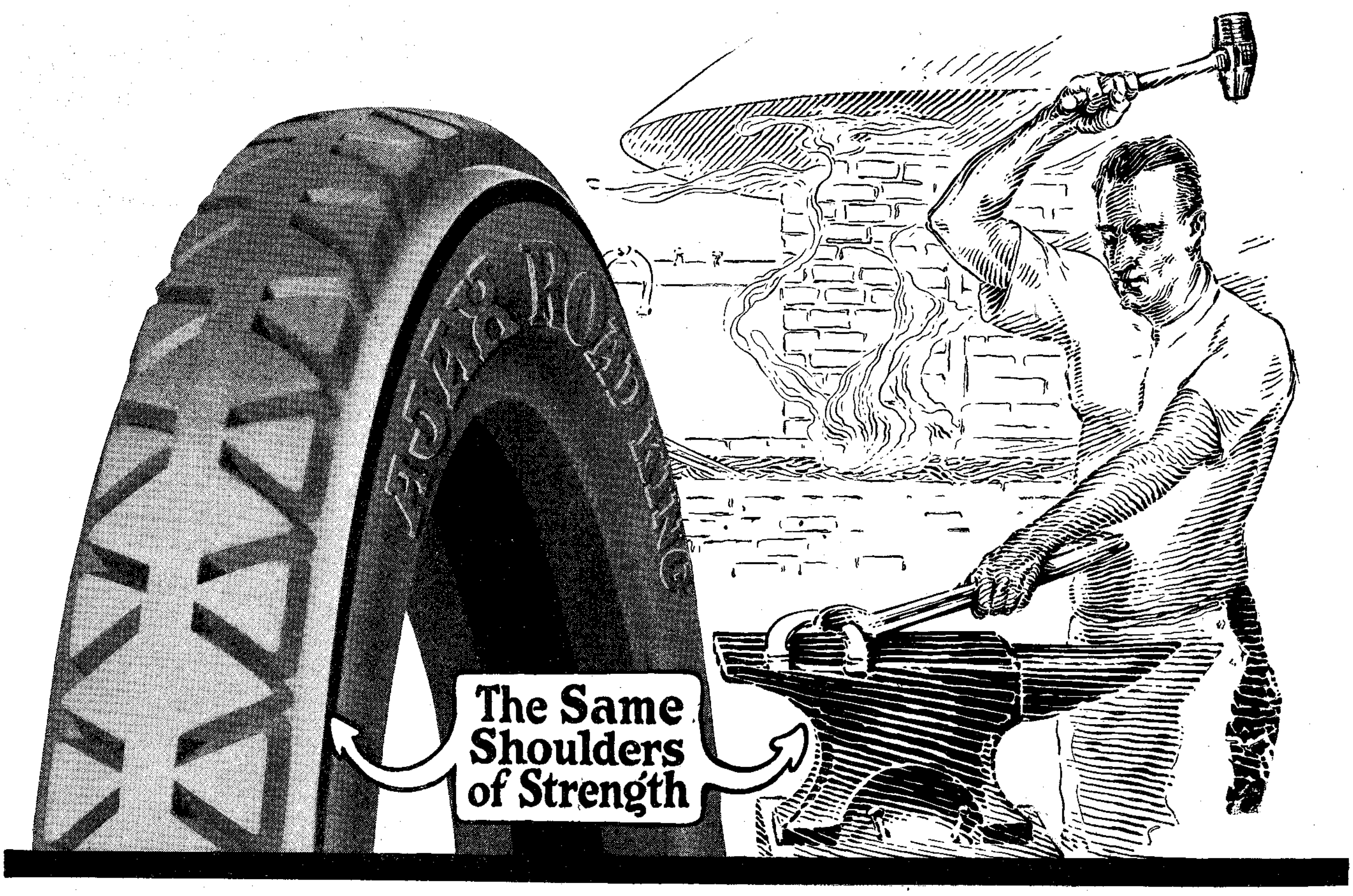
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Ajax—and Ajax alone—has provided scientifically to offset these destructive forces. We apply the same principle of construction that gives the anvil its strength to resist pounding sledge-blows. On both sides of the tread on Ajax Tires we have built in heavy rubber supporting shoulders. "Shoulders of Strength" they're called. They brace the tread and re-inforce it. They give Ajax Tires more strength where strength is needed. They put more tread on the road.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

Mileage records of thousands of users testify to the superior service the Road King yields. Note the massive tread. Those triangle barbs give a firm, safe grip, yet they do not impede forward motion. The Shoulders of Strength brace the tread effectively. And they distribute road friction evenly, so that it can't center and grind quickly through to the fabric.

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Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities

AJAX TIRES

the casket into the hearse of the latter—very tenderly indeed. The undertaker presented a death-certificate to the express agent, certifying that the coffin held the body of one Victor Hugo, *ætat* fifty-four, colored, and deceased. He presented also a bill of lading, explaining that the late lamented had exprest the opinion, before his star fell, that Dallas would be a mighty fine place for a man to go, if he was dead. The undertaker and the chief mourner declared, with lacrymose eyes, that they were merely doing the best they could to carry out the wishes of their departed brother.

But there stood near by an agent of the United States Department of Justice, who listened intently to the conversation. Whether he was a literary man besides who had read his Hugo and was consequently a bit dubious, or whether he simply had an intensely suspicious nature, is a matter that is open to issue. Perhaps he merely thought that of all persons to whom justice should be meted out, they who had been freshly bereaved were certainly the most deserving of the same. Just what it was that brought him to the conclusion that resulted in his subsequent action is not made clear, but it is well known in Shreveport that the agent suddenly turned upon the funeral cortège and ordered that the coffin be opened.

It is not the usual supposition that the spirit is confined to the casket which is the resting-place of the body. What one should have expected to see was the body of Victor Hugo, abandoned by the spirit. But instead of that, when the lid was removed, the body had flown, evidently, and the spirit was there. Yes, there were, in fact, six dozen bottles or quarts of "spirit."

Did some one say he might have expected "bier"? But, please, the relatives had no doubt passed around the bier, so there wasn't any left.

Anyhow, "Victor Hugo" and "Les Misérables" were taken into custody, charged with a "grave" offense. Their undertaking had not terminated as they had planned it, and now genuine tears of real grief appeared in their eyes. It is sincerely hoped that the Federal agent in Dallas will not become ghoulish. That would be reprehensible.

This incident is only one of hundreds, all illustrating the perversity of human nature and the longevity of the Demon Rum, according to a Federal agent located in Dallas. As the writer presents the situation:

Altho the State of Texas provides by law that no liquor or intoxicating drink shall be introduced or manufactured within the State, and the Reed amendment, which is enforced by the Federal Department of Justice, stipulates that no intoxicants shall be sold or brought within a certain distance of an army post or camp, attempts to evade and to break these laws are boldly carried out every day, in all parts of the State and by the most devious and diverse methods.

"We seized recently a shipment of glue," said an agent of the department. "That is, the boxes were labeled 'glue.' That wasn't such a misnomer, tho, for after all it was 'tanglefoot.' The firm to whom the shipment was consigned has so far not claimed it—in fact, it disclaims it.

"A local roofing company has in like manner refused to claim a shipment labeled 'tile' from St. Louis. A physician doesn't seem to care about collecting a jug of wine addrest to him, tho the label reads 'molasses for cooking purposes.' We seized some just the other day that bore the label 'hat trimmings.'

"Innumerable guises and disguises are employed and all kinds of means resorted to, to get the stuff into the State and into San Antonio. It comes in by freight, express, and in the mail. A great amount is brought here in automobiles or picked up at some point without the city limits by 'bootleggers' with their cars and wagons.

"Much is carried in by men who come here on the train. Trunks and suitcases have been found to contain quantities of liquor. But the agents of the Department of Justice find, seize, and confiscate the most of it, and not infrequently apprehend the guilty parties."

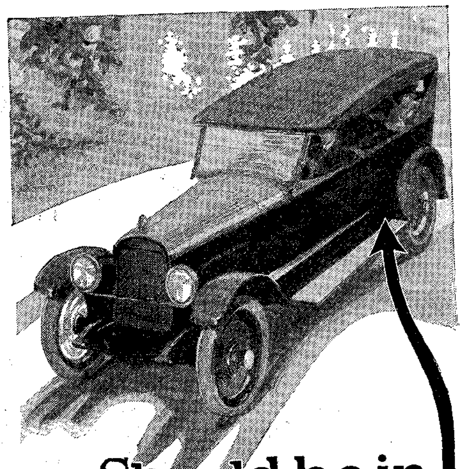
The business of bootlegging in this part of the country draws largely upon the wet resources of New Orleans and boat-loads of whisky have been seized at Beaumont to the total value of from $35,000 to $40,000. Some of it comes from St. Louis, some from Mexico. There is also the stuff that is manufactured from secret formulas and clandestinely bartered for in all parts of the State.

Perhaps the best example of this is "Choctaw beer," which was brewed on a large scale and at a great profit at Beaumont, by a man who claimed that in exchange for a drop of real red liquor a Choctaw Indian gave him the formula. It is not recorded what the Indian name for the concoction is, but it was called by the natives of Beaumont "jerk lightning." It contained anywhere from 7 to 15 per cent. of alcohol and was offered to the suffering public at fifteen cents a bottle.

Mexicans peddle their home-made drinks throughout the length and breadth of Texas. There are "mescal"—about 90 per cent. proof and having the odor of turpentine—and "tequila," which is slightly more refined, but not any more refined in its effect, as these two libations have the faculty of rendering a very powerful "kick" right between the eyes. They are both made from the fiber of the maguey plant. Tequila is white and sparkling and potent.

One of the methods commonly resorted to in order to get these Mexican spirits from producer to consumer is this: A Mexican will fill several hog-bladders with the pernicious stuff and then tie them about his waist. With his blanket about his shoulders it is very difficult to detect the presence of these portable reservoirs of potable poison. Likewise the Mexican women are often instrumental in the commercial disposition of the forbidden fluid. It is said that hog-bladders, with their inevitable complement of mescal or tequila, figure in the fashions of dress affected by the feminine contingent, and that a revival of an old and grotesque style popular in the late sixties has been noticed.

In the towns along the border and in Mexico one may hear the cries of pedlers who call out: "Aquamiel! Aquamiel!" Aquamiel literally means "honey water," and is a very sweet, bland, and pleasant milkish liquid derived from the maguey plant also, but from the bulbous center of the plant instead of the leaves. This bulb is full of aquamiel in its natural state. The top of the bulb is cut off, the Mexican climbing in among the leaves for this purpose, and the nectar is siphoned off. It is not at all intoxicating and may be drunk with impunity by the most rampant white-ribboners. Blue-ribboners might find



Should be in every tool box

Over a million motorists protect themselves against punctures and avoid delays—by carrying the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer in their cars. It saves time and repair bills—makes it unnecessary to carry $5 to $25 worth of spare tubes that deteriorate. With a Shaler you can repair tubes out in the country—as good as new—in 5 minutes without delay or annoyance. It works automatically—never fails.

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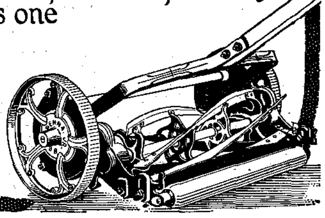

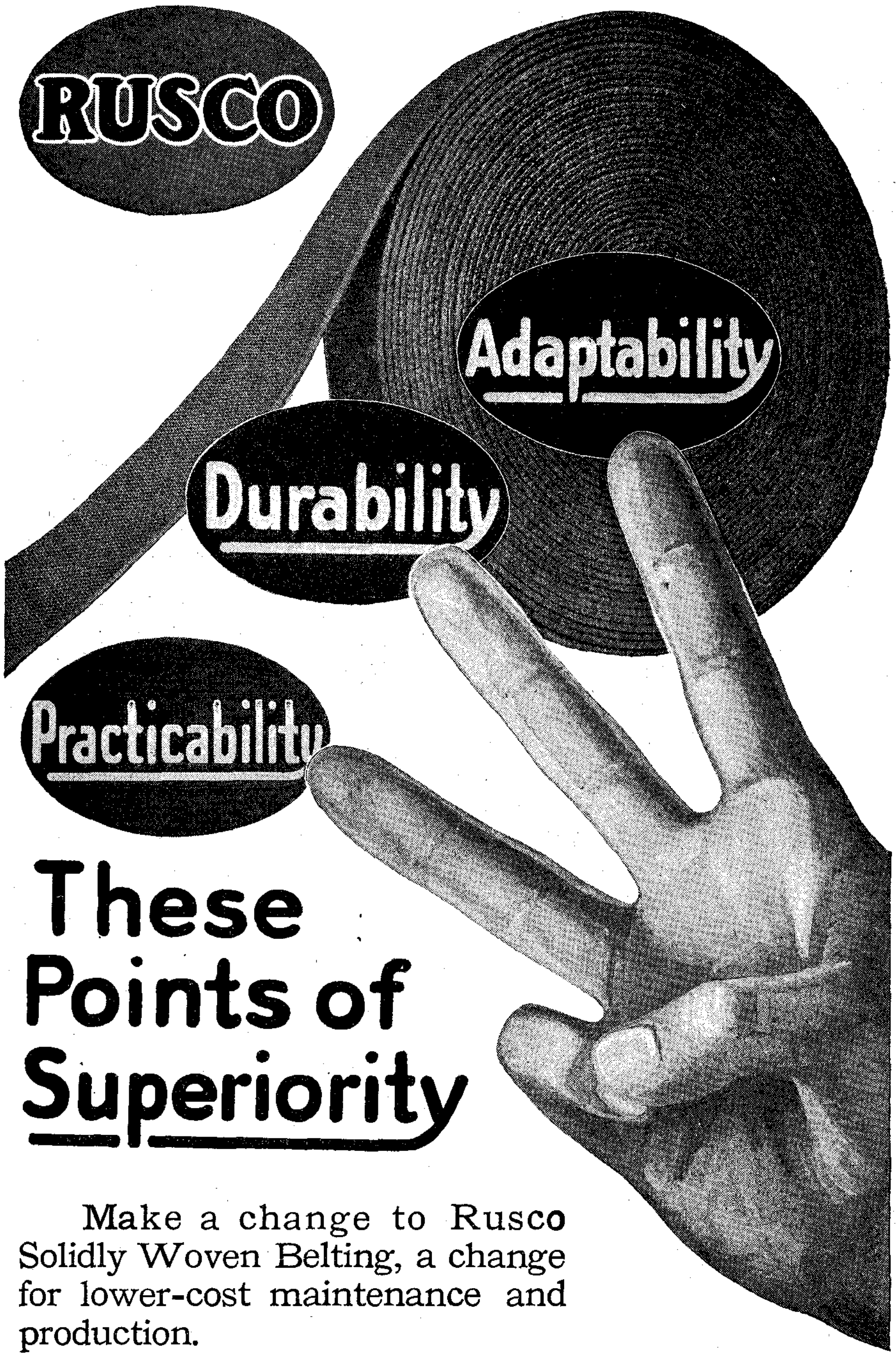

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it an agreeable substitute for the almost beer that is so much in evidence these days.

But let this innocent, innocuous, insipid honey water remain in a warm place just overnight—twenty-four hours; it has become the most ignoble, ignominious, and infamous kind of firewater, a potion that is indubitably the most intoxicating of all its genre. This is termed "pulque," and is enjoyed by all who are addicted to it and inured to its venom. To all others it is toxic in the extreme. The blooms of the maguey plant are to be seen throughout the city just now.

Besides the different kinds of drinks derived from the maguey plant and purveyed by natives of Mexico or Texas, now and then the Chinaman is found with some strange exotic bottles full of some outlandish wine or spirit. Just the other day a box shipped by a Chinese merchant of New Orleans to a Chinese laundry in Orange, Texas, contained dried meats and two bottles, wrapt carefully in straw, of an odd blood-red liquor. A Celestial to whom it was submitted for examination averred that one teaspoonful of the sanguine sirup would make any man that took it very, very drunk. He said that evidently it had been imported from China.

So it seems prohibition makes thieves and evaders and deceivers of all alike—for have not the Chinese been ever people of unchallenged honesty and integrity. If prohibition so seduces a follower of the precepts of Confucius, what will its effect be upon unprincipled and self-seeking Americans? The thought provokes a shudder.

It provoked more than shudders at Chillicothe, Mo., according to accounts of recent lively doings in that town that have reached the outside world. After they had shuddered a while, and grown indignant a while, and been scandalized a while longer, the citizens of Chillicothe took matters into their own hands. They attacked the Demon Rum and his army of bootleggers in such a determined way that nearly every life the famous Demon has in his repertoire is said to be on the point of exhaustion—at least in that part of the country. Chillicothians admit that there is still something to be done before prohibition will be absolute in the city, but they are on their way. As we read in the Kansas City *Times:*

"Prohibition won't prohibit," the anti-prohibition forces at Chillicothe have declared in the past—the age-old battle-cry of "wet" forces—and, suiting the action to the word, bootlegging made a farce of the local-option laws adopted about three years ago.

"Prohibition will prohibit," the dry forces declared, and backed up their statement by mob law, peaceful but nevertheless effective, after city and county authorities appeared to have failed in cleaning up the city.

Mothers and fathers have banded themselves together to make a clean sweep of intoxicants in every form, a war to the finish without quarter and without armistice.

Two druggists have been visited by the league of citizens, given hours to rid their places of whisky, and six other druggists are now being "signed up" on a pledge to drop their Federal whisky licenses,

ROSS STEERING GEARS

When You Buy a Motor Truck

CONSIDERING its vitally important function in the operation of a motor truck, the steering gear equipment should be a matter of very great concern to you or to any man who buys a truck.

The motor truck manufacturers fully realize its importance, and it is deeply significant that these 120 makers, representing considerably over half the industry, are using Ross Steering Gears as standard equipment.

If you accept their judgment, you will choose one of these Ross-steered trucks.

If you make your own investigation of *bearing surfaces, easy steering, safety, reliability* and *efficiency*, you will decide, just as these manufacturers have decided, that your truck must have a Ross Steering Gear.

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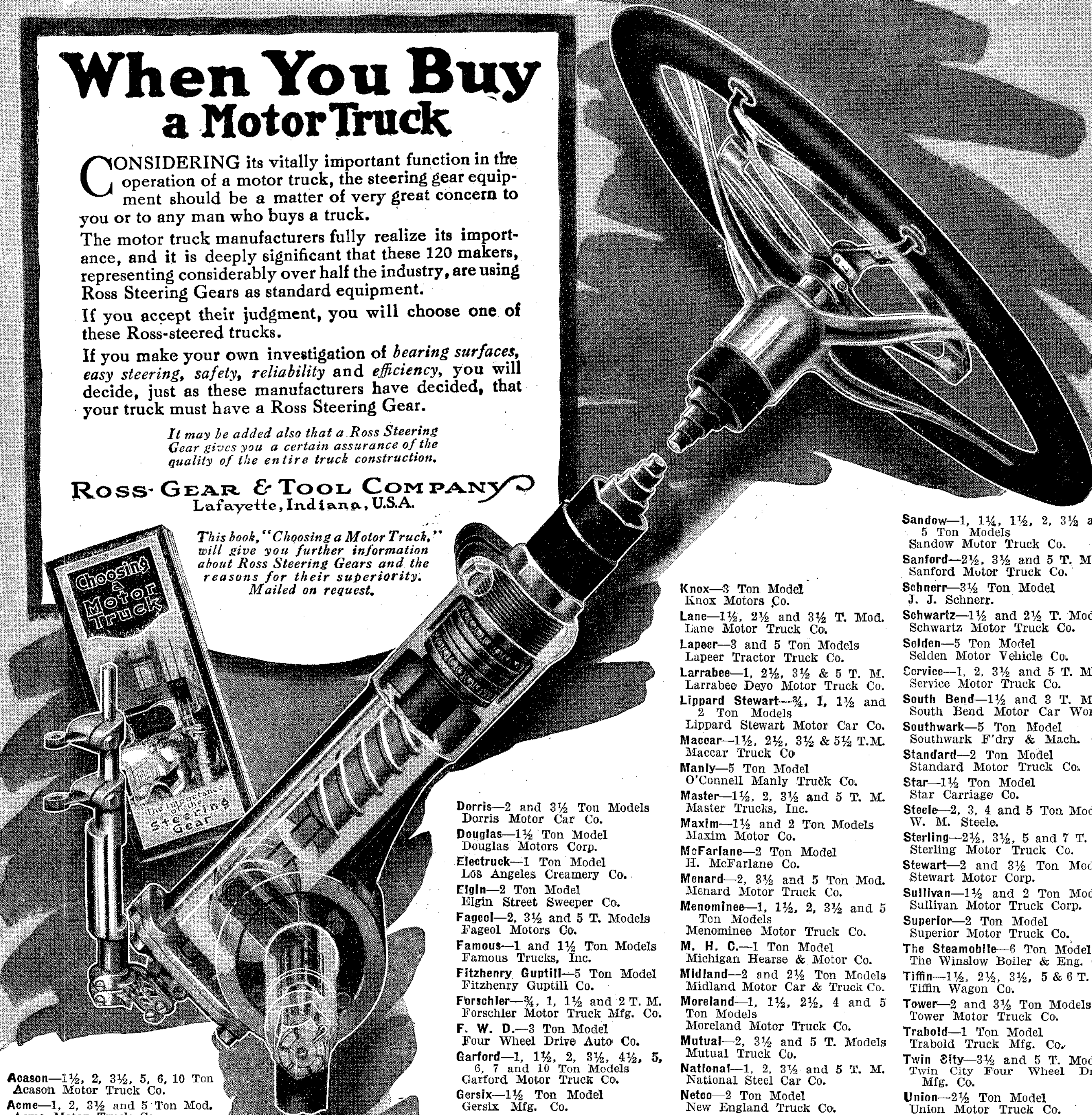
This book, "Choosing a Motor Truck," will give you further information about Ross Steering Gears and the reasons for their superiority. Mailed on request.


Choosing a Motor Truck
The Importance of the Steering Gear

Acason—1½, 2, 3½, 5, 6, 10 Ton
Acason Motor Truck Co.

Acme—1, 2, 3½ and 5 Ton Mod.
Acme Motor Truck Co.

All American—1 Ton Model
All American Truck Co.

American Motorbus—3½ T. Mod.
American Motorbus Corp.

American—2 Ton Model
American Motor Truck Co.

Armleder—2 and 3½ Ton Model
O. Armleder Co.

Atlantic—1, 2, 3½ and 5 T. Mod
Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co.

Atlantic Refining—3½ Ton Model
Atlantic Refining Co.

Austin—2 Ton Model
Austin Mfg. Co.

Bessemer—1, 1½, 2 & 3½ T. M.
Bessemer Motor Truck Co.,

Bourne—2 and 3½ Ton Models
Bourne Magnetic Truck Co.

Brinton—1 and 2½ Ton Models
Brinton Motor Truck Co.

Bull Dog—2 Ton Model
Bull Dog Motor Truck Co.

Clark Industrial—
Clark Equipment Co.

Clydesdale—1, 1½, 2, 3½, 5 T.
Clyde Cars Co.

Concord—1½ and 2½ T. Models
Abbott & Downing Truck & Body Co.

Corbitt—1½, 2, 2½, 3½, 5 T. M.
Corbitt Motor Truck Co.

Couple Gear—2 Ton Model
Couple Gear Power Truck Co.

Dart—1, 2 and 3½ Ton Models
Dart Truck & Tractor Corp.

D. E.—1, 1½, 2, 2½ & 5 T. M.
Day Elder Motors Corp.

Dayton—2, 2½, 5 and 7 T Mod.
Dayton Motor Truck Co.

DeKalb—2 and 2½ Ton Models
DeKalb Wagon Co.

DeMartini—1, 2, 3 and 4 T. Mod
DeMartini Motor Truck Co.

Denby—1, 3 and 5 Ton Models
Denby Motor Truck Co.

Dependable—2½ Ton Models
Dependable Truck & Tractor Co.

Dorris—2 and 3½ Ton Models
Dorris Motor Car Co.

Douglas—1½ Ton Model
Douglas Motors Corp.

Electruck—1 Ton Model
Los Angeles Creamery Co.

Elgin—2 Ton Model
Elgin Street Sweeper Co.

Fageol—2, 3½ and 5 T. Models
Fageol Motors Co.

Famous—1 and 1½ Ton Models
Famous Trucks, Inc.

Fitzhenry Guptill—5 Ton Model
Fitzhenry Guptill Co.

Forschler—¾, 1, 1½ and 2 T. M.
Forschler Motor Truck Mfg. Co.

F. W. D.—3 Ton Model
Four Wheel Drive Auto Co.

Garford—1, 1½, 2, 3½, 4½, 5, 6, 7 and 10 Ton Models
Garford Motor Truck Co.

Gersix—1½ Ton Model
Gersix Mfg. Co.

Giant—3½ Ton Model
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co.

Golden West—3 Ton Model
Golden West Motors Co.

Gramm-Bernstein—1½, 2, 2½, 3½ and 5 Ton Models
Gramm-Bernstein Motor T. Co.

Hahn—1, 1¼ and 2½ T. Models
Hahn Motor Truck & Wag'n Co.

Harvey—2½, 3½, 5 and 10 T. M.
Harvey Motor Truck Co.

Hendrickson—2 and 3½ Ton Mod
Hendrickson Motor Truck Co.

Hunt Industrial Trucks—2 T. M.
C. W. Hunt Co.

Hurlburt—2 and 3½ Ton Model
Hurlburt Motor Truck Co.

International—¾, 1, 1½ & 2 T.M.
International Harvester Co.

Kankakee—1½ and 2 Ton Models
Kankakee Automobile Co.

Kimball—3½ Ton Model
Kimball Motor Truck Co.

King—3½ Ton Model
A. R. King Mfg. Co.

Kissel—3½ and 5 Ton Models
Kissel Motor Car Co.

Kleiber—1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3½ and 5 Ton Models
Kleiber & Co.

Klemm—3, 4 and 5 Ton Models
A. R. Klemm.

Knox—3 Ton Model
Knox Motors Co.

Lane—1½, 2½ and 3½ T. Mod.
Lane Motor Truck Co.

Lapeer—3 and 5 Ton Models
Lapeer Tractor Truck Co.

Larrabee—1, 2½, 3½ & 5 T. M.
Larrabee Deyo Motor Truck Co.

Lippard Stewart—¾, 1, 1½ and 2 Ton Models
Lippard Stewart Motor Car Co.

Maccar—1½, 2½, 3½ & 5½ T.M.
Maccar Truck Co

Manly—5 Ton Model
O'Connell Manly Truck Co.

Master—1½, 2, 3½ and 5 T. M.
Master Trucks, Inc.

Maxim—1½ and 2 Ton Models
Maxim Motor Co.

McFarlane—2 Ton Model
H. McFarlane Co.

Menard—2, 3½ and 5 Ton Mod.
Menard Motor Truck Co.

Menominee—1, 1½, 2, 3½ and 5 Ton Models
Menominee Motor Truck Co.

M. H. C.—1 Ton Model
Michigan Hearse & Motor Co.

Midland—2 and 2½ Ton Models
Midland Motor Car & Truck Co.

Moreland—1, 1½, 2½, 4 and 5 Ton Models
Moreland Motor Truck Co.

Mutual—2, 3½ and 5 T. Models
Mutual Truck Co.

National—1, 2, 3½ and 5 T. M.
National Steel Car Co.

Netco—2 Ton Model
New England Truck Co.

Noble—2½ Ton Model
Noble Motor Truck Co.

Northway—2 and 3½ Ton Models
Northway Motors Corp.

O. K.—1½ and 2 Ton Models
Oklahoma Auto Mfg. Co.

Old Reliable—1½, 2½, 3½, 5 and 7 Ton Models
Old Reliable Motor Truck Co.

Oneida—1, 1½, 2, 3½ & 5 T. M.
Oneida Motor Truck Co.

Oshkosh—2 Ton Model
Oshkosh Motor Truck Mfg. Co.

Palmer—1 and 2 Ton Models
Palmer Meyer Motor Car Co.

Parker—2, 3, 4 & 5 Ton Models
Parker Motor Truck Co.

Power—2 Ton Model
Power Truck & Tractor Co.

Purity—2 Ton Model
Case & Martin Co.

Ralston—2½ Ton Model
Ralston Iron Works.

Reliance—1¼ and 1½ T. Models
Reliance Motor Truck Co.

Riker—3 and 4 Ton Models
Locomobile Co. of America.

Robinson—3 and 5 Ton Models
Robinson Fire Apparatus Mfg. Co.

Rowe—2, 2½, 3 and 5 T. Models
Rowe Motor Mfg. Co.

Sandow—1, 1¼, 1½, 2, 3½ and 5 Ton Models
Sandow Motor Truck Co.

Sanford—2½, 3½ and 5 T. Mod.
Sanford Motor Truck Co.

Schnerr—3½ Ton Model
J. J. Schnerr.

Schwartz—1½ and 2½ T. Models
Schwartz Motor Truck Co.

Selden—5 Ton Model
Selden Motor Vehicle Co.

Service—1, 2, 3½ and 5 T. Mod.
Service Motor Truck Co.

South Bend—1½ and 3 T. Mod.
South Bend Motor Car Works.

Southwark—5 Ton Model
Southwark F'dry & Mach. Co.

Standard—2 Ton Model
Standard Motor Truck Co.

Star—1½ Ton Model
Star Carriage Co.

Steele—2, 3, 4 and 5 Ton Models
W. M. Steele.

Sterling—2½, 3½, 5 and 7 T. M.
Sterling Motor Truck Co.

Stewart—2 and 3½ Ton Models
Stewart Motor Corp.

Sullivan—1½ and 2 Ton Models
Sullivan Motor Truck Corp.

Superior—2 Ton Model
Superior Motor Truck Co.

The Steamobile—6 Ton Model
The Winslow Boiler & Eng. Co.

Tiffin—1½, 2½, 3½, 5 & 6 T. M.
Tiffin Wagon Co.

Tower—2 and 3½ Ton Models
Tower Motor Truck Co.

Trabold—1 Ton Model
Trabold Truck Mfg. Co.

Twin City—3½ and 5 T. Models
Twin City Four Wheel Drive Mfg. Co.

Union—2½ Ton Model
Union Motor Truck Co.

United—1½, 2½, 3½ & 5 T. M.
United Motors Co.

Universal—3 Ton Model
Universal Service Co.

Velie—2 Ton Model
Velie Carriage Co.

Victor—2 and 2½ Ton Models
Victor Truck & Trailer Co.

Walker—2 Ton Model
Walker Truck Co.

Walker—½, 1, 2, 3½ & 5 T. M.
Walker Vehicle Co.

Ward LaFrance—2 Ton Model
Ward LaFrance Truck Co.

Warren—2 Ton Model
Warren Motor Truck Co.

Way Cleanse—3½ Ton Model
Way Cleanse Co.

Weier Smith—3½ Ton Model
Weier Smith Truck Co.

White Hickory—1 and 1½ T. M.
White Hickory Wagon Mfg. Co.

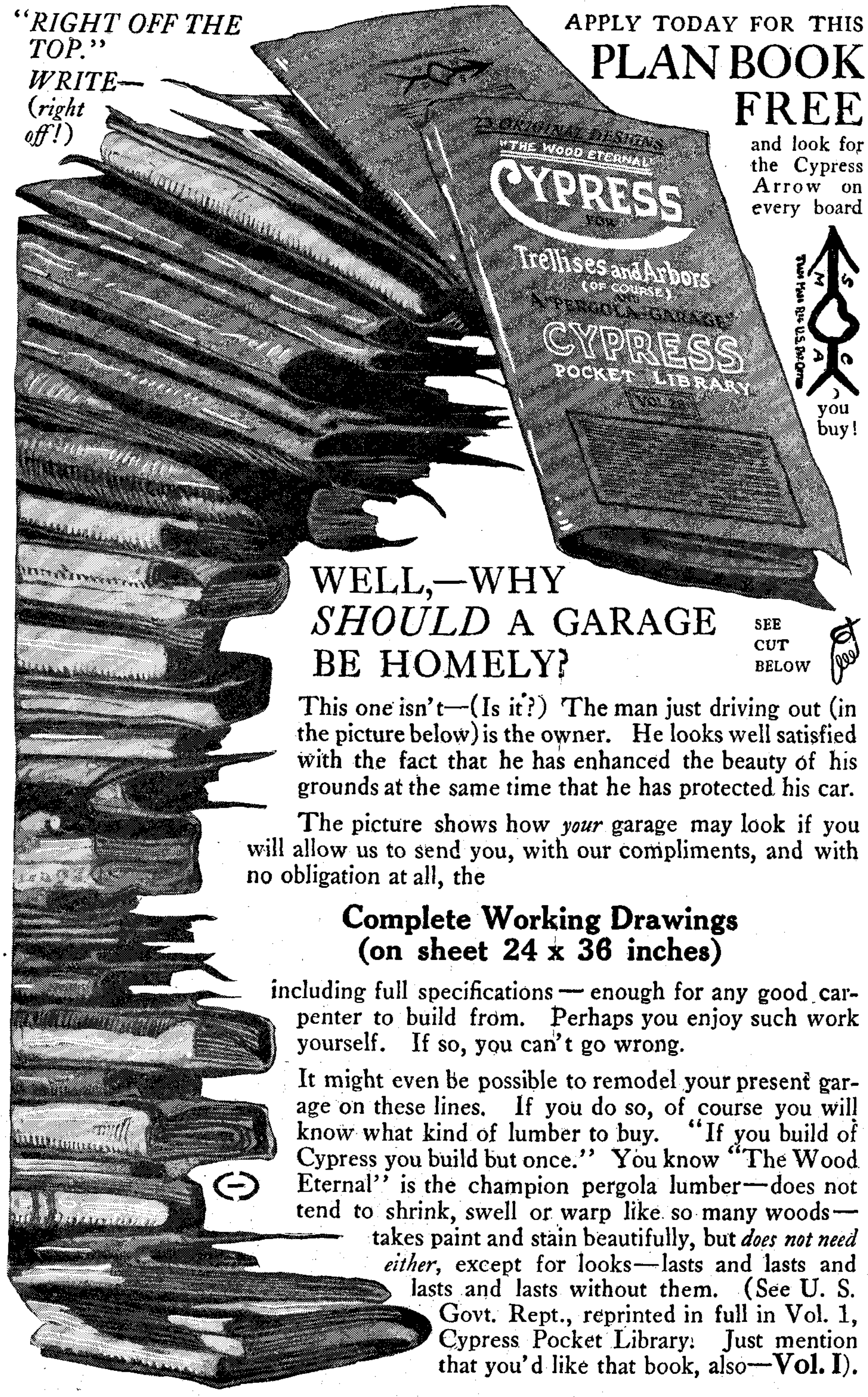
Wichita—1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3½ and 5 Ton Models
Wichita Falls Motor Co.

Wilson—1, 2, 3½ and 5 T. Mod.
J. C. Wilson Co.

Winther—1½, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 Ton Models
Winther Motor Truck Co.

Witt Will—1 and 2½ Ton Models
Witt Will Co.

The Steering Gears that Predominate on Motor Trucks



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(right off!)

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PLAN BOOK
FREE

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This one isn't—(Is it?) The man just driving out (in the picture below) is the owner. He looks well satisfied with the fact that he has enhanced the beauty of his grounds at the same time that he has protected his car.

The picture shows how *your* garage may look if you will allow us to send you, with our compliments, and with no obligation at all, the

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It might even be possible to remodel your present garage on these lines. If you do so, of course you will know what kind of lumber to buy. "If you build of Cypress you build but once." You know "The Wood Eternal" is the champion pergola lumber—does not tend to shrink, swell or warp like so many woods—takes paint and stain beautifully, but *does not need either,* except for looks—lasts and lasts and lasts and lasts without them. (See U. S. Govt. Rept., reprinted in full in Vol. 1, Cypress Pocket Library. Just mention that you'd like that book, also—**Vol. I**).

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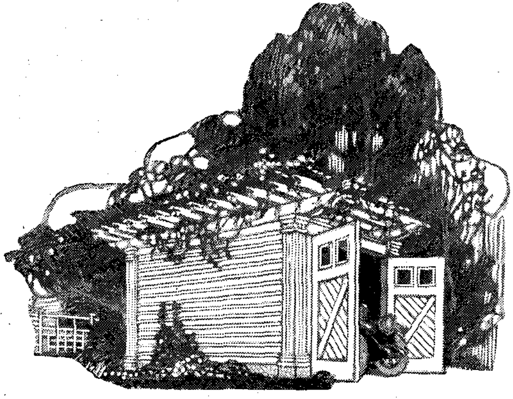

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INSIST ON TRADE-MARKED CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL LUMBER DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW.*

agreeing not to keep alcoholics in stock for any purpose whatever.

That the work of the Citizens' League is not finished is apparent from a call for mass-meeting to-morrow night to hear citizens' testimony as to other possible sources of bootlegging, with the pledge of the leaders given that every scrap of evidence will be sifted and "prosecuted without legal technicalities or delays."

There is no secrecy surrounding the Citizens' League that has taken law and justice into its own hands. Meetings are held in the Livingston County court-house, situated in the center of Chillicothe, and public officials are invited to attend.

Bankers, merchants, professional men, and other good citizens compose the "mob" which now is in charge of the prohibition question in Chillicothe, all of them known to city and county officials, and no effort is made to conceal the identity of the "executive committee," which is doing the actual work of ridding the city of whisky.

The break between the prohibition forces and the law came last week, when the bootlegging results reached out and affected a number of boys and young men, ranging from fifteen years of age up to manhood. Mere children went home at night maudlin drunk. Women were insulted on the streets and the point was reached where the main business square around the court-house smelled of whisky as pungently as Twelfth Street in Kansas City.

Freshmen in the high schools were found frequently under the influence of liquor and a number of students in a business college here were expelled for drunkenness.

Prosecutions in courts of druggists charged with illegal sales of whisky were unsuccessful; then the dam broke and public opinion started a campaign of its own, independent of law and officials.

A mass-meeting was held in the court-house Sunday afternoon. The mayor of Chillicothe and the county attorney were present by request. The situation was discust, mothers baring family secrets in telling of escapades of their sons.

A high-school professor, A. L. Threlkeld, told what he knew of the wetness of a supposedly dry city; representatives of women's societies pleaded for action; ministers demanded action, tempered by conservatism.

W. H. Ellett, president of the People's Trust Company, offered a resolution that the meeting, which had by then become known among those present as the Citizens' League, should reconvene at nine o'clock Monday morning and go in a body to the drug-store of C. E. Butterbaugh and request him to leave Chillicothe at once.

The vote was unanimously favorable, with the exception of the mayor, L. A. Chapman, an attorney and teacher of a Sunday-school class in the Baptist church.

"I am mayor of the city and represent law and order," Mayor Chapman explained, "and as such can not vote for mob law." His explanation was entirely satisfactory to the Citizens' League, all of whom knew he had four sons and was a lifelong temperance supporter.

When the hour for action came Monday morning there was a larger gathering at the court-house for the work in hand.

Butterbaugh had learned what was to happen, so the crowd found a locked store when they reached his place of business. A dry-goods box became a speakers' forum and the Rev. Charles H. Brott, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church and

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The man who owns a GMC Motor Truck may well look upon it with the same degree of confidence he placed in the horse, his faithful friend.

Whether it be a single GMC Truck or a fleet, the owner finds untold satisfaction in his confidence that his work will be well done.

During the years since GMC Trucks were put on the market there has grown up among GMC owners everywhere just such a feeling.

There is a good reason for it.

GMC Trucks, from the very first, were built to be inherently good—good for their own sake.

No GMC Truck was ever built to meet a price.

The GMC ideal has been to build the best truck possible in a particular size and for a particular kind of work.

That is why, as a result of proof of performance, the reputation of GMC Trucks for reliability and plain, honest quality is rapidly growing.

Let your next Truck be a GMC.

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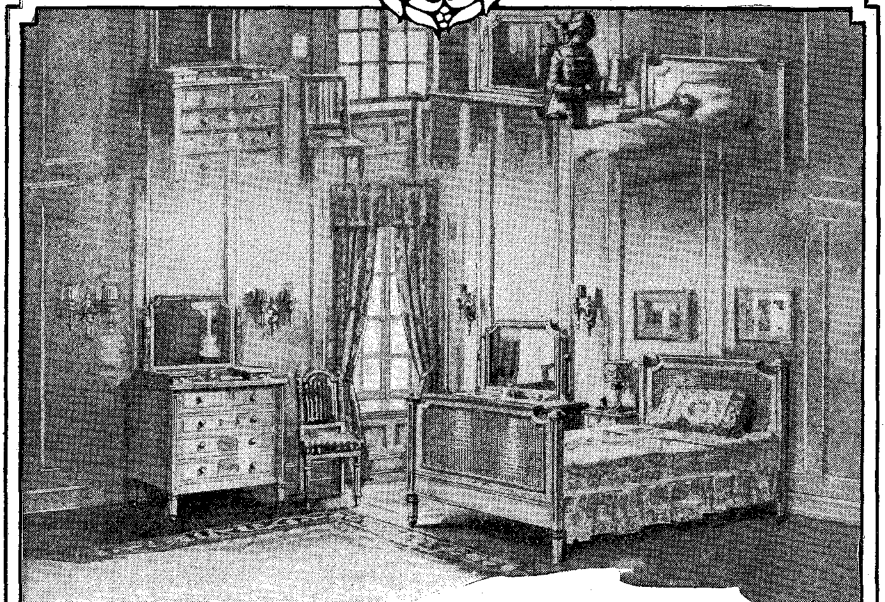
GMC TRUCKS

Murphy
Univernish
The Universal Varnish
Supplied clear and in six transparent wood colors



*Every Bedroom
may become a Hospital*

The Sanitary Varnish because it can be scrubbed with boiling water.

A bedroom may become a sick room. Then absolute, sanitary cleanliness becomes of vital importance.

Perhaps you have seen them wash floors in a hospital!

Univernish will stand that kind of cleaning without turning white or injury of any kind.

Every square inch of woodwork and floors in bedroom and bath room should be finished with Murphy Univernish or Murphy White Enamel, which is also resistant to boiling water.

Think of the scrubbing that woodwork gets in the kitchen and butler's pantry. Univernish is an admirable finish for such woodwork. It is almost as hard and durable as glass—and as easy to clean.

Keep Univernish on hand always as you do soap—it is as necessary for modern sanitary housekeeping. Touch up scarred woodwork. Univernish on linoleum preserves it and saves a lot of washing.

Univernish is furnished as clear varnish and in the following transparent wood colors:

Dark Oak
Light Oak
Bog Oak
Mahogany
Walnut
Green

Let us send you two brochures, "The Modern Bathroom" and "The Modern Sanitary Kitchen," and give you the name of a Merchant who sells Murphy's.

Murphy Varnish Company
Franklin Murphy, jr., President
NEWARK CHICAGO
The Dougall Varnish Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Associate

president of the Ministerial Alliance, addrest the assembly while a selected committee went to Butterbaugh's home and escorted him to his store.

Butterbaugh asked and was granted an opportunity to speak. He mounted the dry-goods box and immediately announced he was willing to comply with their request and would leave the city. Then he pleaded for "a fair deal," urging that the crowd visit other whisky-selling drug-stores so they would share the public disgrace with him.

Runners broke out of the crowd, friends of other druggists, and hastened to spread the news of what might be expected. For a time an open drug-store was hard to find, many druggists fitting the shoe to their foot.

Enthused by the easy victory, the crowd pushed on to another drug-store, that of Hershberger & Wilkinson, facing the county court-house on the west.

A locked door confronted them. Another dry-goods box, another committee to find the proprietor, Mr. Wilkinson. Then the pledge that he would clear his place of all intoxicants was exacted of Mr. Wilkinson.

"On to the next one!" was the cry from the league of citizens, but the leaders opposed further action.

"We have shown our intentions, so that all bootleggers may see," Mr. Brott counseled. "Now, let us stop and handle the others through an executive committee. To make one mistake would discredit our entire movement. Rather be censured for underdoing than overdoing."

Mr. Wilkinson urged the citizens to go on to the other drug-stores, asserting there were others worse than his store.

Conservatism won and the crowd broke up without violence. In the next few days the league was thoroughly organized. The account concludes:

Four of the six other druggists of the business section have signed the agreement presented by the executive committee, pledging themselves to carry no alcoholics in stock; the fifth druggist has been hunting the bearer of the pledge but has not signed yet; the sixth druggist has not been visited.

Just what inducements the executive committee offers for signing the pledge is not known. That is one point of secrecy, altho it is understood there is no haggling of words or possibility of misunderstanding.

Realizing that the alley bootlegger is a factor to be contended with, the Citizens' League is now arranging to collect a fund from which rewards for information on bootleggers will be paid.

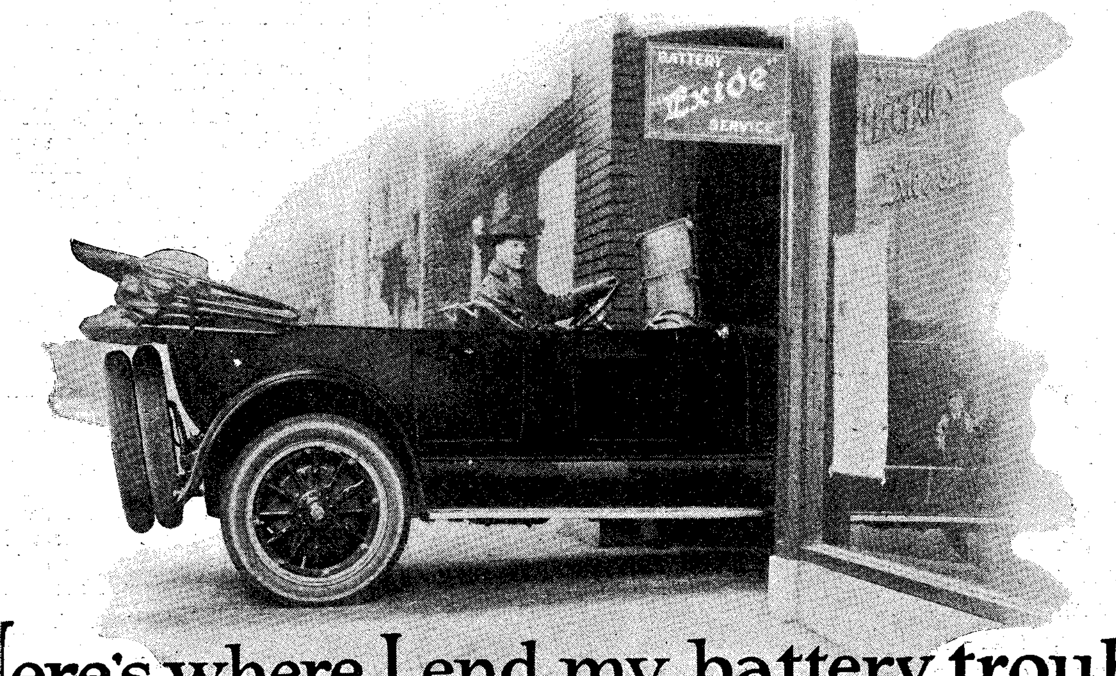
Mr. Brott announced to-day the reward would not hinge upon "arrest and conviction," as most rewards do, but would be paid for information convincing the Citizens' League of guilt, regardless of any flaw which might be found in the evidence by a hypocritical court.

Back of all the movement there is a spirit of ultra-conservatism, such as one would never expect to find in a league whose primary object is to ignore the legal side of questions. All leaders of the movement show the same careful spirit, giving the league unusual opportunity to become a real success.

The absolutism of prohibition as Chillicothe will know it is appreciated only by persons who are familiar with Chillicothe's wet and dry history.

Chillicothe for years was one of the "wettest" spots in all north Missouri, made so by the majority of the business

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.



“Here's where I end my battery troubles–”

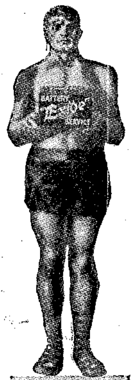
Why not say that to *yourself*—say it today? Many a motorist before you has laid the bugaboo of starting and lighting doubt and distrust forever by simply driving into the nearest “Exide” Station and getting the real “hard pan” story of the

“Exide” Starting & Lighting Battery

and “Exide” Service. The “Exide” Battery is the battery with thirty-one years of exclusive storage battery building experience insuring the “rightness” of its every detail. Every feature of it is *practical*—designed by practical men from practical knowledge, and tested out in practical work.

Get the “Exide” Service Man to *show* you the “Exide” Battery. Examine it carefully. See how sturdily it is made. Learn just what each part *is* and why it is there. The “Exide” is sold, not on flashy “selling points” but on real “reason-why, open-eyed” facts. If you are convinced that it *looks* good, put it in your car and *prove* the soundness of your judgment, just as so many thousands of your brother motorists have ever since the first cars were equipped with starting and lighting systems.

“Exide” Service stands back of every “Exide” Battery. “Exide” Service is considerably more than the mere sticking of a hydrometer syringe into the electrolyte. “Exide” Service is based on the big, broad principle of “solving the customer's individual battery problems.” Every “Exide” Service Man is thoroughly equipped to see that you get exactly the battery best suited to your particular needs, and to see that that battery keeps on meeting them, season in and season out. The “Exide” Man nearest you is no exception. Go in and talk it over with him.



The Giant that Lives in a Box

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
The largest maker of storage batteries in the world
1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1919

New York Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Washington Minneapolis Denver Kansas City San Francisco Detroit St. Louis Rochester Cleveland Toronto Atlanta

“Exide”, “Hycap-Exide”, “Ironclad-Exide”, “Thin-Exide”, “Chloride Accumulator”, “Tudor Accumulator”
Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

BATTERY
“Exide”
SERVICE

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

NOVO
RELIABLE
POWER

Power on Wheels

Novo Engines and Outfits are Reliable, first of all. They are also simple in operation, efficient, economical. And—a point of great importance to most contractors today—they furnish Portable Power. Being light, compact, self-contained, a Novo Engine or Outfit can be easily and quickly put to work wherever power is needed.

The accompanying photograph shows a Novo D. H. Hoist at work on a pier which is being built for the Government by Snare & Triest Company, Contractors, at Greenwich Point, Philadelphia. Like many other Novo Outfits used by these contractors, the hoist is mounted on wheels, for convenience in moving it from place to place.

Novo Hoisting Outfits are made for every kind of lifting and hauling, in construction work, mining, lumbering, pile-driving, excavating, grading, conveying, etc. Write for Bulletin No. 11—it will tell you all about our complete line of hoists.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement. Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
613 Porter Street
Lansing, Mich.

New York: 1617 Woolworth Building
Chicago: 800 Old Colony Building

Canadian Distributors:
London Concrete Machinery Co.,
London, Ontario

Novo
Type
D.H.Hoist

Novo Engines, 1½ to 15 H. P. Outfits for Hoisting, Pumping, Air Compressing, Sawing. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, natural or artificial gas. Catalog showing complete line sent on request.

men advocating saloons as a business proposition. Being wet was one of Chillicothe's strongest talking points and an appeal from the Chamber of Commerce for prohibition would have been as startling a thing as could be imagined.

One of the biggest merchants of the city was a "wet" leader. One day he called a customer into his office and upbraided him for failure to pay his bill. The customer admitted inability to "keep his head above water," and charged liquor with responsibility for his failure. The merchant investigated and found it true. Then he investigated others of his bad accounts and found the debtor a drinker in every case.

That merchant talked with other merchants, who in turn investigated their bad accounts. The results were startling in their similarity.

The merchant was a good business man and he saw a situation eating the profits off his trade. He convinced other merchants, and the proposition was solved.

What temperance forces had spent decades in unsuccessfully striving to attain, the business men accomplished as a business proposition.

Some of the same business men who didn't believe in prohibition as a moral question, but made the city "dry" as a business proposition, were in the crowd that went as a peaceful mob to enforce the prohibition they had won.

A "HAYSEED" PHILOSOPHER WITH A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

THERE passed away the other day in a little Missouri town where he was born and had lived all his life a man who has been called "one of the greatest living men, in certain lines of thought, in either Europe or America." His name was Thomas Moore Johnson. The Osage River runs through his town, and for this reason he has been styled the "Sage of the Osage." He was among the world's foremost interpreters of ancient Greek philosophy, a profound scholar and thinker, and a distinguished writer on philosophic subjects. He was also a phenomenal linguist. What would you think of a man able not only to read Latin and Greek, but also to write and converse in those same deceased and, as it would seem to a harassed high-school student, altogether and unnecessarily befuddling tongues? But Johnson did it "without batting an eye"; and once it is said that a student who entered the philosopher's study found him pounding a typewriter and was utterly paralyzed to discover that its characters were ancient Greek and that the great man was nonchalantly dashing off a letter in that language. In addition to devoting a great share of his time, of course, to delving into ancient tomes full of abstruse thoughts set out in language quite in harmony with the thoughts, the sage had a great way of skimming through the modern authors. It is said that he could run through any of the best of the "best sellers" in ten minutes, "getting" all they contained, and sometimes amused himself in that way. Mr. Johnson was educated for the law, but being averse to having the troubles of others poured into his ear all day, and having acquired a liking for ancient philosophy in his college days, he quit the law and devoted himself to his favorite line, being enabled to do so by virtue of the possession of that greatest of all earthly blessings, an independent income. A brief history of the life of the "Sage of the Osage" is given in *The Gazette* (Little Rock, Ark.). We quote therefrom the following relating to Mr. Johnson's collection of books:

> Perhaps Mr. Johnson knew how many volumes his library contained—they are variously estimated as between 5,000 and 15,000. Among them are tomes which have been out of print for hundreds of years and are priceless, from the standpoint of the collector. The books soon overflowed the Johnson house, and a stone library building was erected a few yards away, on the banks of the Osage River. The library bulges with books. They run in double rows from floor to ceiling, from basement to attic. There are ladders to give access to dusty top shelves, where the books stand, as on the lower shelves, in a double row. The collector has tried to arrange them, politely, with the short fellows in the front rank so that the austere rear-rank privates can show their wrinkled faces over the top. This library, by the way, is distinguished as the only private library in the State set aside for its particular purpose.

Naturally, a character of this kind would not be complete without a few eccentricities. That he possest these is indicated by the following:

> Few photographs of him ever were made. He didn't like photographs of people, agreeing with the ancient Greek who said that it was bad enough to have to drag your body through life without having a counterfeit presentment of it sticking around to regard your comings and goings—or classical words to the same general effect.
>
> The "Sage of the Osage" literally lived among his books; he slept with them and ate in their company. He would spend, so it is stated, about an hour each day with his wife, descend to pots and pans, furniture, newspapers, and the like, and, perhaps, a change of linen. Two little trips he would make each day to the express-office—one in the morning, one in the afternoon—to get books for which he had no shelves in his library. Perhaps he would deposit the books under the table or bed, and forget where he had put them. Being absent-minded, the Sage was very apt to slip on his rubbers and a raincoat such time as the sun was shining and skies were unflecked, and stroll out in his short blue library jacket when it was raining. Such tales are inevitable. It was said that he wore at times a coat especially devised with pockets cut wherever one was likely to place one's hands. In each pocket was a Greek dramatist, or Omar in the original, or Vergil, Ovid, Livy—one of those "old birds"; in fact, instead of having the pockets made to fit the books, which might have been inconvenient, the books were actually made to fit the pockets. In such distinguished company the Sage was wont to fare forth all on a summer day, and so browse among the acorns and alders, or whatever grows on the banks of the Osage.

More Power

Because Less
Frictional Resistance

No, trains do not run through Continental Wood Stave Pipe, but the water used to develop hydro-electric power to operate the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is conveyed from the rugged Rocky Mountains through the 14-foot Continental pipe pictured above—the largest in the world. Its selection by the engineers in this enormous development is a remarkable endorsement. Its low frictional resistance was an important consideration in the selection of—

CONTINENTAL
WOOD STAVE PIPE

Our service department is maintained for your convenience. Write or have your engineer write for informational booklet.

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General Office: Department A, Seattle, Washington
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Pacific Coast Pipe Co., Seattle
Portland Wood Pipe Co., Portland
Washington Pipe & Foundry Co., Tacoma
National Tank & Pipe Co. (Pipe Dept. only), Portland

Millions from the Gleanings

"Ship by Truck" Saves the Bushel of Apples and the Crate of Tomatoes that would not get to market otherwise—Conserving Food from Hundreds of Thousands of Farms

By Harvey S. Firestone
President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

"Ship by Truck" is gleaning America's fields and orchards and truck gardens. "Ship by Truck" is bearing to market the last few quarts of berries, the small crate of eggs, the job-lots of food that practically every farm has been producing and losing every year.

The loss has been a double one. The farmer lost a legitimate profit. You and I lost food for our tables at a lowered price.

"Ship by Truck" is changing this situation with surprising rapidity. But the more we all realize just what is being done, the sooner all benefit by the gleaning that "Ship by Truck" is carrying out.

Everybody knows what truck transportation is doing in the movement of the big production of wheat and potatoes and corn and hogs.

But most of us have not seen the work of the truck express systems in cleaning up the fields and orchards and garden-patches, making available for consumption and bearing to profitable markets the last 10%, 15%, or even 20% of the farm output.

There are, roughly, 6,300,000 farms in the United States.

If "Ship by Truck" aids, say, one million of these farms to market an extra five dollars' worth of food products in the course of a year, the farmers are richer by five million dollars.

In many instances the farmer's profit lies in the last few bushels of peaches from his orchard, or the last few pecks of radishes from his garden.

The purchasers are richer through the lowering of food costs. Bear in mind that this gleaning process refers to food that would rot on the trees, or in the gardens or fields.

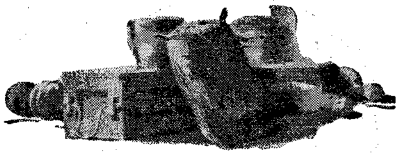
The farmer can afford to haul his big crop to market. "Ship by Truck" is already saving him large amounts. But the farmer cannot afford to make a trip to the nearest town with the gleanings of fruit and vegetables. The truck express companies can and are hauling these small amounts at a profit for the farmer, for the truck express company and for the ultimate consumer.

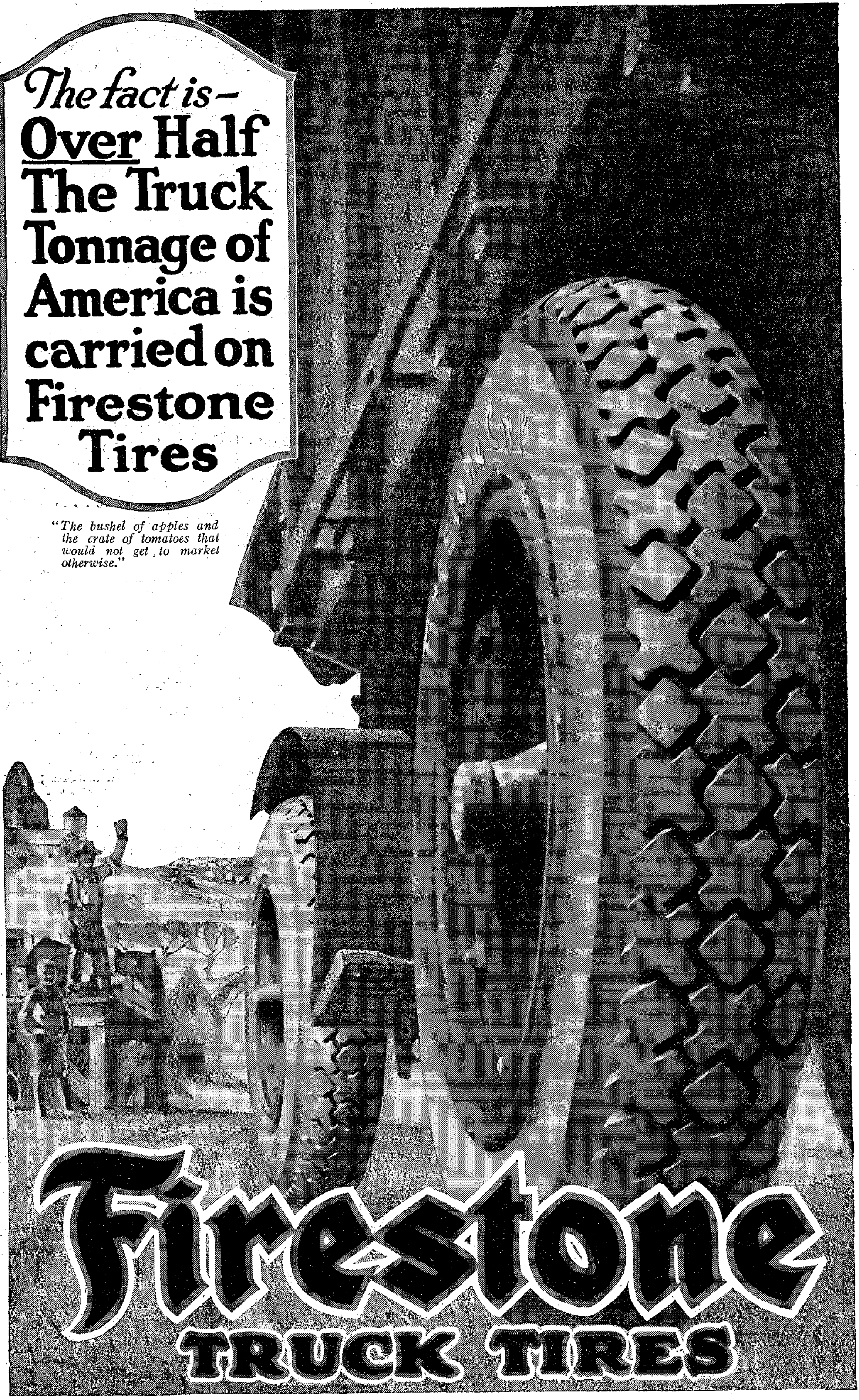
You merchants and manufacturers of the towns and cities can aid in this great gleaning movement by passing the word to your shipping department—"Ship by Truck."

The return loads from the cities to the towns and hamlets and to the individual farmer support the truck express companies.

"Ship by Truck" is a great movement in which we all benefit and which we all can help.

"Ship by Truck."





The fact is—
Over Half The Truck Tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires

"The bushel of apples and the crate of tomatoes that would not get to market otherwise."

Firestone
TRUCK TIRES

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

HOW OUR NATIONAL FORESTS CONSERVE IRRIGATION AND WATER POWER

THE intimate connection between the national forests and the supply of water for irrigation, power, and home consumption is strikingly shown in a recent pamphlet by Samuel T. Dana, assistant chief of forest-investigations, issued by the United States Forest Service (Washington, 1919). At least 85 per cent. of the water used for irrigation in eleven far-Western States comes from national forests, and nearly half of the water-power of these States is actually within the forest boundaries. Mr. Dana shows us how the way in which the Government is administering these forest areas is conserving the water-supply and encouraging its use for the purposes in which it will render the greatest service to surrounding communities, whether in town or country. Care for the forests, we are assured by Mr. Dana, means caring for the interests of the water-user, while deforestation means, in most cases, the greatest injury to those interests. To summarize his article:

"No less than 42 per cent. of the water-power resources of the eleven Western States, or approximately 31 per cent. of the water-power resources of the entire country, is actually within the national forests. Moreover, a large part of the remaining power, although developed outside of the forests, is derived from streams rising in them. In 1915 nearly 42 per cent. of the water-power already installed was developed by plants some part of which occupied national forest lands or which were directly dependent on storage reservoirs constructed on National Forest lands, and 13.6 per cent. more was similarly dependent on other public lands. Even these figures, however, do not bring out the full significance of the national forests in their relation to the water-power resources of the West. A large part of these resources outside of the forests are so located as to be extremely difficult of development under present conditions, and so a continually increasing proportion of new water-power developments is utilizing sites within national forests or other public lands.

"Some 732 Western towns and cities, with an aggregate population of 2,265,000, depend on the national forests for their domestic water-supply. This does not include, of course, ranches and small settlements equally dependent on the forests, nor the towns and cities securing their domestic water from streams and underground supplies which are at some distance from the forests, but which rise from sources within them. Denver, Colo., Salt Lake City, Utah, Los Angeles, Cal., and Portland, Ore., are conspicuous examples of large cities which are insured a pure and abundant water-supply by the national forests.

"Perhaps the most obvious relation that exists between forests and water is the tendency of the tree cover to check erosion. The leaves and branches of the trees prevent the rain from beating upon the soil as it does in the open; the cover which they afford delays the melting of snow in the spring; the upper layers of the forest soil act as an enormous sponge.

"The action of the forest in reducing surface run-off tends to regulate the flow of streams. Instead of rushing away in uncontrollable torrents the water is absorbed into the great reservoir of mineral soil, from which it is gradually paid out to the springs and streams. This tends to decrease the high water run-off and to increase the low water run-off. It is the low water-flow that to a great extent determines the availability of any given supply for municipal use, irrigation, or hydroelectric development, and anything which will increase this flow is therefore a factor of prime importance.

"In the actual management of the national forests every precaution is taken to see that the interests of the water-user are fully protected. No utilization of their various resources is permitted unless a negative answer can be given to the question, Will the proposed use have any injurious effect on the water-supply?

"When the boundaries of the national forests were first drawn it was inevitable that occasional areas of land more suitable for farming than for timber production or watershed protection should have been included. To make certain that all of the lands within the national forests will be put to their best use thorough surveys were made by experts, as a result of which the lands have been classified according to their primary value: for timber production, watershed protection, agriculture, and the like.

"In making this classification, one fundamental principle was followed, namely, that land chiefly valuable for the prevention of erosion or the regulation of stream-flow should be retained in the national forests and administered primarily for these purposes. Such other lands as appear to be more valuable for crop production have either been eliminated altogether from the national forests or else opened to entry under the Forest Homestead Act. It sometimes happened that areas were encountered which were of value both for farming and for watershed protection. When this was the case it became necessary to determine their relative value for the two purposes. The fact that throughout the West water is such a precious commodity ordinarily led to the classification of such tracts as primarily valuable for watershed protection.

"In cutting timber in the national forests, similar precautions are taken to see that the interests of the water-user are properly protected. Destructive lumbering, which too often stript the land and abandoned it to fire, with entire disregard not only of the future timber-supply, but also of the water-supply, is now a thing of the past, so far as the national forests are concerned. In its place has been substituted a system of management which assures the preservation of the forest cover and of its protective influence. At the higher elevations, where because of thin soil, steep slopes, and heavy precipitation the preservation of a fairly dense forest cover is particularly important, 'protection forests' may be set aside in which little or no cutting is allowed. At lower elevations the amount of cutting that may safely be allowed naturally varies more or less with local conditions. In each case a careful study of the situation is made, and the timber is never thinned below the point of safety."

HARD TIMES FOR INVENTORS

THE income tax has indirectly hit the inventor hard, we are told by an editorial writer in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York, March 1). This it does, we are told, by taking so much from large incomes that rich men can no longer afford to speculate—and the backing of an inventor is essentially a speculative enterprise. When there is no one who can afford to "take a flier" in his work, on the chance that he may turn out some epoch-making (and fortune-making) discovery, he naturally languishes. That, we are informed, is exactly what is now taking place, and the result is that this is a bad year for inventors. How high taxation, acting through the inventor and his backers, results in "slowing down the machinery of industrial progress," we are told in the following words:

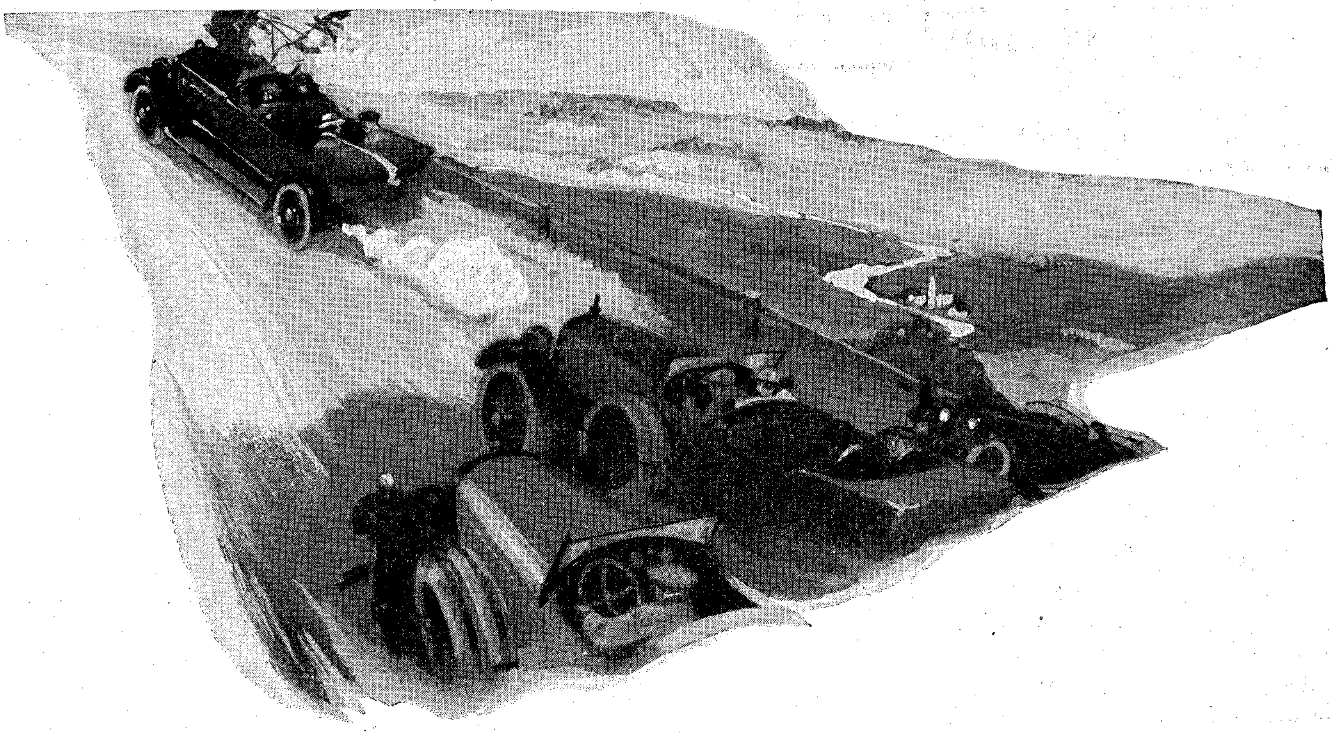
"Every new idea must pass through a speculative phase before it becomes established. The man of limited income can not afford to speculate. The consensus of human experience is against it. If he has a little something set aside for a rainy day or to provide for old age, he should not play fast and loose with it. With all our reforms and changes in public policy we have not yet reached the point at which we discourage thrift.

"Rich men can afford to speculate. They set aside what they are willing to lose, and 'take fliers' with it. It is by means of such excess wealth that most new enterprises have been started, and these make for competition, as well as for industrial progress, while they bring down prices in the end. We are not praising rich men, or making any plea for an increase in millionaires; we are merely stating the fact that new enterprises are usually started by savings of the well-to-do; by means of funds that are, or should be, available for speculation.

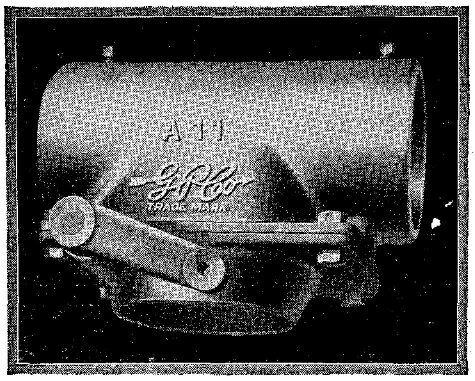
"Corporations may speculate on new methods, processes, and materials within reason. The means for this is taken from research funds. But corporations are slow to change factory practise, and we could fill all our pages with testimonials taken from inventors of the day to prove that novelties and improvements are hard to get through the front door of industry. It is generally admitted to be wholly useless to offer patents of any kind to certain corporations. We are not complaining; we are merely recording the experiences of the past. As instances of the difficulty of getting even great inventions over the speculative stage, we may mention Hall with his aluminum process, or Herman Frasch's conquest of the sulfur problem in the Gulf States. We should probably still be without sulfur if it had not been for H. McK. Twombly, Mrs. Hewitt, and a few others who took a flier on backing the Frasch process.

"Banks are not allowed to speculate, but banking institutions by their affiliations with persons of wealth can offer them the opportunity to speculate of their own free will. That is the way in which great promotions have been effected. It comes right back to the rich men again.

"Altho hope may spring eternal in the human breast, few of us like a treadmill. The incentive to make money only to see it taken away again by taxation is, somehow, not very strong. Possibly it should



Nine out of every ten automobiles are running below par



Nine out of every ten automobiles on the roads today are running below their designed standard of mechanical efficiency.

One cylinder may be weak, carbon may be clogging the pistons, the gas mixture may be too rich—these, and scores of other troubles are very probably interfering with the full flow of power from *your* engine.

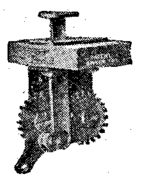
Yet such troubles will cheat you out of the satisfaction your car should give. Little ills may develop into more serious troubles—and eventually large repair bills—unless you can tell what is going on inside your engine.

Nip trouble in the bud with a G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

If you know what your engine is doing, you can nip trouble in the bud. With a G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out on your car, you can tell at any moment whether all your cylinders are working, whether your engine is pulling evenly and with 100% power, whether your gas mixture is right. You can blow chunks of carbon out of your motor. You can cool your engine and keep it clean and fit.

The G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out is built simply and strong. Gases exhaust fully with no possibility of back pressure. Made in two parts, permitting quick and thorough access to interior.

These features are obtained only with a G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out. Be sure it's the genuine G-Piel—at all reputable dealers.



G-Piel Pedal

The G-Piel Pedal makes Cut-Out operation easy

The geared compound leverage of the G-Piel Pedal makes it easy to operate any cut-out spring. It is a simple matter to install it on any floor board.

Sales Department
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc.
280 Madison Ave., New York City

The G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

and G-Piel Pedal

PIEL PRODUCTS

"Tells the motor's secrets"

You Can Take Hills on High Without A Knock

If you will keep your motor free from carbon. That knocking in your engine—the difficulty you have climbing hills—poor pick-up—lack of power—noisy motor—pre-ignition—in fact 80 per cent of engine trouble is caused by carbon. Clean it out with

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

and your engine will run like it did the first 500 miles—quietly and full of "pep". And your gasoline consumption will drop 12 per cent to 25 per cent.

Do It Yourself

For 35c—five minutes' time—and no labor you, yourself, can remove all carbon deposits. Pour or spray an ounce of Johnson's Carbon Remover into each cylinder through the petcocks or spark plug openings. Let the car stand for half to three-quarters of an hour; then take your car out on the road, drive it 10 or 15 miles at a fairly good rate of speed. You will be surprised at the wonderful improvement.

Use It Every 500 Miles

If you will use Johnson's Carbon Remover at regular intervals giving carbon no chance to accumulate, you will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and your engine will always be at its highest efficiency.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
Established 1882

Knock! Knock!!
Use JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER and take these hills on high!
Made and Guaranteed by
S.C.JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Johnson's Carbon Remover is recommended by many car manufacturers including the Packard and Studebaker Companies. Handled by all representative dealers and jobbers. Insist upon yours supplying you. Write for further information and copy of our booklet on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. L. D., Racine, Wis.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

be great and patriotic, but it is not so regarded. Nobody goes up to the tax-collector's office joyfully and with a brass band. The whole proceeding has never yet acquired charm. Therefore, rich men are growing wary of taking fliers in new enterprises, on the ground that, if they lose their money will be gone, and if they win their profits will be taken away by taxes. They are less inclined toward new things that look good. And the inventor is having a hard time of it."

THE DEADLY STEREOSCOPE

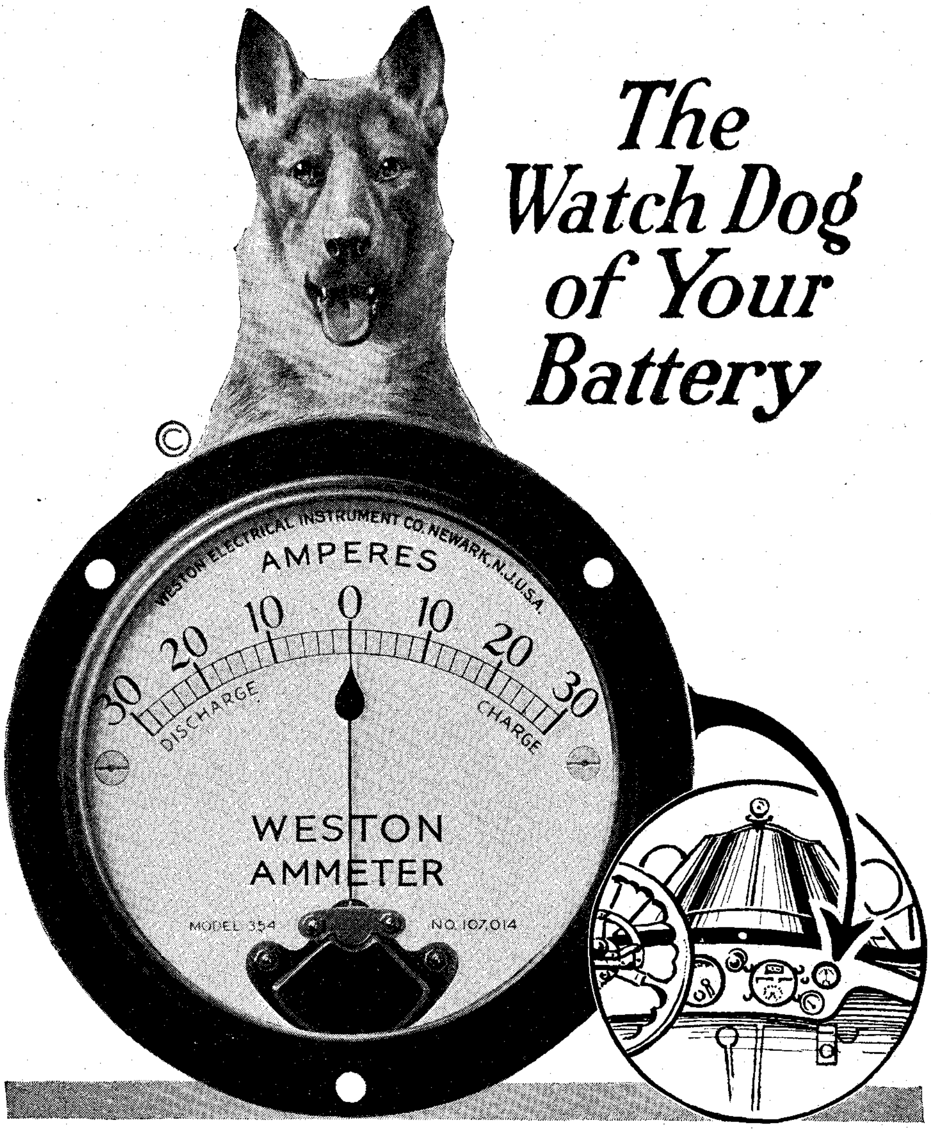
AMONG the multitude of persons and things that "won the war," the stereoscope, it appears, must be accorded prominence. This harmless instrument, without which no mid-Victorian parlor was supposed to be complete, was the means of detecting concealed batteries and hidden trenches and penetrating all sorts of camouflage. Every one knows that the stereoscope gives to a picture the effect of depth that is possest by a natural scene when viewed with both eyes. Camouflage that would pass in an ordinary flat photograph stands out in its native falsity when two views are taken of it from different points and combined stereoscopically in the familiar manner. Says Douglass Reid in what he entitles "The Thrilling Story of Winning Battles with Photographs," contributed to *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, April):

"The old-fashioned stereoscope through which Uncle Elmer, Aunt Hetty, and little Chester—Sunday visitors—used to gaze so breathlessly upon marvelous views of the Mammoth Cave, Lincoln's Funeral, and Sardine Fishers off Brittany—this quaint semiridiculous old instrument of Sabbath entertainment carried roaring, smashing hell to the Huns of Wilhelm, the 'scourge of the world.'

"It was the stereoscope that proved to be the greatest single aid to the detectives of the aerial photography corps of the Allies in their discovery of the expertly hidden batteries of the Germans. It was the stereoscope that penetrated the best battery camouflage that German artillerymen ever devised. Further than that, it removed the one great obstacle to the correct reading of aerial prints — lack of the proper perspective. The camera in the air shoots directly downward, in its pictures the height of objects is lost, and an entirely new view-point on the world given the observer. The familiar objects of life become mysterious to him when he can not see their dimensions in the common fashion.

"The picture made by a camera looks with one eye. A man looks with two eyes, and these two eyes, being a few inches apart, inform the brain that the object looked at has length, breadth, and depth. . . . .

"Now the aerial photographers applied this truth as follows: They knew that two photographs taken of the same object with an ordinary stereoscopic camera, in which the lenses are 2¾ inches apart, would not produce the stereoscopic effect, since the object photographed would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Loss of hair following INFLUENZA

FREQUENT and distressing conditions following influenza (or any severe illness) are the sudden loss of hair and the development of dandruff. This observation has been reported in the medical press both by the general practitioner and the scalp specialist.

As the scalp is generally tender and the hair poorly nourished after an illness, such as influenza, care should be exercised in the application of any treatment. We offer the following advice, suggested to us by a dermatologist, for these scalp conditions:

Massage the scalp daily, with the finger tips, using a little Oil of Sweet Almonds, if the scalp is dry. If the scalp becomes too oily, massage with alcohol or cologne. While gentle and proper massage of the scalp and careful brushing of the hair daily are advisable, too vigorous manipulation may injure the tender scalp and pull out the poorly nourished hair.

Shampoo the scalp regularly, as soon as the physical condition following the illness warrants.

The toning up of the body, in every way possible, as advised by the family physician, is of great importance in improving the condition of the scalp.

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MAKERS OF PACKER'S TAR SOAP
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be miles below, too far for the camera to catch its dimensions and make them apparent in a picture.

"However, the photographers bethought themselves that if they put one hundred yards between the two pictures—snapt a trench from one elevation, moved one hundred yards ahead on a level, then shot again—it would be as tho a giant with one hundred yards between his eyes were looking at the object.

"So they tried this, mounting the resultant photographs on cardboard and looking at them through an old-fashioned stereoscope. The result was better than their anticipations; the depth and height of objects were tremendously exaggerated. A cottage looked like a tower, a bucket like a well, a trench like a cañon, a hill like a mountain. But they soon learned to translate these eccentricities into common sense—the great thing had been done, the landscape was made to assume reality in pictures.

"Hundreds of mysterious little specks, trails, and lumps on every aerial photograph, which before had troubled the men who examined them so carefully with their magnifying glasses, could now be recognized quickly and easily. . . . They could now tell whether a white spot on the ground was a flat, canvas, bull's-eye panel signal to enemy airmen, or a slightly raised or slightly sunk concrete platform for a machine gun. The black bottom of a shell-hole and the black entrance to a subterranean gallery were now as distinct to the observers as to the infantrymen who charged across them. Roadside ditches, in which men might lie in insufficient shelter, could now be told from high walls behind which there was ample shelter—an extremely important thing to know when men are to charge into such territory. Steep slopes up which the men were to charge, and which had been in ordinary photographs flat as water, now showed themselves in their true nature—death-traps—and the discovery of the fact saved the lives of the attackers. All the irregularities of the terrane—gulleys, ridges, etc.—that would hinder or help military operations, were now revealed, and with such exaggeration that no student could miss them."

But the stereoscope's most important victory was over enemy camouflage. The Hun artillerymen used a covering of ordinary latticed wire over their guns. It did not cut off the light, yet the criss-crossing strands broke up the vision of the ordinary camera from above. A picture of the lattice would in reality show the gun and the men, but the human eye, used to definite outlines and shapes, could not see them. So the stereoscope men took two views, one from each side, superimposed them before the observer's eye by means of the stereoscope, and the whole gun stood revealed, the portions of its outlines missing in the one picture being supplied in the other. We read further:

"Quarries, sunken roads, and large ditches were favorite hiding-places for batteries, since they permitted the gunners to tunnel back under one side, place the gun there, and so, in concealment, shoot all day long. But the camera men with

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

stereoscopic pictures caught these depressions that otherwise would have been invisible, and, by photographing the wall opposite the muzzle of the gun, caught the discoloration caused by the blasts.

"When the Germans chose to hide their big guns in the middle of a forest, the task of searching them out became tremendous, for the leaves in the majority of cases defied the stereoscopes, and the cutting up of the trees by shells was not sufficient to be noticed before some weeks' steady firing.

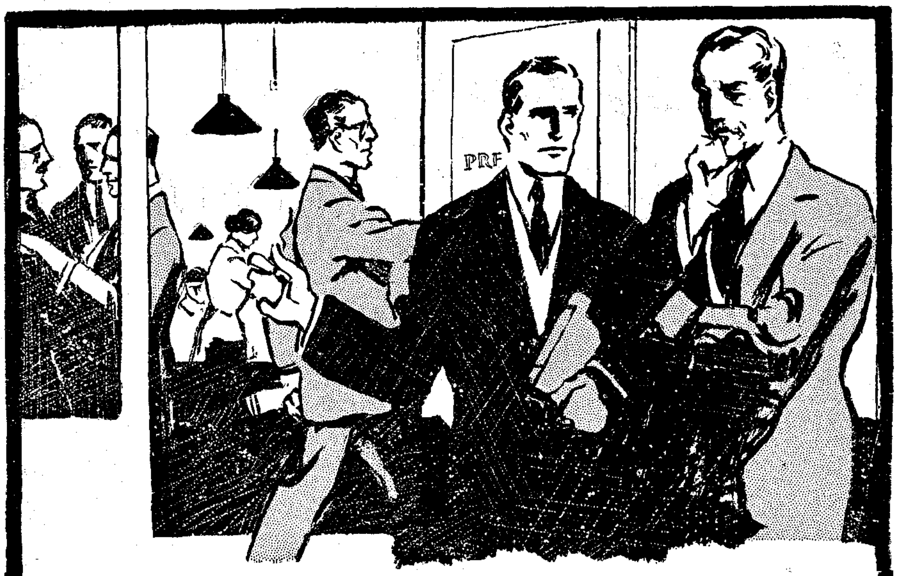
"The ordinary camera's only way of locating the guns was to watch for the trails of artillerymen appearing on the edge of the wood, or the marks of motor-trucks which brought ammunition up to the fringe of the forest under cover of night. Often the direction of these telltale tracks would betray the part of the wood in which the guns were concealed. Here the stereoscope, too, accomplished wonders, for it was the part of German efficiency to camouflage the guns, even tho they stood in the midst of thick forests. They placed canvas, painted to resemble the floor of the forest, above the guns, at a height about two-thirds the length of the trees to which it was attached. This the stereoscope camera detected, for it revealed one portion of the wood where the ground rose up strangely. . . . . . .

"One photographic officer, of the French forces in the Argonne, once found a tiny obscure glade in a forest missing. Checking back on previous photographs, he found that the glade had disappeared overnight. The stereoscope showed him that it had been a steep little slope, and hence a good location for artillery. He knew instantly that the Germans had transplanted trees from the thickest part of the forest to this glade, and that cannon were working from the new position."

ONE SOURCE OF RAILWAY WASTE

LOCOMOTIVES are burning a considerable amount of small coal in their fuel nowadays. That this entails a heavy loss through cinders is pointed out by an editorial writer in *The Railway Review* (Chicago, March 15). No manner of fuel loss, he says, is so small as not to deserve careful attention, and this is by no means negligible. Losses through "sparks" and cinders under conditions that have rapidly become more and more prevalent, may easily run as high as 10 per cent. Tests made under the auspices of the International Railway Fuel Association at the University of Illinois showed that the use of 1¼-inch screenings may entail a cinder loss of 11.2 per cent. while, at high rates of firing, this loss amounted to 15.7 per cent. The writer goes on:

"The tabulated results of those tests confirm one's natural surmise that such losses are very promptly and very considerably augmented with the increase in the percentage of fine coal in the fuel and with the extent to which the locomotive is crowded. Considering the very common use of screenings, the large quantities of fine material in the run-of-mine from some districts and the logical disposition to make each locomotive do its utmost, now that the



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"With the Dictograph you can translate fully 75% of your employes' time and lost motion into actual money," said the Dictograph man.

"And you can do this without having your employes feel that you are demanding more than full value for every second the clock ticks."

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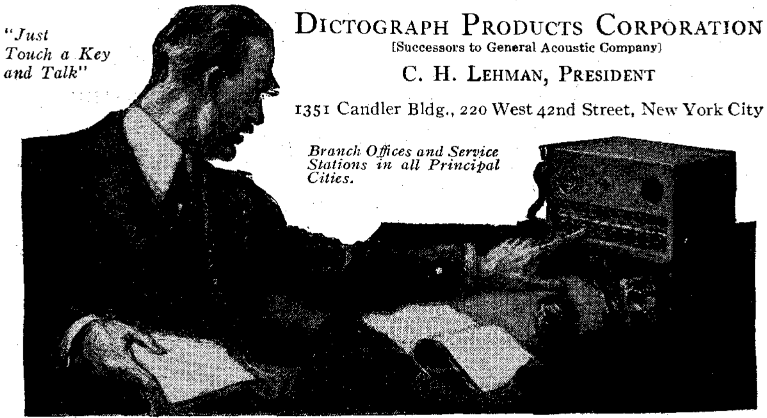

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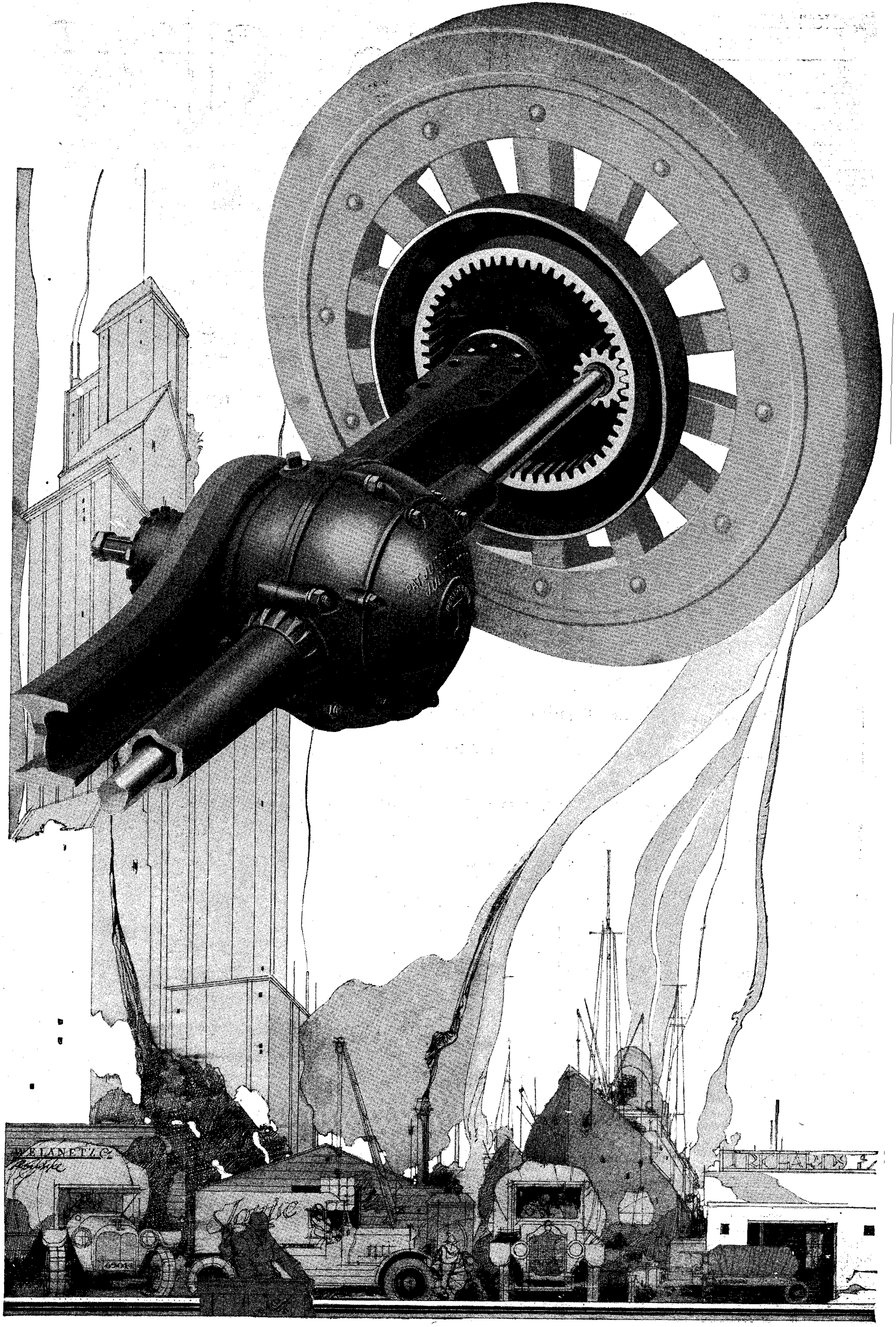
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IN the Truck Industry, a concern becomes great for but one reason—its product must be essentially better than other products of its kind.

Quality in a truck means economy. The best truck is the one which will do the most work for the lowest cost.

In practically every community in the United States there are big trucks and little trucks—great vans of the city streets and work-a-day farmer rigs tugging along muddy roads—teaming trucks at wharf and freight houses—smart delivery cars of merchants—all equipped with Torbensen Drive.

There is but one explanation for this widespread employment of Torbensen—truck manufacturers and engineers, truck owners and drivers, have become convinced that the Internal Gear principle, as expressed in Torbensen Drive, means lowest cost of operation for gas, oil, tires and repairs; and that Torbensen construction means endurance and performance.

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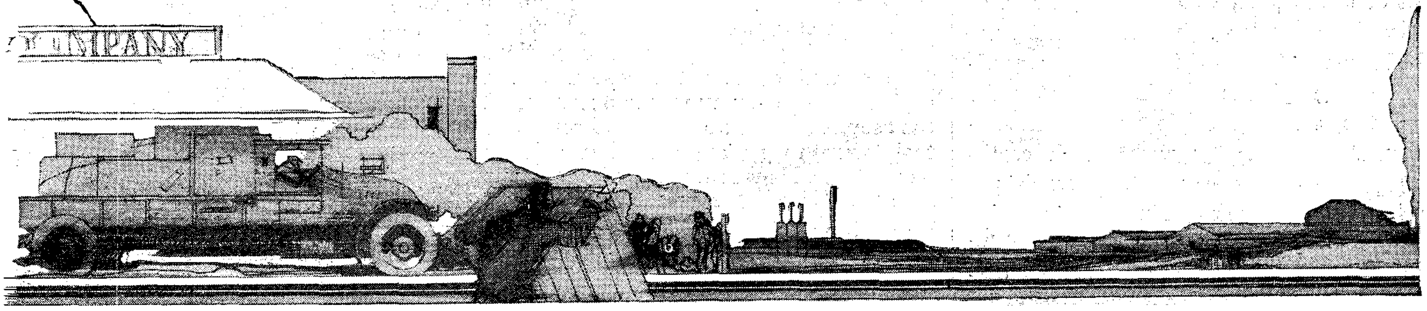

limitations of the fireman have been removed, it seems that cinder losses of 10 per cent. in regular practise are little to be wondered at."

It would be a step in the wrong direction, the editor thinks, to ease up on the work required of the locomotive when correction of this situation is possible through other means. Cinder losses may be much cut down by the use of a brick arch, and the extent of such losses on the thousands of locomotives without this adjunct must be "little short of appalling." He goes on:

"Where this fuel-saving precaution has already been taken there remains the matter of so selecting and preparing the fuel that only a minimum of fine material, through which practically all of the cinder losses occur, need be contended with. It should be possible to do a great deal through cooperation with the mines and with the industries along the line of road in establishing markets for the screenings as, for example, steam-power and heating-plants, gas-producer and by-products plants, and, above all, those industries such as cement-mills and metallurgical works which, until the roads are ready to resort to it on their own accounts, are in position to conduct their operations through the use of pulverized coal. True, decision in the matter is to be determined by the question of cost, but the roads must realize that it is not merely the least expensive fuel that is cheapest in the end. A 10 per cent. cinder loss justifies a 10 per cent. increase in the cost of coal several times over, if thereby the cinder loss can be eliminated. Besides improving engine performance through lessened stoppage of flues, superheater particularly, to say nothing of decreasing the fire risk, it leaves just that much greater supply available to those who can use it without this margin of loss and to just as great or greater advantage to themselves."

ANOTHER WAR-INVENTION ON PEACE DUTY

THE geophone, a listening instrument invented by the French during the war to detect sapping and underground-mining operations, and for the location of artillery, is now being used by the United States Bureau of Mines to locate miners who have been entombed after a disaster. It will also locate elusive knocks in an automobile motor. The instrument was developed by United States engineers during the war and is now used by the bureau according to plans drawn by these engineers. Alan Leighton, assistant chemist of the bureau, who now has charge of these investigations, gives in a recent press bulletin the following information regarding the geophone: The instrument works on the same principle as the seismograph, or apparatus with which earthquake tremors are recorded. It consists of a lead weight suspended between two mica disks in a small air-tight box connected by a rubber tube with a stethoscopic earpiece. We read:

"If the instrument is placed on the ground and any one is pounding or digging in the vicinity, energy is transmitted as wave-motion to the earth, and the earth-waves shake the geophone case. The lead weight, on account of its mass and because it is suspended between the mica, remains comparatively motionless. There then is produced a relative motion between the instrument case and the lead weight. The result is that a compression and rarefication of the air in the instrument takes place. Since the rubber tube leading to the stethoscopic ear-piece is connected with this space in the geophone, this rarefication and compression are carried to the eardrum. Usually two instruments are used, one for each ear.

"When the two instruments are used, it has been found that the sound is apparently louder from the instrument nearer the source of the sound. It is evident then that by moving the instruments properly a point can be found when the sound will be of the same apparent intensity in both ears. The direction of the sound is then on a perpendicular to the line connecting the centers of the two instruments either in front of or behind the observer. Further observation will show which side. Direction is quite accurately determined in this way. The sound is not actually louder in one ear than in the other, but the ear is capable of distinguishing the difference in time at which the sound arrives in the two instruments. Since this is the case, persons who are slightly deaf in one ear are said to still be able to determine direction with the instruments.

"During the period of the war, engineers of the Mining Division of the Bureau of Mines were engaged in determining the distance that different mining machines could be heard through the clay, shale, coal, and the mine-cover. Measurements were made also of the energy required in blows that they be heard definite distances through clay, shale, and coal, as well as the distances at which the shock-waves resulting from the discharge of various explosives could be heard. A brief investigation of the factors influencing the transfer of energy from a mining-tool to the clay and coal was also made in order that recommendations could be made as to the type of mining-machine which could be used to accomplish the most work with the least noise.

"In this connection it was found that sounds were transmitted only about half as far in clay as in shale strata and about one-quarter as far in clay as in coal. To give some idea of the sensitiveness of the instrument, it may be said that pounding with a pick on bituminous coal can be detected for a distance of nine hundred feet, and the direction determined, and that pounding with a sledge can be heard as far as eleven hundred and fifty feet. The explosion of a one-ounce charge of dynamite was detected a distance of over two thousand feet through the shale strata. One interesting feature of the instruments is that the sound as transmitted to the ear is very characteristic of the instrument producing the sound. To illustrate: Twelve mining and carpentering operations were carried out on the coal rib. An engineer of the bureau who had never used the geophones and who did not know what tools were to be operated was able to recognize and name nine of the instruments at a distance of several hundred feet through the strata. The other three sounds were accurately described, but the machines were not identified."

Now that the war is over, the bureau work, as above stated, has turned to th development of the instruments for peac time uses. The tests so far made show tha a man pounding on coal with a pick, piec of timber, or a sledge can be detected an located from a point 600 to 1,200 fee distant. Pounding with a sledge can b heard outside the mine from two to thre hundred feet, depending upon the quietness of the day, since wind interferes wit the operation of the instruments. Whe mines are not too deep they can thus b "explored" from the surface and it will thu be possible to find and locate a miner wh is pounding. At the experimental min in Bruceton, Pa., a man has frequentl been located through one hundred and fort feet of cover within fifty feet of the exac point where he was pounding. A study i also being made of the distances tha pounding on rails and pipes can be heard To quote further:

"In metal-mines expensive surveys hav sometimes to be made in order that approaching tunnel headings may be brough accurately together. Since direction can b determined so well with the geophone it is thought that they can be used to guid such work. It would simply be necessa to go into each heading and locate th direction from which pounding in the othe heading was coming.

"It is also thought that they will be o value to prevent accidents from explosion when breaking through. In this connection an interesting incident happene recently. Observations were being mad at a tunnel heading. The pit boss happene along and asked to be allowed to listen He put the ear-pieces in his ears an remarked: 'Mack is tamping in a charg we had better move away,' He spoke a naturally as he would have had he bee watching Mack, and it is quite eviden that he did not realize the sound wa coming through three hundred feet of coal else he would not have given the warning

"Observations were made recently of mine-fire burning from twenty to forty fee below the surface. A low rumbling nois could be heard as if air were being draw in along crevices, and occasionally sound could be heard from the snapping an falling of pieces of coal or rock. As wel as can be determined, the fire area wa accurately located, but owing to the fac that the fire can not be approached fro the inside, the data can not be checke absolutely. It is interesting to note tha similar sounds could be heard from onl one point on the inside of the mine an that that point was the one nearest th area as located on the surface.

"It has been found also by the burea engineer that the instruments can be employed quite advantageously in locatin knocks in automobile valves and cylinders For this purpose it may perhaps be well t mount the instruments on a short iron ro that can be easily inserted in and aroun the machinery. In this manner not onl can a troublesome cylinder be located, bu the trouble area in the cylinder can als be found.

"After the investigative work has bee completed a course of instruction in th use of the geophones will be developed an recommendations will be made as to wha procedure it will be best for a rescue to follow when carrying the instruments a well as what procedure had best be followed by an entombed miner."

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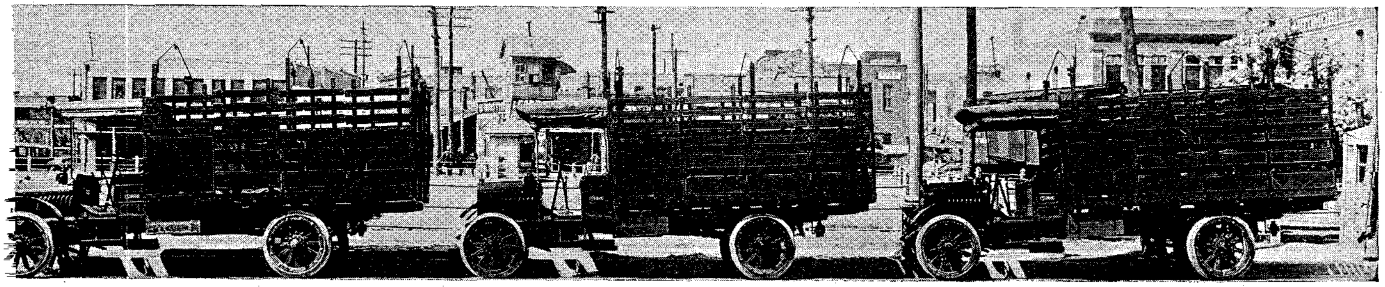

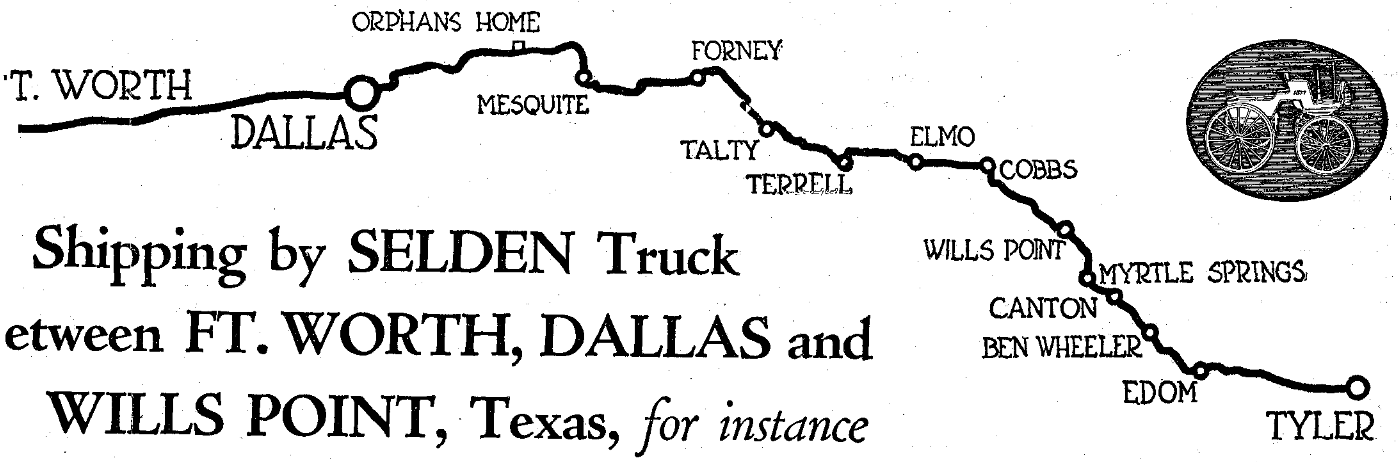
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CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

April 9.—The first definite decisions of the Peace Conference are announced from Paris as follows: The trial of the former Kaiser for starting the war, proceedings to be initiated probably by Belgium. Full enemy responsibility for Allied losses, Germany to pay $5,000,000,000 within the next two years, the remainder to be determined later and assessed over a period of thirty years.

April 10.—The League of Nations commission has adopted a section excepting the Monroe Doctrine from any of the provisions of that document, Paris announces.

Geneva, Switzerland, has been chosen as the capital city of the League, says a report from Paris.

The League of Nations is to have supervision over the Saar Valley for fifteen years, after which a plebiscite will be taken to determine the wishes of the inhabitants regarding the future form of government, according to Paris advices.

President Wilson, it is reported from Paris, stands for the recognition of the Lenine régime as the *de facto* government of Russia, so far as the termination of hostilities with them and granting them privileges and assistance in obtaining food are concerned, on condition that they cease warfare and their propaganda in other countries.

A mutiny among the American troops on the north Russian front is described in an official dispatch to the War Department, according to Washington. A company of infantry, declaring that the war was over, refused to obey orders to go forward and did so only under the urging of their officers.

The national executive of the British Labor party formulates a statement of policy, demanding that the Paris Conference put an end to discussions and make peace in accordance with President Wilson's fourteen points, according to a London dispatch.

A deputation from the International Woman's Suffrage Council, meeting with the League of Nations Commission, asks that the principle of suffrage for women be recognized in the covenant of the League as one which should be applied throughout the world.

April 11.—The opposition of French and British opinion to recognition of the Lenine government has won out, and the full Russian question will undoubtedly be tabled by the Peace Council until after the drafting of the peace treaty, says a Paris dispatch. It is further stated, however, that the proposal to send $50,000,000 worth of food to Russia against payments in gold promised by Lenine, will be carried out.

The Peace Conference has reached an agreement on all questions concerning peace with Germany, reparations, indemnities, and the frontiers of the Rhine and Poland, a Paris report says. Certain details remain, which, it is said, will be settled within two or three days.

April 12.—The Council of Four has definitely settled the problem of the Saar Valley by granting it to France in perpetuity to work the coal-mines and other resources, says a Paris dispatch. Previous reports were that the French would have the privilege of working the coal-mines for fifteen years, after which the inhabitants would decide their future relations.

The League of Nations Commission has rejected the Japanese amendment on racial equality, Paris reports.

A summary of the revised covenant of the League of Nations is issued by the Peace Council, according to a dispatch from Paris. Among the important new features are provisions for the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, for the future admission into the League of any self-governing country, upon approval by two-thirds of the states already members of the League; and for the withdrawal from the League of any state on giving two years' notice.

April 13.—A convention has been completed, establishing an international agreement on the sovereignty of the air by sub-committees of the Peace Conference, according to Paris. Among other things it deals with forbidden zones and international aerial routes.

A magnificent site on the shore of Lake Geneva and facing Mont Blanc has been chosen which will in future be the capitol of the League of Nations, says a Geneva report.

April 14.—It has been decided by the Peace Council that Germany must pay 100,000,000,000 gold marks (about $25,000,000,000) for losses and damage caused by the war, says a Paris report: 20,000,000,000 marks of which must be paid in two years, 40,000,000,000 in thirty years, and 40,000,000,000 when a commission shall determine. About 55 per cent. goes to France, between 20 and 30 per cent. to Great Britain, and between 2 and 5 per cent. to the United States.

The conditions of the peace treaty are now practically completed, according to advices from Paris, and the German plenipotentiaries have been invited to meet the Allied delegates at Versailles on April 25.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, declares the reported revisions in the draft of the League of Nations are not sufficient to warrant any change in the fundamental objections to the proposal which he entertains and he will continue his opposition, a report from Washington says. Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, express the opinion that the covenant as amended is a practicable instrument and will be accepted in the Senate.

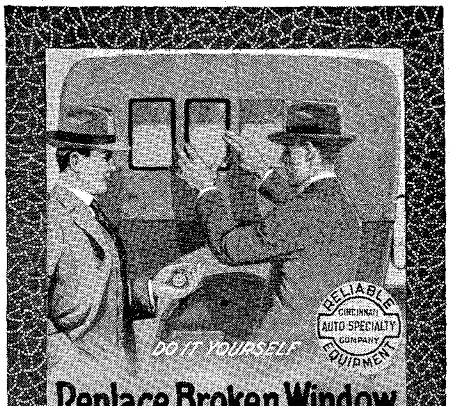
London newspapers are not enthusiastic over the amended covenant of the League of Nations, reports London. Their objections among other things relate to the provision requiring unanimity for the decisions of both the Council and Assembly, to the constitution of the new council, and a prominent labor paper says the League is still an alliance of states and not a union of peoples.

April 15.—Germany's allies must pay war-damages also, it has been decided by the Peace Conference, according to a Paris dispatch. The amount has not yet been agreed upon, owing to the fact that the assets of the debtor states have vanished to a great extent and portions of their domains are now included within the boundaries of Allied liberated states.

The proceedings of the Peace Conference are moving with such dispatch that it is thought President Wilson, when he leaves for home on April 28, will be able to bring back the completed document embodying the peace treaty, say advices from Paris.

CENTRAL POWERS

April 9.—Nikolai Lenine, the Russian Premier, has advised Bela Kun, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, that the



Replace Broken Window in 10 Minutes with a "STIK-TITE"

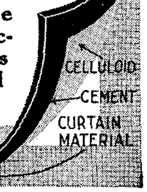
PATENTED

ANYONE can stick this window on like a tube patch without tools or extra expense—without removing back curtain—without loss of car's use. It lasts longer. No stitching to weaken celluloid. Made for all popular cars. 60 cents up.

See your dealer or write

The Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co.
324 Main St. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

DEALERS. **Write for successful plan that brings you new customers and easy sales.**



ECONOMY renewable FUSES insure maximum safety and minimum cost in safeguarding electrical circuits against the fire and accident hazards of overloads and short circuits. An inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. The Economy is the pioneer renewable fuse. As compared with the use of one-time fuses, it cuts annual fuse maintenance costs approximately 80%.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator.

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GILSON GARDEN TOOLS

The Liberty Adjustable Cultivator-Weeder mulches the soil and destroys weeds. Ideal for all-around gardening. From your dealer or PRICE AT FACTORY $1.55 Send Draft, Money Order or Check to

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10,000 Miles Guaranteed and No Punctures

After ten years test by thousands of car users, Brictson Pneumatic Tires have solved pneumatic tire problem. Easy riding, absolutely proof against punctures, blow-outs, ruts, rim cut, skidding, oil, gasoline. In short **trouble proof.** Written 10,000 mile guarantee. Some go 15 to 20,000.

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Make us prove it. Don't pay if not satisfied. Write to-day for details of most liberal, convincing "Free Trial" plan ever offered. Sent with illustrated, descriptive book

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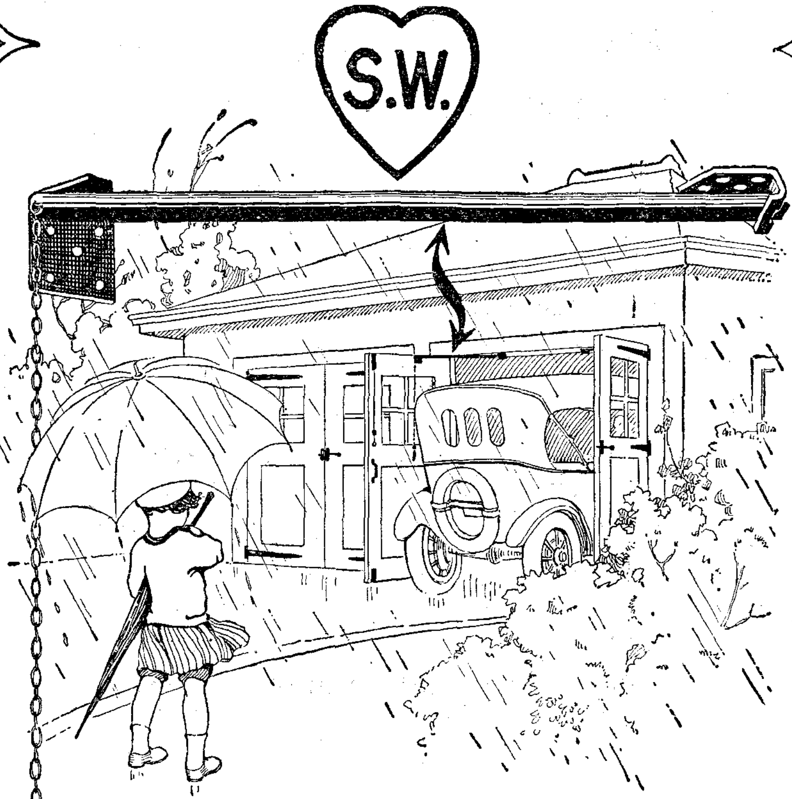
THE STANLEY WORKS

The oldest and largest manufacturers of wrought steel hardware in the world



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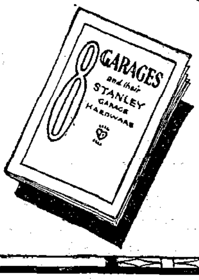
YOU may get your car in or out of the garage before the wind slams a heavy door on it—but is the chance worth the cost of replacing a lamp or straightening a fender if the wind should beat you to it?

The Stanley Garage Door Holder insures you against just such accidents. It is an arm of steel. Push the door out and the holder automatically locks it open at a little more than a right angle. To unlock the holder and close the door, pull the handle.

The Stanley Garage Door Holder is a mechanical footman who never gets tired and never forgets. It can be applied to old or new doors of any size or shape.

There are Stanley Garage Door Hinges, Bolts, Latches and Pulls, all designed especially for garage use. Stanley Garage Hardware offers you complete equipment for your garage. It is carried by the leading hardware stores everywhere.

"8 Garages" is a booklet built around the illustrations and descriptions of eight typical private garages. It contains valuable information about garage construction A copy will be sent you free on request.


8 GARAGES and their STANLEY GARAGE HARDWARE

THE STANLEY WORKS
New Britain, Conn., U. S. A.

NEW YORK
100 Lafayette Street

CHICAGO
75 East Lake Street

Bolsheviki of Russia will send an army of 150,000 men to assist the Hungarian Bolsheviki, according to advices from Paris.

The *Soviet* congress meeting in Berlin, according to reports from that city, is developing into a rough-and-tumble parliament, marked by clashes between the Majority Socialists and the Independents.

April 10.—Distribution of food in the American zone of occupation in Germany will begin within the next few days, according to a report from Coblenz. The first shipment consists of a train-load of flour, bacon, rice, and evaporated milk.

Diplomatic relations have been established between the Russian and the Bavarian *Soviet* governments, reports Berlin.

The strike fever in Germany is nowhere abating, says a report from Berlin A general strike has broken out at Brunswick with a distinct tendency to prepare the way for another *Soviet* republic hostile to the Weimar Government, placing all the power in the hands of the proletariat.

April 11.—A revolutionary movement in Bavaria has spread to Baden, according to a Copenhagen report, and agitators are attempting to proclaim a *Soviet* republic there. Revolutionary tribunals have been established in Munich, and it is said that all the newspapers have been placed under municipal control, the owners receiving no compensation.

The National Assembly at Weimar accepts a resolution supported by all parties, except the Independents, demanding a peace treaty corresponding with President Wilson's fourteen points and declaring that "a peace of justice must not inflict upon us any changes in territory in violation of that program."

The election in Hungary for the creation of *Soviet* councils passed off without special incident, the process being carried out under the coercion of the Red army, according to Budapest The work of organizing the country is being feverishly continued, the central feature of the plan being to apply the trust idea to all industries.

April 12.—Civil war in Munich is regarded as imminent following the action of the Communists in Posen in establishing a *Soviet* republic, says a Berlin dispatch. Three would-be governments now exist in Bavaria.

Persons to the number of 157 have been killed and 181 wounded in strike riots at Düsseldorf, Copenhagen reports.

April 13.—The War Minister of the Government of Saxony, Herr Neuring, is lynched at Dresden by disgruntled soldiers to whom he had refused a hearing, Copenhagen reports. The Ministry was stormed by the demonstrators, and the minister dragged out and thrown into the Elbe, where he was shot and killed when he tried to swim to shore.

Many towns in Bavaria quit the *Soviet* government, says a Berlin report. Sentiment among a large number of the people of Munich and of almost the entire remainder of Bavaria is steadily growing against the ruthlessness and incompetence of the *Soviet* régime.

April 14.—The ban on postal, cable, and wireless communications between Germany and neutral countries has been lifted to a limited extent, says a Paris report, in order to enable a full operation of the food-agreement reached on March 14, at Brussels.

Disorders in which many persons were

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

The Big Brother to the Railroads

Where Truck Values Are Determined By Truck Performance

THE City Ice and Storage Company, of Kansas City, requires dependable, *every-day* service from its motor trucks.

It is therefore significant that after long experiment and comparison they now use Kelly-Springfields.

Here is just another instance of how Kelly-Springfield units grow into Kelly-Springfield fleets.

Up and down the hills of Kansas City, winter and summer, day in and day out, these rugged Kelly trucks have shown a stamina, an economy of operation, that win recognition wherever truck values are determined by truck performance.

The reliability of Kelly-Springfield trucks is a natural result of the way they are built. Every essential part of the truck is made in the great Kelly-Springfield plant, and for twelve years the Kelly-Springfield organization has concentrated on the single problem of building trucks that make good—that *work*, while many others are being *worked upon.*

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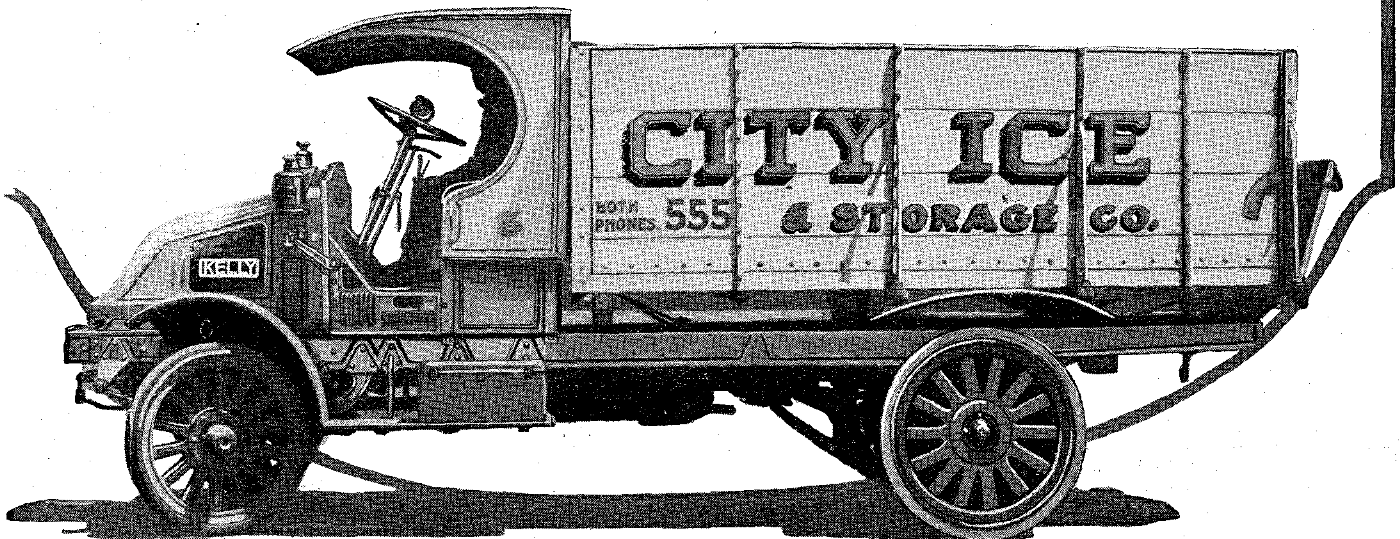
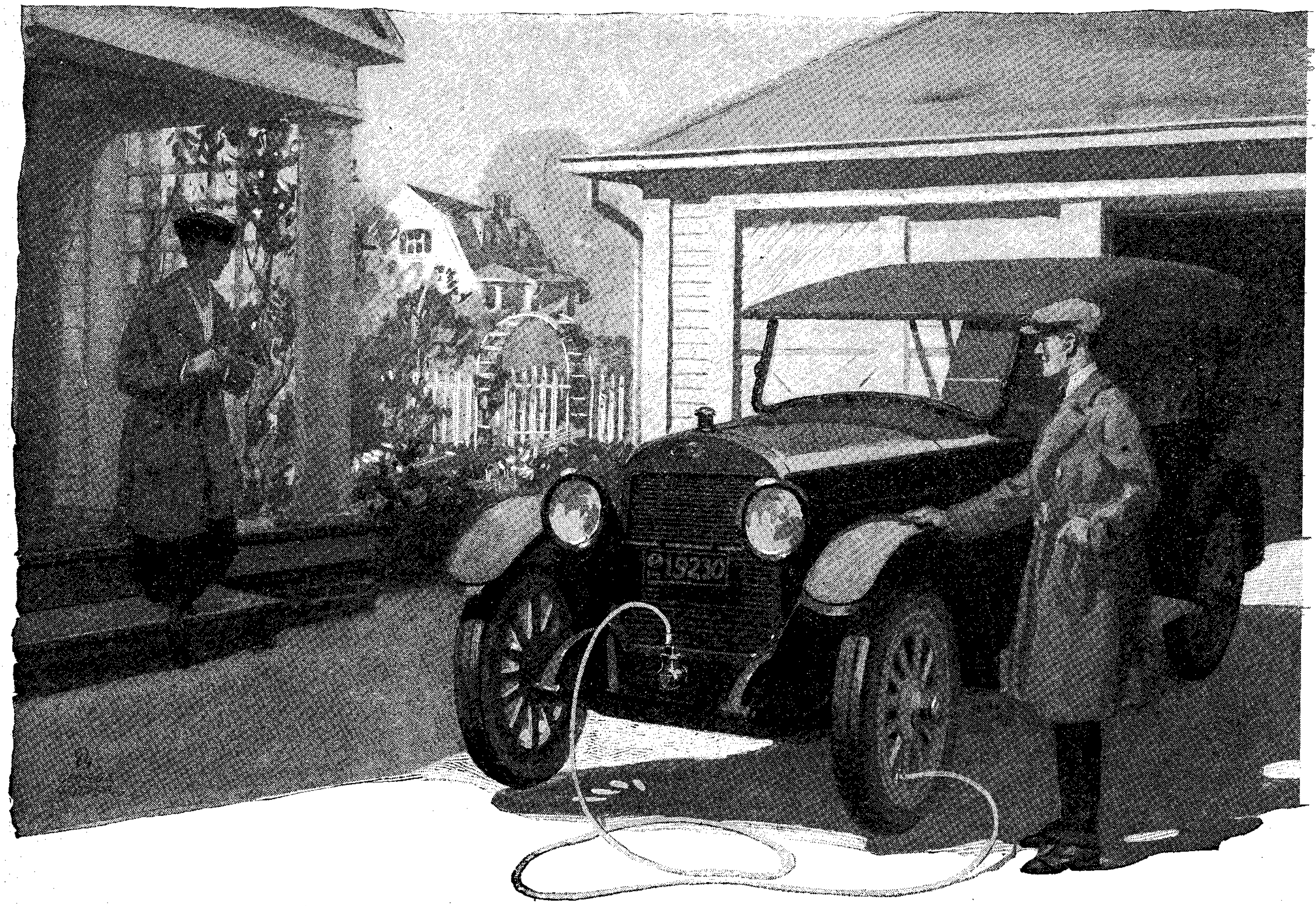
The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks



CITY ICE
CITY ICE



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There is no excuse for starting out on soft tires—
It is a simple matter to keep them always up to pressure if you have

Price complete with 14-ft.
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DETROIT
CRANK-SHAFT
TIRE-PUMP
Guaranteed for Life

In writing please specify
Make and Model
of your car

And tires properly inflated mean greater mileage, freedom from puncture—money saved.

The Detroit Crankshaft Tire Pump is the one power-driven pump that attaches to the right place on the car—the Crankshaft—where there is unlimited power—where it cannot interfere with the operation of the engine—and where the air cannot be contaminated with oil.

It is a sturdy pump—strong and dependable—instantly and easily attach and powerful in operation.

It is really a little "Free Air" station th fits into the tool-box and goes with y wherever the car goes.

It not only pays for itself several tim over in the extra mileage it gives y from your tires—but there is a wonderf feeling of satisfaction and freedom fro worry in knowing that it is in the tool-b ready for action on a moment's notic

Small in Size—Big in Service
Get it from your Accessory dealer or Garage man

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killed take place in the streets of Berlin, according to a report from that city. Government troops attacked the Spartacides in the southeastern section of Düsseldorf and ejected them. Government troops are reported to have come in contact with forces of the Brunswick *Soviet*, which fled before the advance of the government invasion.

Former Prince Joachim, the youngest son of the former Kaiser, hopes to emigrate to America after peace is signed, according to a Geneva report.

April 15.—The battle in Munich for the central railway station ended in the complete defeat of the government troops, says a Berlin report. Munich is again in the hands of Communists. It is said that the Communist Government recently issued a big list of radical orders, among which was one providing for the communization of women, "including wives."

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

April 9.—The evacuation of the Black Sea port of Odessa by the Allied forces is confirmed officially, a Paris report says. The chief cause of anxiety in connection with this evacuation lies in the fact that the most fertile regions of southern Russia have fallen into the hands of Bolshevik forces, giving them resources in grain, coal, and minerals.

April 10.—The *Soviet* Republic through L. C. A. K. Martens, who says he is its accredited agent, has made formal demand upon the Ambassador of the old régime, Boris Bakhmeteff, to surrender all property of the Russian Government in the United States under his control, including the Embassy building in Washington, all files, and archives, and all moneys.

April 11.—Hjalmar Branting, the Swedish Socialist leader, and Dr. Fridtjoff Nansen, head of the Norwegian Food Commission to the United States, and several other prominent Scandinavians and Swiss subjects have asked President Wilson and Herbert C. Hoover, Director-General of Inter-Allied relief, to arrange for the feeding of the larger cities of Russia, especially Petrograd, according to a report from Paris.

April 12.—The Bolshevik Government of Russia is making extensive preparations for a big military offensive this spring, according to official dispatches received by Washington. Measures are being taken to increase the output of ammunition-factories and for the transportation of troops.

April 14.—The Russian commission in Paris, headed by Prince Lvoff, the first Premier after the fall of the empire, representing the various anti-Bolshevik governments, is strongly opposed to the plan for feeding *Soviet* Russia, Paris advises, because such a plan would interfere with the forces now making good progress in their campaigns against the Bolsheviki.

April 15.—Successes of the Russian *Soviet* troops are reported on various points, according to a report from London. The *Soviet* forces have compelled the Roumanians to begin a general retreat into Bessarabia and from western Ukraine it is reported that the troops of General Petlura have been driven from their positions.

The Bolsheviki are said to be making preparations on a large scale for an attack upon Murmansk, according to advices received by Washington. Large supplies of arms and ammunition have been assembled, and the Bolsheviki are shifting their troops in the direction of Archangel.

Troops in the Red army in eastern Russia have adopted trade-union methods by demanding pay for each hour of fighting, a London report says. In some cases the pay demanded amounts to 20 rubles an hour.

Indisputable evidence of the massacre by the Bolsheviki of more than 2,000 civilians in and near the town of Osa has been obtained by representatives of the Red Cross, who have just returned from that section, according to a report from Omsk.

FOREIGN

April 10.—Holland will tax the former Kaiser on a $20,000,000 income, says a dispatch from Amerongen. He is said to have purchased a large estate known as "Klein England."

The voters of the Province of Quebec vote wet by 65,757 to 7,050 in the referendum to decide whether the province would permit the use of beer, wine, and cider, a Montreal dispatch says.

April 11.—Emiliano Zapata, known as the worst bandit of Mexico, and for a long time in control of the State of Morelos, has been killed by Federal troops, says a dispatch from Mexico City.

April 12.—Riots in hundreds of places in Korea are reported from Tokyo. One report states that a thousand persons were killed in one day in Seoul by Japanese troops during a demonstration by Korean mobs.

April 13.—The total value of supplies distributed in Europe during the month of March was $95,000,000, according to a statement issued by Herbert Hoover in Paris. All but $2,500,000 was furnished on the basis of deferred payment.

In two days of rioting in Egypt, 38 persons were killed and a hundred wounded, says a report from Cairo. Armenians were chiefly the objects of the mob attacks.

Limerick, Ireland, is placed under martial law, owing to recent political disorders, says a report from that city.

April 14.—Five American missionaries are being held by the Japanese, charged with being connected with the revolt in Korea, says a San Francisco report.

Limerick, Ireland, is tied up by a general strike called by the trades-unions as a protest against martial law, according to a report from that city. Gas and electric supplies are cut off and food has ceased coming into the city.

April 15.—Extensive preparations in Finland for military action against the Russian Bolshevik forces are reported in official dispatches to Washington. The Finnish army is said to have been cleared of unreliable elements and vast amounts of food collected.

Wide-spread disturbances in India are reported from London, being the result, it is said, of resistance against recent Indian legislation intended to combat seditious conspiracy.

More than 1,500,000 tons of shipping have been assigned by the United States to the work of feeding the peoples of Europe who are threatened with starvation.

DOMESTIC

April 9.—Three thousand internal revenue agents will enforce prohibition after July 1 under plans just announced, says a report from Washington. They will be distributed in districts where revenue officials look for the most persistent efforts to make whisky illegally.

April 10.—A wage increase of $65,000,000

NEW-SKIN

If you cut yourself don't take a chance—use New-Skin, the antiseptic preparation for cuts, scrapes and little hurts.

Eighteen years in use.

"*Never Neglect a Break in the Skin*"

Be sure you get genuine New-Skin, not an inferior substitute.

All Druggists—15 and 30 cents

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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
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The stay-stuck kind. All shapes, all sizes. Made special to your order. Million lots a specialty. No order too large—none too small. Largest exclusive gummed label manufacturers in the world.

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Send 25c stamps for 100 "SWELLERS"
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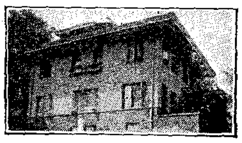

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Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new **Ranger "Motorbike"** completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. **Choice of 44 other styles**, colors and sizes in the famous **"Ranger"** line of bicycles.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of our *Factory-direct-to-Rider* marvelous offers and terms.

TIRES Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

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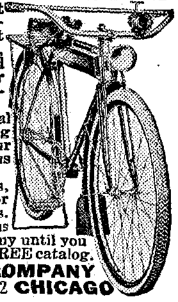

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MEYER

STYLE is only a part of value—
Tailoring is only a part of value—
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Value is all these and *more:* the giving of the most for the money.

THAT practical ideal of *Value* is expressed in Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES.

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VALUE-FIRST
CLOTHES

"WHAT Good Clothes Did For Me," a success-story reprinted from the American Magazine, will be sent free on request. Address Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES
$25 to $60—At Value-First Dealers

to railway employees has been agreed to by the Railroad Administration, about 400,000 men being affected, a Washington dispatch states. This brings the annual railroad pay-roll to $3,000,000,000, which includes wage-increases during the war aggregating $1,365,000,000.

Sidney Drew, the motion-picture comedian, dies at his home in New York City.

State Senator Inland, of California, reconsiders his intention to introduce an anti-Japanese land bill in the Senate, after a cablegram had been received from Secretary Lansing to the effect that such legislation would be "particularly unfavorable at this time," says a report from Sacramento.

A new political party has been formed by the labor-leaders of Illinois, according to advices from Springfield. It is to be designated temporarily as the State Labor party. Women workers were represented by delegates from the Women's Trade League, of Chicago.

The War Department has taken over the entire Y. M. C. A. educational system for officers and enlisted men in France, it is announced by William Sloan, Chairman of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. It is also stated that no reimbursement will be sought by the organization for the $6,000,000 spent in building up the system and buying books.

Aliens are emigrating through the port of New York at the rate of a thousand a day, according to Immigration officials. The exodus is causing disquiet to students of the labor situation, it is said, who fear a shortage in industry.

April 11.—A nation-wide program to support and supplement the United States Employment Service is launched by the Methodist Episcopal Churches of the United States, according to an announcement from headquarters of the missionary centenary movement in New York City. It will focus on May 4, which will be observed as "Unemployment Sunday" in the 18,000 churches of the denomination.

Authority of the Director-General of Railroads to fix freight- and passenger-rates is to be determined by the Supreme Court, according to a Washington report. The question will be brought up on appeals from the North Dakota Supreme Court involving decrees and enjoining the Northern Pacific Railway and other lines in that State from charging increased rates.

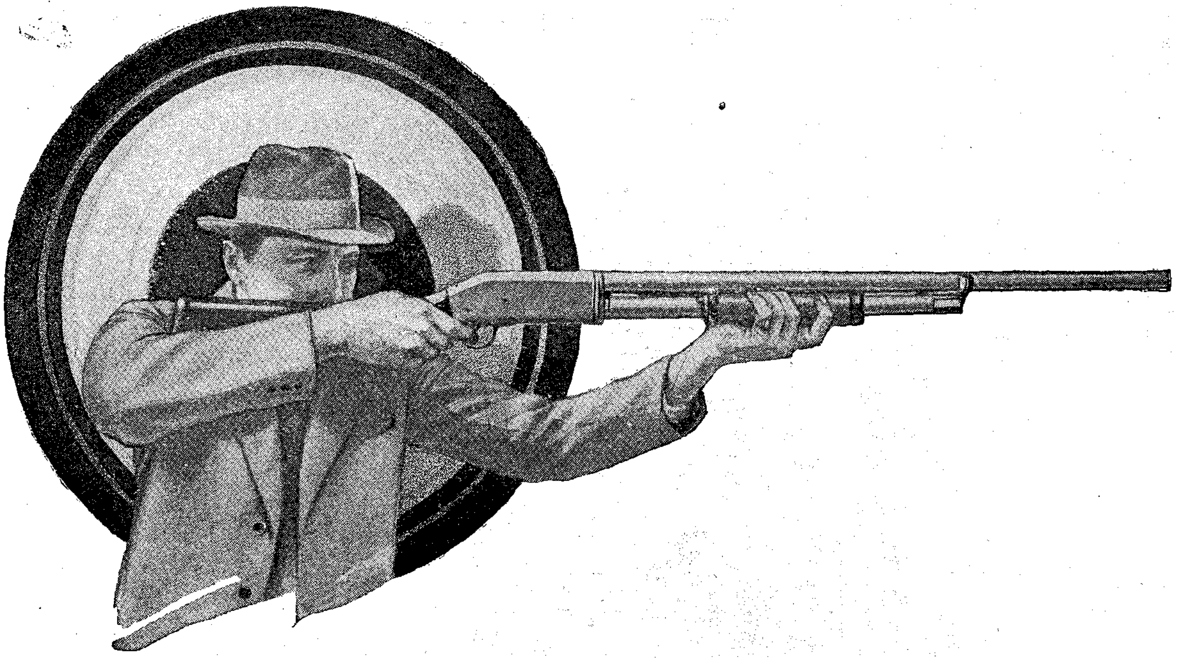
Pension bills rivaling in amount those providing for Civil-War veterans will be put up to the next Congress, says a report from Washington. The reason is said to be that thousands of letters to members of Congress indicate that the War Risk Insurance Act has proved an unsatisfactory substitute for the pension plan.

The American Meat Packers' Association declares in a statement issued at Chicago that lower meat prices may not be expected until the war-stricken countries of Europe resume their quota of production.

The Methodist Episcopal Church will begin a prohibition campaign in Mexico, according to an announcement by Elmer Lynn Williams, Chairman of the Board of Temperance, being prompted to take this step because the head of the whisky trust in the United States is now in Mexico arranging to carry on business there.

Recognition of the Russian Bolshevik Government by the United States, and withdrawal of American troops from Russia were demanded in a resolution adopted without a dissenting

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



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KNOW how to handle and use a gun. Sharpen your judgment and mental speed. Trapshooting will help you do it.

TRAPSHOOTING

is the reconstructive sport—particularly for the business man. It demands concentration—the kind of concentration that takes you completely away from business worries and cares. But sends you back a better man, clearer and keener in thought and judgment.

Go out to this year's Beginners' Day Shoot. In June and July.

Learn how to shoot. Get a taste of the game's fascination. Don't be timid. Don't let lack of experience restrain you. Be friends with a gun and get some of the fun. The gun club is the place. Beginners' Day is the time. Men and women are welcome.

Write today for full information and name of nearest gun club.

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are the choice of the Nation's crack trapshots. Look for the names on the Box when you purchase shells.

The Principal du Pont Products Are:

Explosives: Industrial, Agricultural, and Sporting. **Chemicals:** Pyroxylin Solutions, Ethers, Bronzing Liquids, Coal Tar Distillates, Commercial Acids, Alums, etc. **Leather Substitutes:** Fabrikoid Upholstery, Rayntite Top Material, Fairfield Rubber Cloth. **Pyroxylin Plastics:** Ivory, Shell and Transparent Py-ra-lin, Py-ra-lin Specialties, Challenge Cleanable Collars and Cuffs. **Paints and Varnishes:** For Industrial and Home Uses. **Pigments and Colors in Oil:** For Industrial Uses. **Lithopone:** For Industrial Uses. **Stains, Fillers, Lacquers and Enamels:** For Industrial and Home Uses. **Dyestuffs:** Coal Tar Dyestuffs, and Intermediates.

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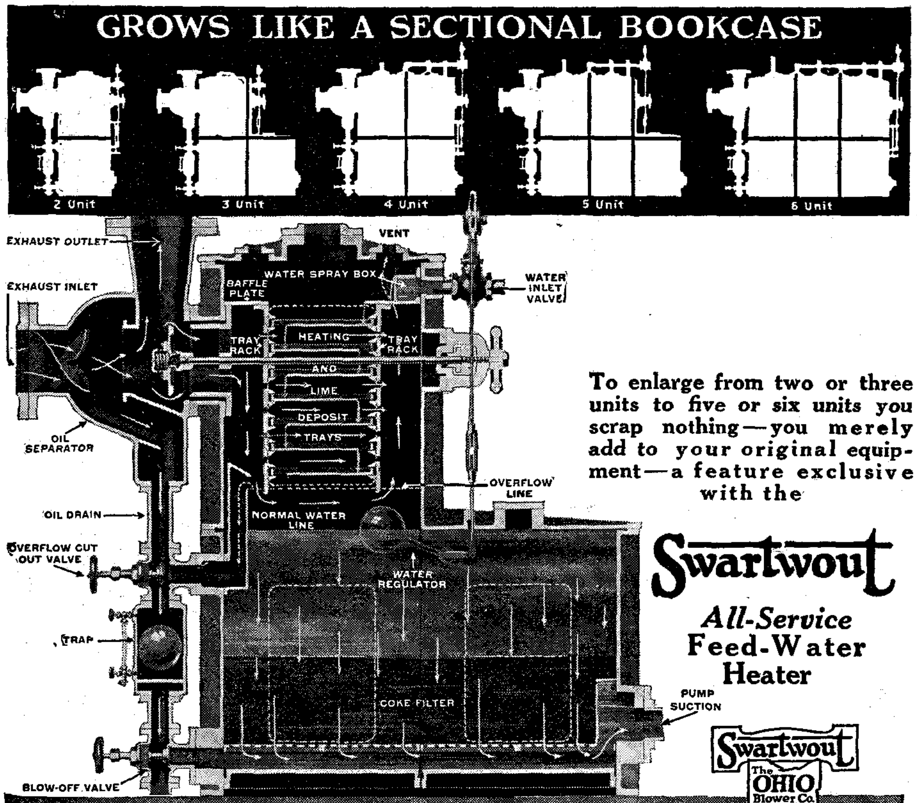

To enlarge from two or three units to five or six units you scrap nothing—you merely add to your original equipment—a feature exclusive with the

Swartwout
All-Service
Feed-Water
Heater

Cuts industrial coal bills a good 15%

Swartwout Modernized Power Plant Equipment

Swartwout Hydromatic Steam Traps (Patented)
Swartwout Cast Iron Exhaust Heads (Patented)
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Swartwout Feed Water Heaters
Also Waterlevel Control Valves, Air and Gasoline Appliances, and Sugar Entrainment Catchalls

Individual Bulletins on request

DELIVERING cold water from your water mains direct to your boiler is an expensive—and unnecessary—luxury. Use your exhaust steam to preheat your feed water in a Swartwout All-Service Heater and you (1) save your boilers from lime and scale-forming sediment, (2) reduce your water charges, and (3) save 15% on coal. An oil separator, built into the heater, removes all oil from the exhaust steam and makes the surplus water available for any use.

Built on the unit system, additional plates to increase the number of units may be added as your plant grows, protecting your original investment. With a "Swartwout" there is nothing to scrap or sell at a loss when your plant outgrows your original heater.

Write for a detailed description of the heater which "grows with your plant." It is interesting reading to plant executives interested in reducing operating waste. Ask for Bulletin 111-D.

THE OHIO BLOWER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Swartwout Power Plant, Ventilating, and Foundry Equipment is backed by an adequate and skilled advisory service, rendered by experienced branch office organizations and sales-agencies from coast to coast.

Swartwout
Industrial Specialties
Patented

vote by representatives of organized labor, assembled in Springfield, Illinois to organize the Illinois Labor party, according to advices from that city.

April 12.—A medal to be issued to every soldier who participated in the great war has been decided upon, a report from Washington says. It will be known as the Victory Medal, and on one side will bear a Winged Victory and on the other the words: "The Great War for Civilization," and the arms of the Allies.

American cable censorship on communication to Central and South America and also to the Orient, with the exception of Vladivostok, will be abolished April 18, says a dispatch from Paris.

April 13.—Terms of the Victory Liberty Loan are announced by Secretary Glas as follows: Amount, $4,500,000,000 oversubscriptions to be rejected; interest 4¾ per cent. for partially tax exempt notes convertible into the 3¾ notes wholly tax exempt; maturity four years, with the Treasury reserving the privilege of redeeming the notes in three years.

Senators who criticized the League of Nations constitution hold that th changes that have been made are victory for them, says a Washington report.

Eugene V. Debs, several times Socialist candidate for President, enters the West Virginia penitentiary to begin serving his ten-year sentence for violatio of the Espionage Act, according to Moundsville, W. Va., report.

April 14.—One hundred and three war ships, comprising part of the Atlantic Fleet, arrive in New York. They wi remain until April 30.

Propaganda leaflets urging mutiny, sent out by the Russian *Soviet* Governmen among the American troops in Russia are said to be responsible for the recen mutiny among members of the 339th Infantry, says a report from Washington. The leaflets were signed b Lenine, addrest the troops as "fellow workers," and appealed to them to cease fighting their "brothers."

Wage-increases averaging about $15 month for approximately 69,000 employees of the American Railwa Express Company are announced b Director-General Hines, according to report from Washington. The increase represents an advance of $25 month above the wage-scale in effec January 1, 1918.

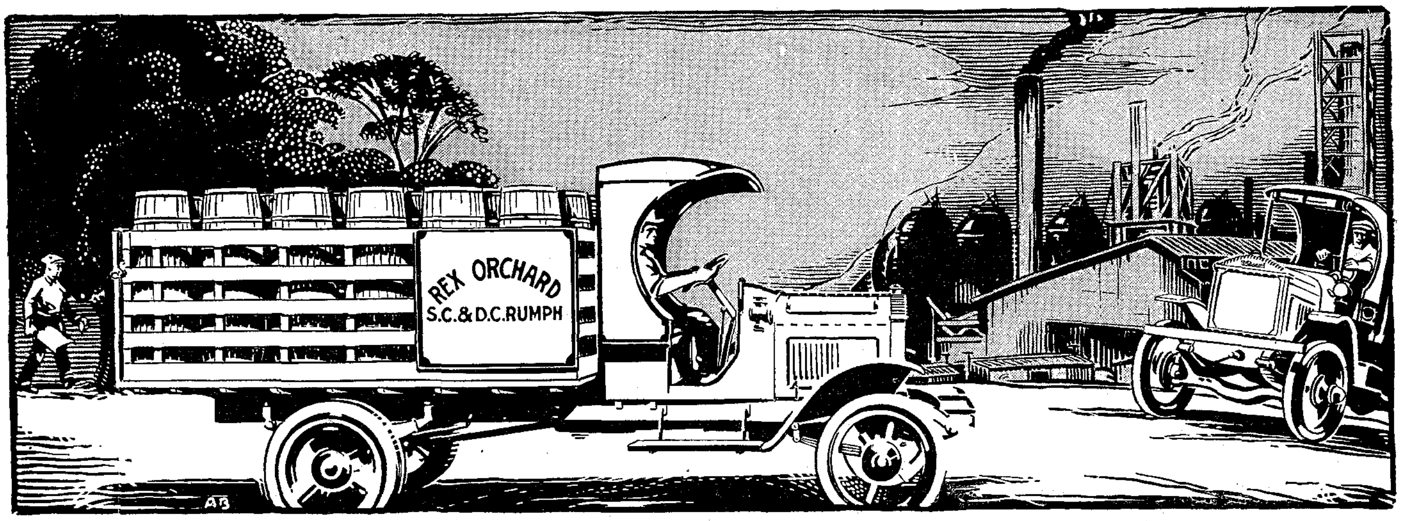
April 15.—American troops to the number of 275,000 are returning to th United States from Europe during th present month, according to a statement made by Secretary Baker i Paris. In May it is expected to brin back 250,000 and in June 300,00 which number will be maintaine monthly thereafter until all the 1,400 000 still left in France are returned.

Surplus war-materials were sold by th Government during the last week i March to the amount of $2,533,14 The materials consisted of vario items of ammunition, building materials chemicals, clothing, and oth equipment.

Broadway Successes Explained.—" always prefer playing big cities to playin one-night stands," remarked Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"What's the difference?"

"I like to have people stay through th show. In a one-night stand everybo has a home to go to. In a big city a l of people would rather sit in the theat than go back to the hotel."—*Washingt Star.*



Stewarts Cost $200 to $300 Less

And Save You Money Every Day

THESE are the questions every intelligent buyer of transportation asks—and Stewart answers:

Is It Dependable Transportation?

Will it deliver the goods every time? In five years no Stewart has worn out. The first 50 are still giving uninterrupted and economical service.

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Ninety-two per cent of Stewart power is delivered to the rear tires. From 600 to 700 weighty parts have been eliminated from the unhung weight, which ended most of the time-losing truck troubles and repair delays, redoubled the Stewart's agility and certainty of performance, and insured a minimum of repairs.

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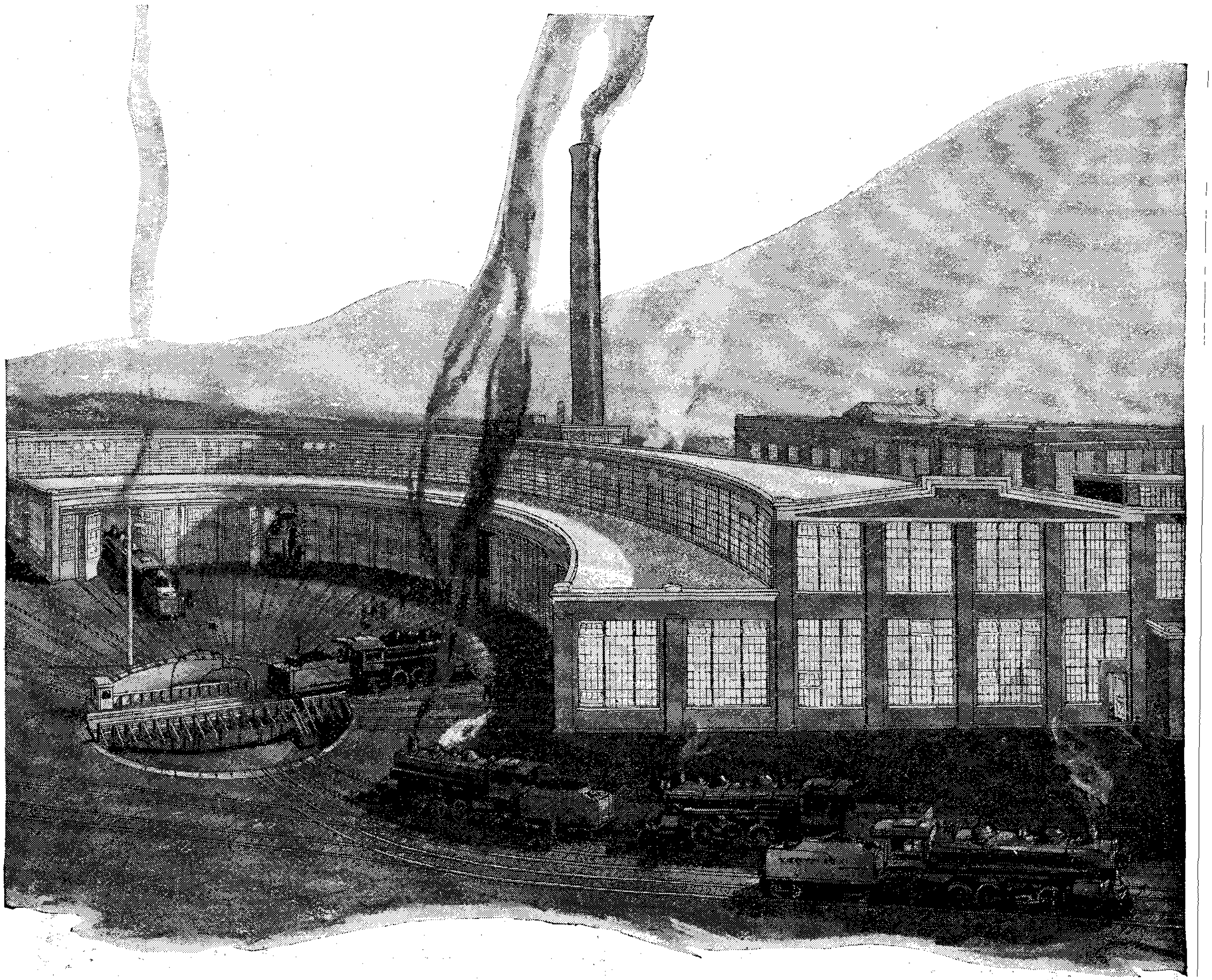

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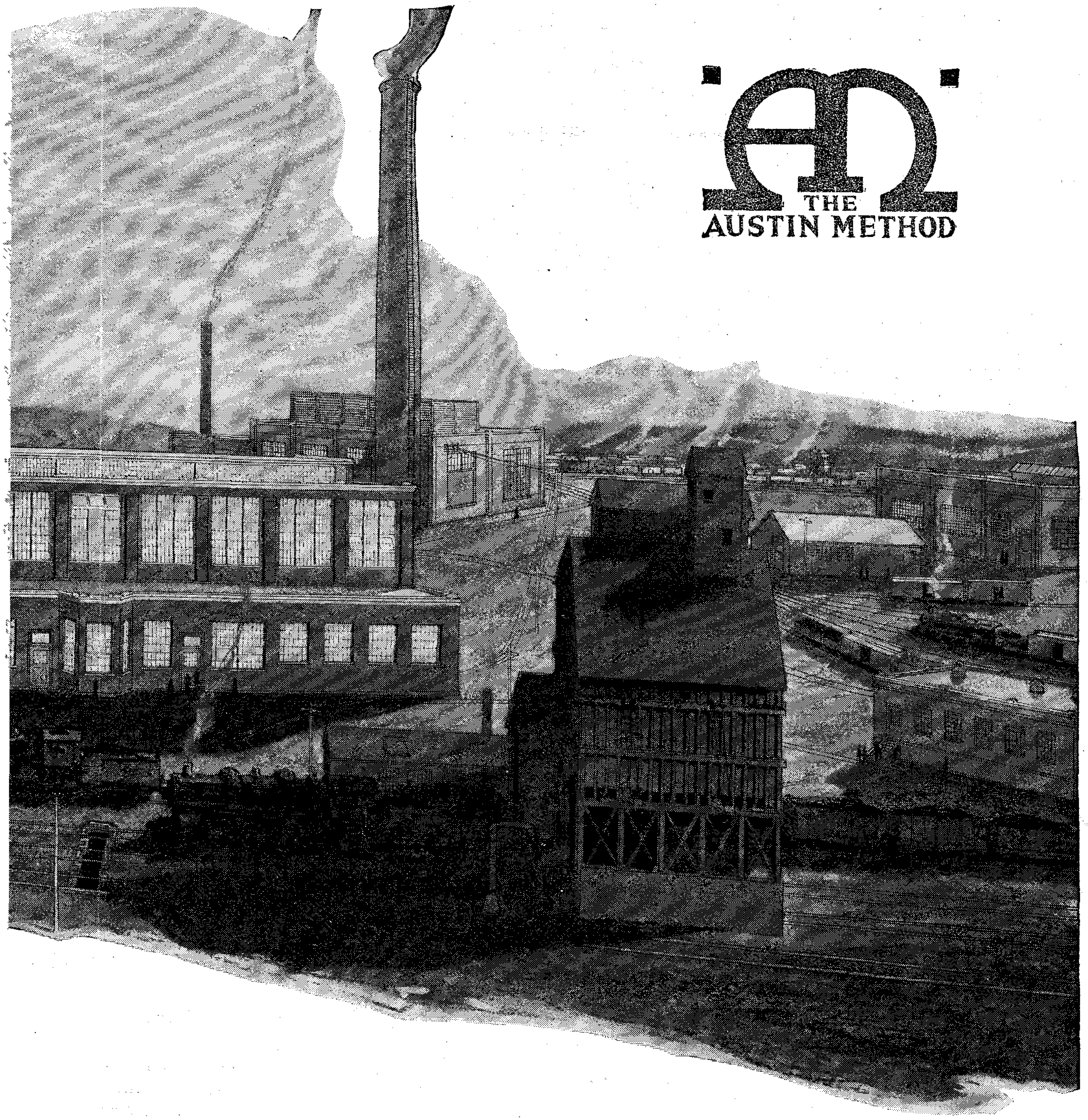

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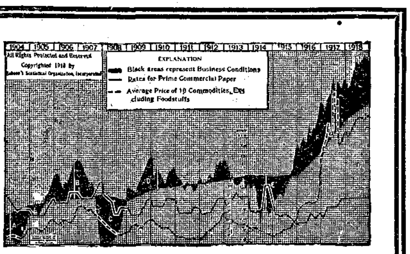

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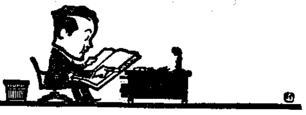

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(74) What Next ?

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

TERMS OF THE NEW LOAN AND THE OUTLOOK FOR IT

THE impatiently awaited terms of the new loan, which is to be called the Victory Loan, as made known from Washington on April 14, contained several surprizes. In practically all particulars the terms were more favorable to subscribers than the investment market had expected and the stock market responded at once to the news. Wall Street had reckoned on a $5,000,000,000 loan, but the amount has been fixt at $4,500,000,000, and no more will be put out, even if the loan should be oversubscribed. Common expectation had been for a five-year maturity. But the loan, as announced, will mature in four years, with option to the Treasury to redeem in three. As to the taxation features, *The Evening Post* explains:

"There had been a prevalent impression that while two classes of bonds would be offered—taxable and tax-exempt—the taxable bonds would be subject to all Federal taxes. But the Treasury now announces that even the taxable bonds will be exempt, like the loan of last October, from the normal income tax. On this basis, a rate of 4¾ per cent. is fixt for the taxable bonds. At last week's open market price of slightly more than 93½, the outstanding 4¼ per cents., allowing for the increment of principal before their redemption at par in 1938, and allowing also for remission of the 12 per cent. normal income tax, produce a net yield to present purchasers of about 4⅞ per cent. This fact was the basis for predictions of a 5 per cent. rate on a fully taxable new loan. But since the normal tax is exempted on this issue also, a little calculation will show that the announced 4¾ per cent. rate is at present equivalent to nearly 5⅓ per cent., if the loan had been subject to all Federal taxation.

"Only the taxable bonds are offered for subscription; but the holder will have the option of converting them at par, during their four-year terms, into bonds at a lower interest rate, free from all taxation except estate and inheritance requisitions. For these alternative bonds, the rate is fixt at 3¾ per cent. The outstanding 3½s, similarly free from taxes, have been selling around 99⅛; a price which would yield to the present purchaser, who should hold them until maturity in 1947, only a small trifle over the annual 3½ per cent. In case of both classes of the new bonds, therefore, the Treasury offers a better return than is offered by the present market for existing government bonds."

The same writer notes that the amount and terms raise three practical questions—"the extent to which the loan will provide for coming requirements of the Government; the effect on prices of outstanding Liberty Bonds and of other investment issues, and, finally, the bearing of the terms on the success of the Victory Loan itself." The Secretary of the Treasury is positive in his expectation that this will be the last great "popular campaign" for a loan. In view of the Government's decreasing expenditures, he believes future requirements in excess of tax revenue can be financed by short-term Treasury bills, such as the banks now take, refunded at intervals into notes or bonds which can be placed presumably by bids from the investment market. As to this prediction, the writer says:

"This might perhaps be described as a bold prediction. The Treasury, reducing last November, with a view to termination
of hostilities, its previous estimate
penditure for the fiscal year ending
next June, predicted that the total wo
$18,000,000,000; of which two-thir
$12,000,000,000, would be provided
loans. Thus far in the fiscal year
nearly $7,000,000,000 has already b
provided. That would leave $5,000,0
to be borrowed between now and Ju
whereas the present announcement
templates only $4,500,000,000.

"Up to the end of March, expen
had been $15,164,000,000. The
disbursements were nearly $600,0
less than those of January. If they
to be equaled in the three rem
months, the fiscal year's total outlay
be nineteen billions instead of the est
eighteen billions. It is therefore to b
sumed that Secretary Glass, in mak
present forecasts, is assured of a f
continuous and heavy decrease in m
expenditure between now and July,
much larger proceeds from th
come and excess-profits taxes tha
been estimated."

In Washington the terms were re
as likely to attract the investor a
make him feel that he was being
treated. The issue was not nea
large as had been expected in most qu
The fact that the notes were short i
was considered likely to make the
tractive, but there was some anxiet
they should tend to drift into the
and remain there instead of being
placed in the hands of the public at
On this account it was understood
would be special efforts to secure
wide subscription to the loan, wh
fact, was considered by gove
officials essential to the real succ
the offering. Following were the
ments made to each of the twelve F
Reserve Districts on the basis of a
issue of $4,500,000,000:

First District—Boston	$33
Second District—New York	1,20
Third District—Philadelphia	33
Fourth District—Cleveland	40
Fifth District—Richmond	28
Sixth District—Atlanta	12
Seventh District—Chicago	58
Eighth District—St. Louis	17
Ninth District—Minneapolis	14
Tenth District—Kansas City	17
Eleventh District—Dallas	8
Twelfth District—San Francisco	13

Bankers were reported to be looki
an oversubscription to the loan. Th
already been preparing for a ca
in full expectation that the notes wo
oversubscribed. Bankers felt ther
great need for a complete success, q
much, in fact, as there was in the c
any of the other Liberty issues. Ban
carrying some $5,000,000,000 of
cates of indebtedness issued in an
tion of the loan, and this amount m
expected to be increased before th
instalment on the subscriptions b
due. The New York *Journal of Co*
remarks that when the insta
begin to be paid they "will presu
suffice to take up the certificates
latter mature, but will leave very l
anything over so that fresh financin
in the opinion of practically all com
observers, begin to be necessary in a
time after the completion of the borr
operation." Not a few predictions
been heard to the effect that in sp
the best disposition in the world
put out another Liberty loan,
action of the sort may in future b

unavoidable. Meantime, a distribution of the fifth loan as widely as possible, in order to relieve the banks of certificates and thus enable them so far as possible to transfer the burden of Government financing to the investing public "will be an essential element in the present financing." As to the outlook for a successful placing of the loan, the same paper says:

"The outlook for the success of this operation has, it is stated, been materially improved as a result of the better prospects for business in the interior, the revival of manufacturing at many points and, last, and perhaps most important, the great growth of agricultural prosperity as indicated by the present crop outlook. The latter will, according to some forecasts, create an excellent reserve of buying-power in the interior which will result in a more successful distribution of the bonds there than would otherwise have been possible. This may make it feasible to take some of the strain off of the city communities which have in former campaigns generally borne the brunt of the struggle to place the issues.

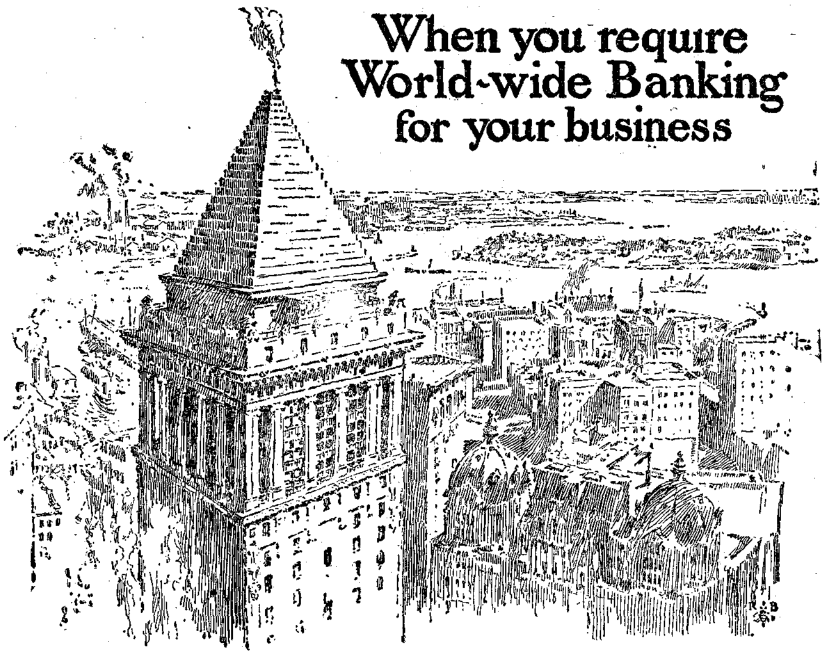
"The banks themselves are in a decidedly more satisfactory position than had been believed possible, partly on account of the relatively slack demand for commercial loans to which they have been subjected and partly on account of the general effort to conserve their funds against this emergency. It is also true that the recent borrowings of the Government on certificates have been intended for the purpose of liquidating obligations previously incurred and have not been used as in the case of former borrowings for the purpose of making new purchases of war-material or for the buying of goods at very high prices. This has made the recent loans somewhat less of a strain on the banks than they otherwise would have been.

"Altho it has been the opinion of some that the heavy payments, both present and prospective, for the current year's income tax would interfere quite materially with the success of the Victory Loan, the first instalment payment on March 15 went off very satisfactorily on the whole, while the next is not payable until two months from date, so that the date of placing the fifth loan falls at a tolerably favorable time with respect to the income-tax settlements. The plan already announced by the Treasury of distributing the instalment payments on the loan over a longer period than in the case of former loans, and the fact that the income-tax law had allowed the spreading out of income-tax instalments over the whole remaining balance of the year, is regarded as helping very decidedly in the actual flotation of the securities.

"It is understood that the Liberty Loan organization has been restored to practically its former basis of efficiency, and is ready to operate upon a plan substantially similar to that adopted in former 'drives.' Some modification of the details of the system then followed may be introduced at minor points, but the general outlines of the procedure are expected to be not very different from that exhibited on former occasions of the same kind."

AS TO BUILDING COSTS IN YEARS SINCE BEFORE THE WAR

In a recent weekly review of business and financial conditions in this country, Moody's Investment Service gave attention to the matter of building costs for the five years 1914–1918 inclusive. To investment and business interests these costs have "large significance," because steel, copper, and cement producers, to say nothing of lumber industries, "are partly dependent upon building operations for their prosperity." Moreover, "all sorts of industrial companies must from time to time build new plants or additions; and under existing circumstances they must write off the excess of present costs over



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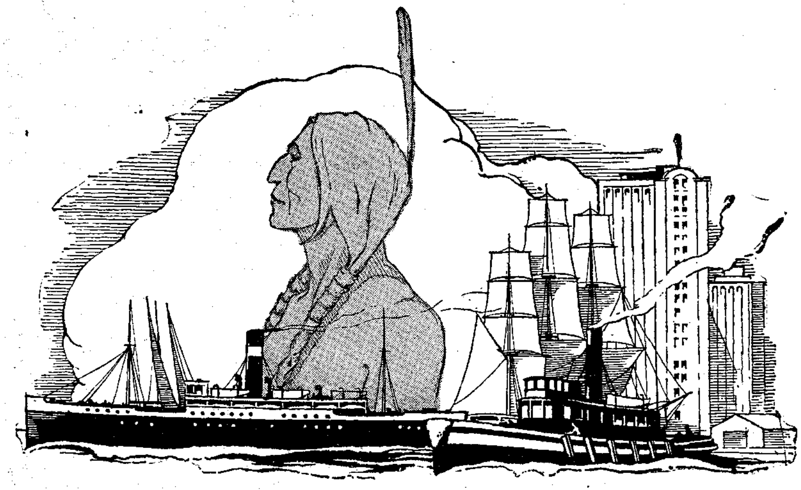

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permanent value," since failure to do s "would overload the capital account Prices of labor and principal materials these being the annual averages—hav changed in these five years as follow the prices being those for eight grades o steel per ton; of window glass per box; o weekly wages in New York State; o cement per barrel; of Hudson River bric per thousand; and of five grades of lumbe per thousand feet:

	1914	*1915*	*1916*	*1917*	*191*
Steel	$28.50	$31.01	$56.67	$90.08	$69
Glass	2.14	2.09	2.48	3.66	5
Labor	12.48	12.85	14.43	16.38	20
Cement	1.58	1.45	1.70	2.05	2
Brick	6.74	5.82	8.20	8.83	11
Lumber	40.67	39.43	41.37	47.39	57

The writer explains that one can no average these prices, "because, for exampl this price of steel is fourteen times as grea as the price of glass, while at the sam time in the building operations of a typic year we use about as much glass as stee measured in dollars. For a typical yea before the war, average requirements we about $120,000,000 of steel per annun $76,500,000 of cement; $540,000,000 lumber; $123,000,000 of glass; $130,000 000 of brick and stone, and apparentl about $225,000,000 of labor." Making d allowance for these proportions, the writ figures an index-number of building cos as follows:

	1914	*1915*	*1916*	*1917*	*191*
Steel	11.400	12.404	22.668	36.032	27.7
Glass	12.198	11.913	14.116	20.862	31.1
Wages	22.464	23.136	25.974	29.484	36.6
Cement	7.584	6.960	8.160	9.840	11.4
Brick	12.806	11.058	15.580	16.777	21.9
Lumber	52.871	51.259	53.781	61.607	75.0
Totals	119.323	116.730	140.279	174.602	203.

Otherwise exprest, he goes on to sa that if 119.3 be taken to represent th average building costs of 1914, the sam average for 1918 was 203.9. In oth words, the costs of 1918 "were 71 per cen higher than those of 1914, and they hav not come down since the end of the war. Putting it the other way around, "th 1914 costs were equivalent to 58½ p cent. of those of 1918." Averaging the five index-numbers, the number for th whole five-year period is 150.967, "an this signifies that the average for the fiv years was equivalent to only 74 per cent. the 1918 costs." In other words, th capitalist or corporation who wishes write down its cost to the average for th five-year period must write off 26 per cen of the 1918 cost. Further comments a made:

"Present costs are higher than the 1918 averages. Steel is off a few dolla per ton, but window glass per box is sellin at $6.55 against the 1918 average of $5.6 Wages generally average about $3.00 p week higher than the 1918 average. Po land cement is selling at $3.20 per barr against last year's average of $2.3 Hudson River common brick are quot at $16.00 per thousand against the abov 1918 average of $11.54. The five grad of lumber represented above are no quoted at $65.00 per thousand as com pared with last year's average of $57.7 In brief, a conservative investor or co poration which does not want a lot water in its assets should write off som thing like 30 per cent. of the present co of a new building. As to the outlook fo building operations at these costs, it anything but charming. Until costs com down a great deal there is not a chance i the world either of a boom in buildin or of an increase to anywhere near norma

"One can easily foresee how these facto are likely to work out in a broad gener way. First, there is no doubt but th lack of demand will force the price of buil ing materials downward. The presen volume of building, measured in floor spac

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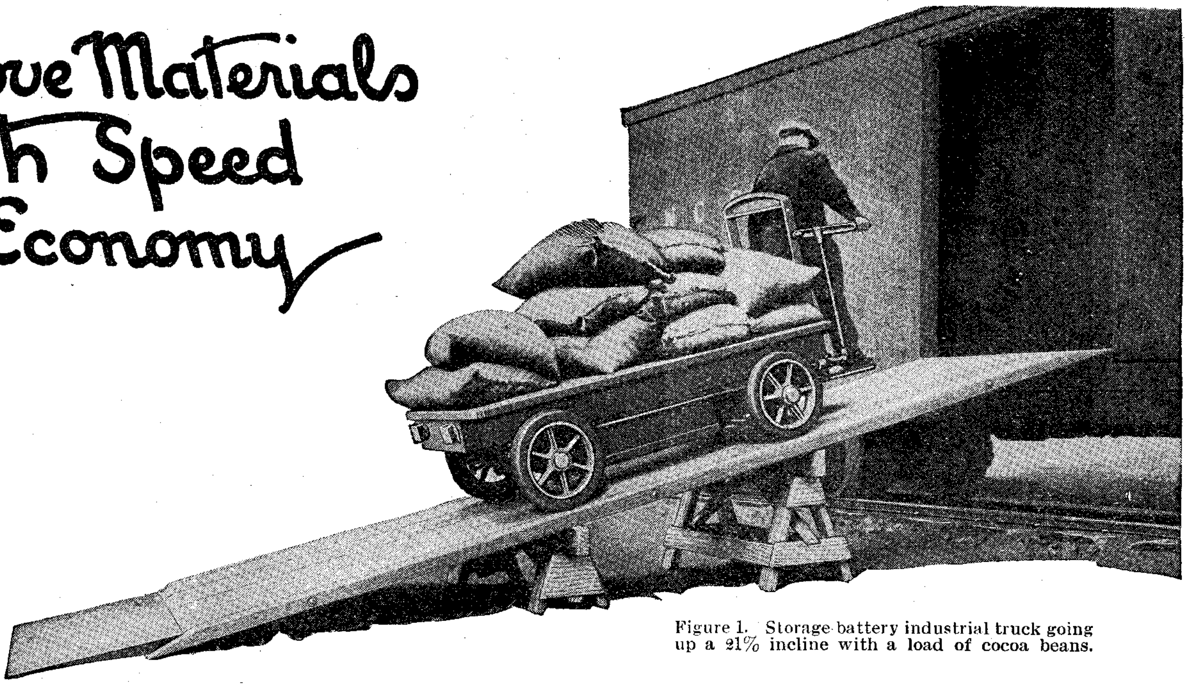

Figure 1. Storage battery industrial truck going up a 21% incline with a load of cocoa beans.

Investigate electric transportation; save money and time; increase production; reduce costs; eliminate congestion.

Electric transportation is not a theory. It is an established modern method, thoroughly demonstrated. It was immediately utilized in speeding production of materials to win the war.

The photographs reproduced on this page are taken in actual service. Figures 1, 2 and 4 are typical of thousands of storage-battery trucks and tractors in service in and around factories, mills, foundries, machine shops, plants, warehouses, railroad and steamship terminals, etc. Note the flexibility of such systems and the advantages of handling bigger loads at increased speed.

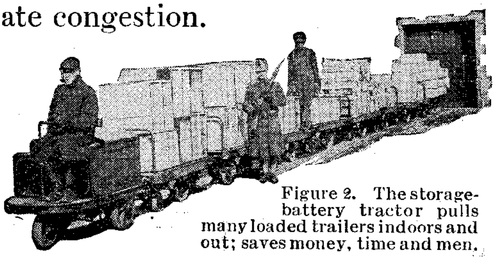

Figure 2. The storage-battery tractor pulls many loaded trailers indoors and out; saves money, time and men.

Figure 3 shows a fleet of electric delivery wagons. Why do the large department stores, bakeries, laundries, express companies, transfer and storage companies and business concerns operate large fleets of electric trucks and delivery wagons? And why do they continue to buy more? *They know their costs.*

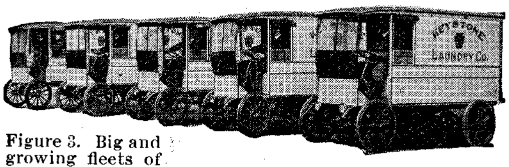

Figure 3. Big and growing fleets of electric trucks and delivery wagons are operated by transportation managers who know their costs.

Figure 5 is a typical storage-battery locomotive. In coal and metal mines, lumber yards and industrial plants, the storage-battery locomotive increases production, decreases cost and replaces mules and horses.

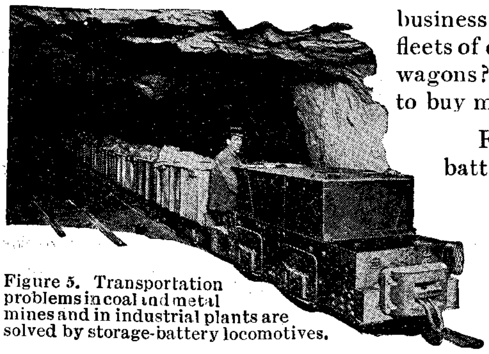

Figure 5. Transportation problems in coal and metal mines and in industrial plants are solved by storage-battery locomotives.

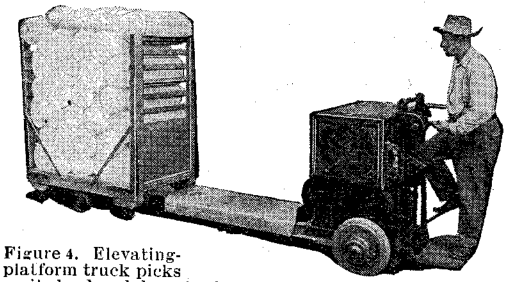

Figure 4. Elevating-platform truck picks up its load and departs. Indispensable for rapid handling of pieces in quantity production.

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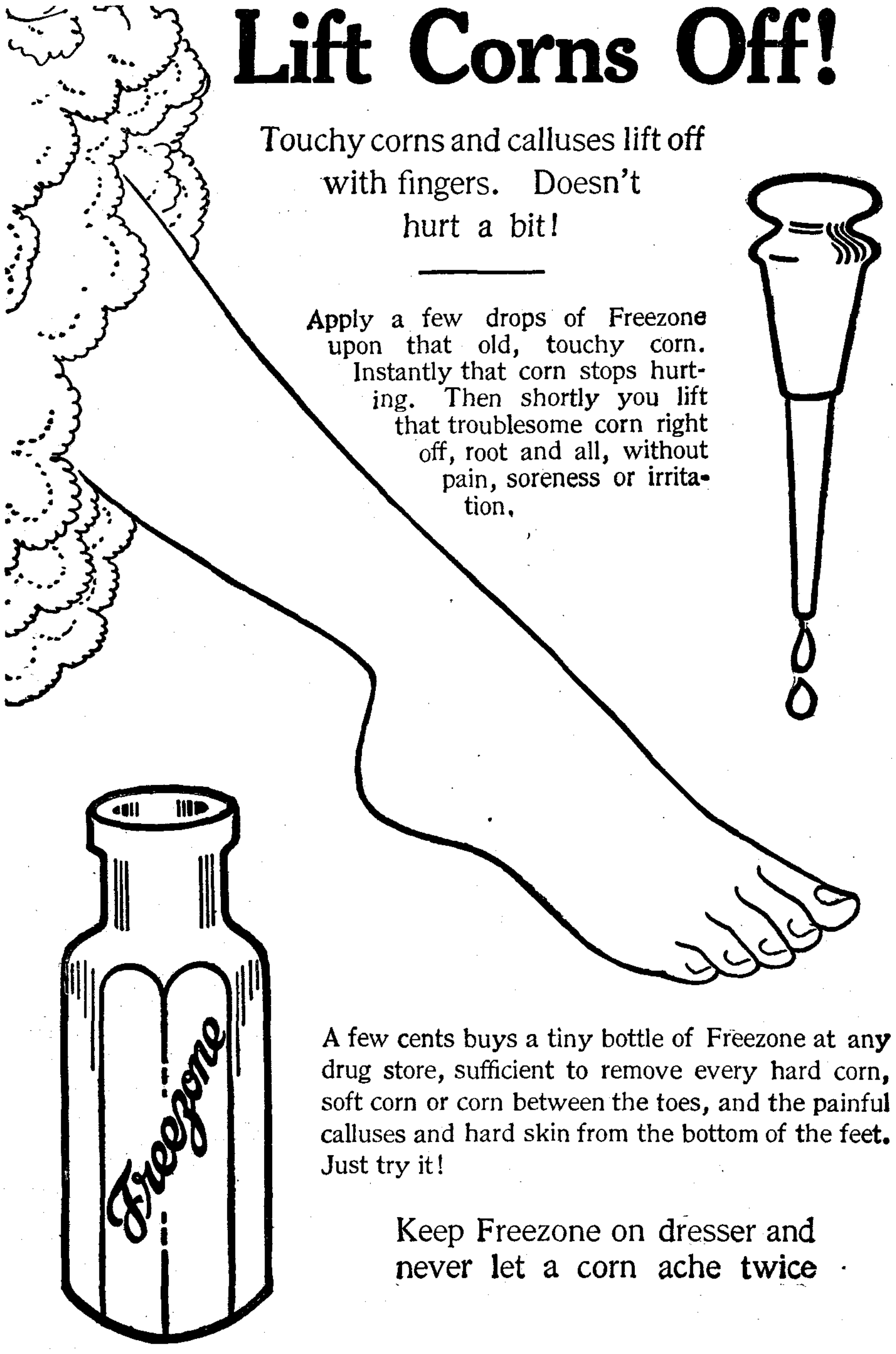

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is probably between a fourth and a fi of normal, whereas the producers of th materials now are or soon will be able produce 100 per cent. of their norn output. Until building improves, wh are they going to do with the unsold thr quarters of it?

"Another development easy to foresee that the rise in rents and the forthcom fall in the value of capital should with a reasonable time, perhaps a couple years and perhaps more, make new bu ings pay even at construction costs s stantially higher than those of 1914. T rise in rents throughout the country m average 15 or 20 per cent., while in do town city property it is very much grea This helps to pay interest on the hig cost; and besides this the price of p manent capital is likely to come down fr the present 6 per cent. to 5 per cent even 4½. Eventually rents, build costs, and the price of capital are bound meet and join hands."

PLEASURE TRIPS TO EUROPE O UNTIL NEXT YEAR

Officials of the great transatlantic l are agreed that there will be no spe movement of American tourists to Eur this year. Even if the present string passport restrictions should be remo with the signing of the treaty of pe present facilities would be inadequate to t care of any considerable traffic, because o about one-third of the number of stean that transported thousands of Ameri tourists to Europe before the war are available for pleasure travel. Furt more, the French and British Governm have informed the United States that t do not desire to entertain visitors this y because hotel accommodations are sufficient, food is scarce, and both coun are busy with reconstruction. Moreo the cost of transatlantic travel has increa from 40 to 300 per cent. The minim first-class rate on the *Mauretania* and *Aquitania*, of the Cunard Line, for pass from New York to Liverpool has jum from $130 to $185. The price of a fi class ticket on the *Adriatic*, of the W Star Line, has advanced from $120 $170. Other increases, of about same percentages, have gone into effec other vessels operated by the I. M. On the French lines the minimum fi class passage from New York to Havr Bordeaux had gone from $105, before war, to $150.

Where the most marked increases h been observed is in travel to the Scand vian countries and to Italy. Before war, it was possible to cruise from N York to Copenhagen, Bergen, and o ports in Norway at a minimum cost $77.50 for first-class passage. The m mum rate is now $215. A first-class ca from New York to Naples or Genoa by Transatlantica Italiana could be ha 1915 for $140. The same accommodat are quoted now at $250. The liners of Navigazione Generale Italiana are ex ing $220 for a first-class passage, w the prewar cost was $80. Second-c accommodations have jumped from to $150. Steerage has soared to $74 f $45.

A writer in the New York *Journ Commerce* explains further that the pre passport restrictions are "so tight that American citizens who are seeking to g Europe on business are permitted to le the ports in this country." The Dep ment of State has declared that "it not deem it advisable at this time to i passports to European countries or Sib for any of the following reasons: Visi parents, relatives, and friends; atten

Mark Well the Mark

Direct Advertising
the "GO-GETTER" *of business*

DIRECT Advertising is the short cut from seller to buyer. It is the personal message in Print—going precisely where it is sent. It reaches the home or the office DIRECT, penetrating all barriers and making an individual contact between the one who sells and the one who uses. Through DIRECT Advertising the Advertiser presents the story of his trustworthiness, his products and his service.

There is NO business, large or small—Maker, Wholesaler, Retailer—that cannot use DIRECT advertising as a "go-getter" of more business.

Direct Advertising Develops Dividends

But—Direct Advertising, to prove a "go-getter" must be thoughtfully planned, skilfully prepared, and intelligently employed. The mediums are—

—house organs
—catalogs
—booklets
—broadsides
—folders
—circulars
—form letters
—mailing cards
—blotters
—specialties.

To get profitable results, Direct Advertising must be more than "just printing." Its importance demands the same care and discretion that you would devote to choosing salesmen to represent you in person.

Type must suggest as well as express; illustration must tell a quick and forceful story; paper must be appropriate to the message and its purpose; ink must harmonize.

U. T. A. Advertising Service as Close as Your Telephone

Sensing the need among Printers for closer co-operation with their customers in planning accurate Direct Advertising, the United Typothetae of America (International Association of Master Printers), has established an Advertising Bureau at its Headquarters' offices.

This Bureau provides experienced counsel and prepares actual "copy," sketches, layouts and complete advertising plans, when the request is issued through a Printer-member of the Association. It is an advertising-merchandising service for all American business, supplied through the thousands of U. T. A. printers, located in practically every city and town of the nation.

Thus, business houses without advertising departments or advertising agency affiliations may obtain superior Direct Advertising service locally. Simply call into consultation the U. T. A. printer. He is animated to service by three motives:

First: He is proud to be a Printer and seeks to preserve the dignity of his calling by enlisting its creative power in your behalf.

Second: He is a Local business man and is therefore eager to co-operate toward the steady progress of all home enterprise.

Third: He has become a Typothetae member because he believes in and practices the ethics of the associated craft—and these bind him to a practical idealism which is expressed in maximum *service* to the customer.

U. T. A. printers may be easily identified by the trade mark shown on this page.

This Informative Booklet Teems With Business Help

The business which has carefully cultivated its selling field reaps a perpetual harvest. But perhaps the crop may be increased.

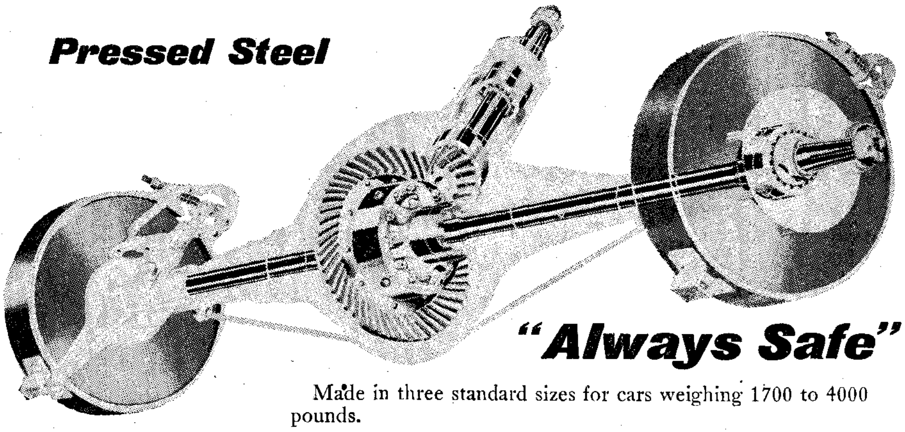
Our new book, "Two Blades of Grass," points out a straight road to business increase, and is well worthy careful reading. It is yours for the asking.

You can profitably adapt its suggestions to your own special purposes. Send for it and judge for yourself.

This Campaign endorsed and Subscribed to by Paper Manufacturers and Merchants, Manufacturers of Printing Machinery, Engravers and Electrotypers

---

United Typothetae of America
(INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MASTER PRINTERS)
TYPOTHETAE:
Pronounced Ti-poth'-ē-tē, from the Greek, meaning "type-placers."
Not conducted for profit
General Offices: Transportation Building, 608 South Dearborn Street, CHICAGO



The Salisbury New Rear Axle

Pressed Steel

"Always Safe"

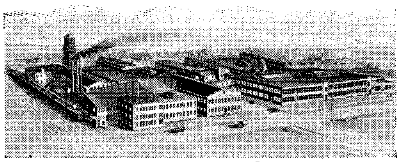
Made in three standard sizes for cars weighing 1700 to 4000 pounds.

The rear axle is pressed steel with chrome nickel steel driving shaft—the front axle is drop forged.

Our new rear axle has many exclusive features—is compact, silent, has fewer parts, less liable to get out of order, ball bearings easy to adjust but cannot bind or grind from too rigid adjustment.

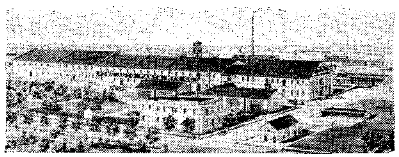
The manufacturer who specifies our axles adds a strong selling point to the prospective purchaser.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY
Established 1902



Jamestown, New York, U. S. A.

PERU AXLE COMPANY
Established 1909



Peru, Indiana, U. S. A.

Exclusive Havana Cigar
MADE IN BOND
U. S. GUARANTEE
—READ THE WHITE STAMP ON EACH BOX—
"CUESTA-REY"
TAMPA — SINCE 1884 — HAVANA

BUCHSTEIN'S FIBRE LIMB
is soothing to your stump—strong, cool, neat, light. Easy payments. Braces for all deformities.
N. Buchstein Co., 113 6th St. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Send for Catalog Today

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez Cigars
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

FAUST INSTANT COFFEE & TEA

For the most delicious cup of coffee or tea, merely put soluble powder in cup, add hot water and serve. Made in a second—No Waste—No Grounds or Leaves—No Boiling or Cooking—No Pots to clean.

Send dealer's name and 35c. (foreign 45c.) for coffee or tea. Dealers supplied direct or by any jobber. Jobbers—Write Us.

Until recently all Faust Instant Coffee (known "over there" as U. S. Trench Coffee) was being shipped to our soldiers. Victory now enables us to again supply the public.

FAUST CHILE POWDER

IS A "DIFFERENT" SEASONING.

You use it instead of pepper, spices, etc. It's a combination of all of them, except salt. For salad dressings, meats, gravies, stews, soups, there's nothing quite so good. Sold by most dealers in 15c., 25c. and 1-lb. cans. If your dealer hasn't it, send 20c. for 2-oz. can and Recipe Pamphlet prepared by Henry Dietz, famous chef of historic Faust Cafe and Bevo Mill.

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber. Jobbers—Write Us.

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE CO., Dept. 4, Saint Louis, Mo.

to legal business, settling estates, lookin after personal property, renewing leases resuming previous residence, tempora residence abroad for health or education ". Thus, the only class that escapes the ba is that which seeks business. Under thes restrictions passenger-liners are abl to take care of substantially every American who desires to go abroad, but the bars were let down, the present numbe of liners could not take care of the flow o passengers. The International Mercantil Marine, which owns the White Star Line is operating about one-fourth of the number of vessels that steamed into this po before its liners were requisitioned by th British Government. In the *antebellun* days there were about twenty-five sailing a month. This has dropt to six or seven All lines admit, however, that the heavies movement of American tourists to Europ in history is expected in 1920. They pre dict a complete restoration of travel by th spring of that year. The writer also says

"The Cunard line and associated companies have twenty large liners unde construction in England. These are c the 20,000-ton size and will be availabl when completed for the various routes c the companies. No statement has bee made as to how many will be placed in th passenger service between ports of th United Kingdom and the United State but if an effort is made to approach th magnitude of the operations before England was plunged into the war, at lea sixteen will be designated for these route The Cunard and the Anchor lines operat twenty-five vessels before hostilities we begun. It is considered highly probabl that the Cunard will endeavor to rebuil its great lines between European ports an America, and it would not be surprizin to the shipping world to hear an earl announcement. It is reported that, as soo as the liners under construction are place in the service, several of the present ship operating will be withdrawn to be converted into oil-burning liners.

"The French line, which operated eig liners between American and French por before August of 1914, has seven vesse that are endeavoring to take care of t exceedingly great demands for passag The *France*, which is being renovated an repaired, will be available on June 1, it announced. The *Provence*, one of the vesse that formerly plied between New York an Havre, was lost during the war, when was serving as a hospital-ship in t Mediterranean Sea. However, none the vessels were lost while engaged the service between America and Franc The liners are participating in the tran port of American troops and are doi capacity business. The Italian lines are joying a tremendous business, owing to t return of Italian citizens, held in Ameri by the exigencies of the war, to their nati land. The liners going to the neutr countries report that owing to passpo restrictions and unsettled conditions traf is light. However, virtually the same nu ber of ships are in operation as were e ployed before the world-war. The No wegian-American has the *Bergensfjord* a the *Stavangerfjord*. The Scandinavia American line, which carried 93,847 pa sengers across the Atlantic during the wa has the *Frederik VII.*, *United States*, a *Hellig Olav* on the sailing schedule. reports the flow of passengers to be bel normal. The Holland-America line, op ating the *Rotterdam*, *Nieuw Amsterda* and *Noordam*, announced that there w little travel between Holland and N York."

Old, But Popular.—" Helen and her n husband have started on their wedding-t in a veritable ecstasy."

" Is that one of the newest makes?" *Baltimore American.*

THE FRANKLIN CAR

Because the Franklin Car combines more satisfying motoring qualities than any other fine car, motorists are turning to it in larger numbers each year.

It gives an unapproachable evenness and consistency of performance, summer or winter, because direct air cooling eliminates water to boil or freeze.

Also, Franklin light weight and flexibility permit that steady, rapid travel over all roads, which gives the greatest driving radius in a day.

And seventeen years of unequaled economy records allow definite statements of what Franklin owners may expect:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
10,000 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

That is why motorists who have been putting statements and shadowy phrases of performance to the test are buying Franklin Cars.

Supremacy in riding comfort, safety, stanchness, ease of handling and simplification of routine care, are matters which Franklin owners will confirm and any Franklin dealer will be glad and able to demonstrate to your satisfaction.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A RETIRED CAPITALIST WRITES:
"Though my Franklin Sedan has been driven in a very hilly section, the front tires have run 28,301 miles. The rear tires were changed after 17,035 miles of service and then only because the treads were too smooth for winter driving. During all the above travel, only one puncture has occurred, and no blowouts."

SPOKE
FELLOE
TIRE
FELLOE
TIRE
ARROW GRIP
NON-SKID CHAINS FOR SOLID TIRE VEHICLES

To Attach—Slip chains around wheel, place on hooks, press down lock.

To Detach—Lift up latch with any handy tool, lift off chains.

"They Go On or Off In a Twinkling"

We adopted Arrow Grips after exhaustive experiments because our drivers can put them on in a few moments without special tools, without unraveling chain, or jacking up the truck. They are the

Master of Traction

Arrow Grips are simple, safe, sure. Adopted by America's leading truck owners. Do not mar the wheel or appreciably injure tire. Just two parts; no special hard-to-replace chain connectors. A size for every truck.

Write for "The Chain of Evidence"

ARROW GRIP MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
Dept. L Glens Falls, N. Y.
Branches in New York, Chicago, Montreal

NON-SKID CHAINS
for your truck

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.

Visit The National Parks

The Incomparable Circle—Rocky Mountain Park, The Yellowstone, Glacier Park, Mt. Rainier, Crater Lake, The Yosemite, The Big Trees, The Grand Canyon.

June to September 1919

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

offers also Midnight Sun Tours to Alaska and Summer Tours to Japan and China. Write for Monthly Bulletin of general travel information and remember always that International Currency—

The American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.
65 Broadway, New York

THE SPICE OF LIFE

"Memories, Memories."—"I see they are making shingles out of cement now."

"Then I recall my wish to be a boy again."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Scotch of It.—"How was it you never let your mother know you'd won the V. C.?"

"It wasna ma turn tae write."—*Punch.*

Truth in Error.—For the work of an absolutely inspired compositor we are indebted to the Boston *Transcript*—"The doctor felt the patient's purse and declared there was no hope."—*London Opinion.*

Moving Letters.—FIRST PATER—"My boy's letters from college always send me to the dictionary."

SECOND PATER—"That's nothing! My boy's always send me to the bank"—*Boston Transcript.*

"Business as Usual."—A sorry blow has been dealt at those who maintain we are not a commercial race. "You gave me prussic acid in mistake for quinin this morning," a man told a chemist the other day. "Is that so?" said the chemist; "then you owe me another twopence."—*Punch.*

So Say We All.—"Do you understand the League of Nations propositions?"

"I think so."

"Would you mind explaining them?"

"I'll feel better if I don't try. I only said I think I understand. Whenever I get to explaining I have my doubts about whether I do or not."—*Washington Star.*

Undying Songs.—"There are songs," said the musician, "that have never, never died. They go ringing down the ages."

"That is true, sir," Brown replied. "For the past six months and upward I have heard my daughter try to kill two or three each evening, but they never, never die."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Circumspection.—"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Johnson, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the haughty young lady, "but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to decline the honor."

"What are those circumstances?" demanded the young man.

"Your circumstances, Mr. Johnson."—*New York Evening Post.*

Real Punishment.—"Germany is going to be badly surprized when the Allies' peace terms are read to her. The peace terms are very severe—just, but very severe."

The speaker was Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt. He went on:

"Germany is going to feel like Rastus Rosin, who was convicted of stealing a hog.

"'Rastus,' the judge said to him, 'you are fined $5.'

"'Jedge,' said Rastus, 'Ah'm obliged to ye. Ah got dat five spot right here in mah left-hand vest-pocket.'

"'Well,' continued the judge, 'just dig down in your right-hand vest-pocket, Rastus, and see if you can find thirty days.'"—*Los Angeles Times.*

Get a Man-Sized Job.—It is so easy to find fault that self-respecting persons ought to be ashamed to waste their energies in that way.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Best Tonic.—WILLIS—"Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery?"

WALLACE—"Oh, yes; he told me he was going to charge me a guinea a visit."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Breaking It Gently.—"I paint what I see," an art-student once said to his master, complacently.

"Well, the shock will come when you really see what you've painted," said the artist.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Proper Retort.—"So you want my daughter, eh?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you any money?"

"A little. How high do you quote her?"—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Deductive Reasoning.—"Why do people say, 'As dead as a door nail?' asked the Boob. "Why is a door nail any deader than a door?"

"Because it has been hit on the head, I suppose."—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Too Cruel.—Mr. F. M. B. Fisher reports that in New Zealand some convicts recently went on hunger-strike because a band played outside the prison. It seems that their ground of complaint was that this was not included in the sentence.—*Punch.*

At the Psychological Moment.—"Father," said the small boy, "what is psychology?"

"Psychology, my son, is a word of four syllables that you ring in to distract attention when the explaining gets difficult."—*Washington Star.*

Model Service.—Bishop Partridge is a collector of anecdotes about ministers, and in an anecdotal mood he said the other day:

"I once asked a minister how he had got through a certain service. He answered grimly:

"'Well, bishop, the service was soothing, moving, and satisfactory.'

"'Yes,' I said a little puzzled.

"'Yes, exactly,' said he. 'It was soothing because over half the congregation went to sleep. It was moving because half of the other half left before I was through. And it must have been satisfactory, inasmuch as I wasn't asked to come again.'"—*Los Angeles Times.*

Beguiling Giles.—Everything in the dear old village seemed the same to Giles after his absence of four years as a prisoner of war in Germany. The old church, the village pump, the ducks on the green, the old men smoking their pipes while the women talked—it was so restful after the treatment he had received at the hands of the enemy.

Suddenly he missed something.

"Where's Hodge's other windmill?" he asked in surprize. "I can only see one mill and there used to be two."

The native gazed thoughtfully around as if to verify the statement. Then he said, slowly:

"They pulled one down. There weren't enough wind for two of 'em!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

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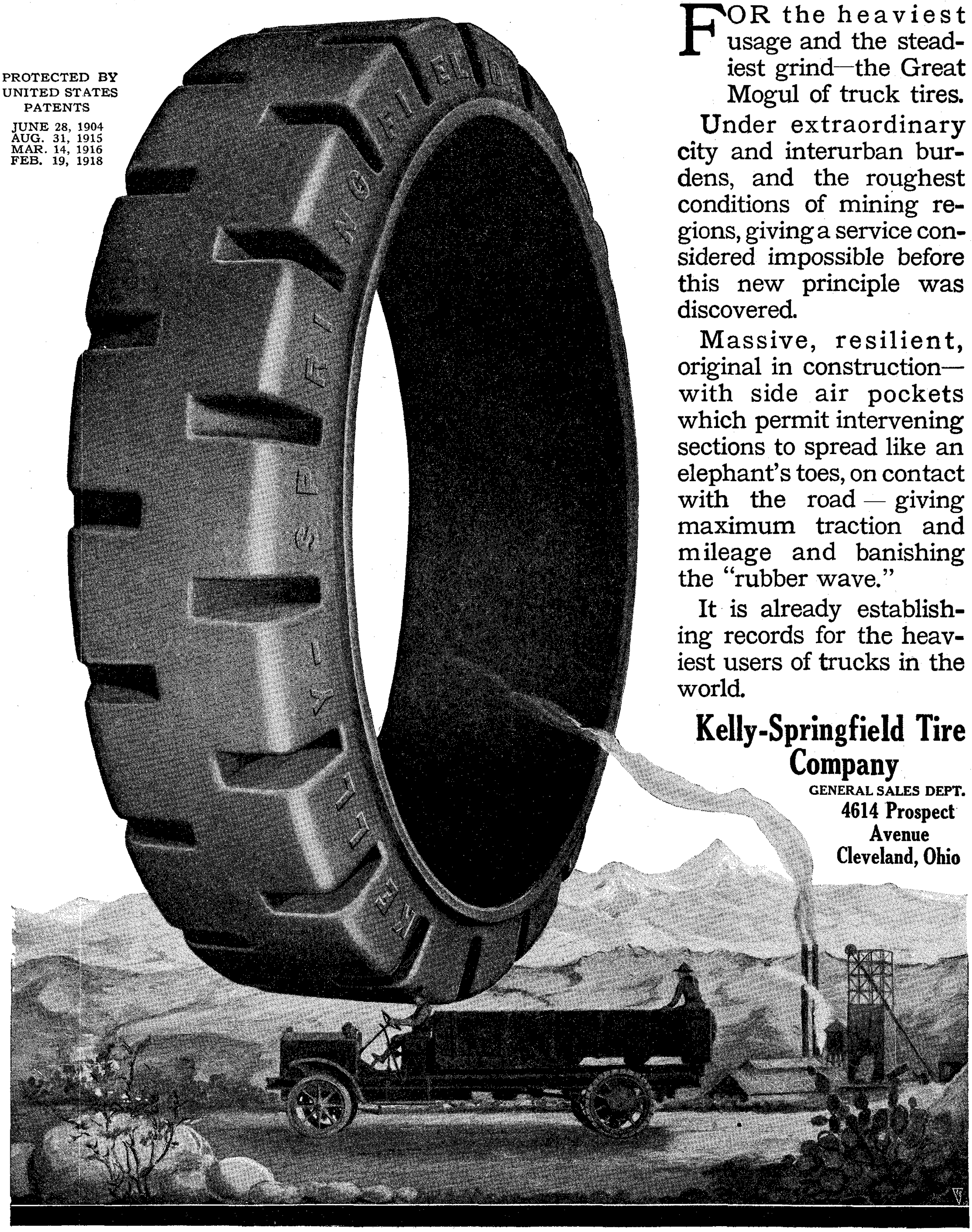
UNITED STATES
PATENTS
JUNE 28, 1904
AUG. 31, 1915
MAR. 14, 1916
FEB. 19, 1918



FOR the heaviest usage and the steadiest grind—the Great Mogul of truck tires.

Under extraordinary city and interurban burdens, and the roughest conditions of mining regions, giving a service considered impossible before this new principle was discovered.

Massive, resilient, original in construction—with side air pockets which permit intervening sections to spread like an elephant's toes, on contact with the road — giving maximum traction and mileage and banishing the "rubber wave."

It is already establishing records for the heaviest users of trucks in the world.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Company
GENERAL SALES DEPT.
4614 Prospect Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
CATERPILLAR TIRES

"INTO EVERY PAIR GO THE RESULTS OF SIXTY SIX YEARS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING SHOES"
1852 AUGUST
W. L. DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

FOR MEN
FOR WOMEN
W.L.DOUGLAS $5.00 SHOE
BOYS' SHOES Best in the World $3 $3.50 $4

W. L. Douglas
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

IF you have been paying $10.00 to $12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W.L.Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W.L.Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W.L.Douglas to protect his customers. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W.L.Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 106 W.L.Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from factory by mail, Parcel Post charges prepaid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas

President W.L.DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY,
161 SPARK STREET,
BROCKTON - - MASS.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"E. D. M.," Shreveport, La.—With reference to the exclamation in Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice," act iv, scene 1, "A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel!" several correspondents suggest that the allusion is to what is sometimes referred to as the "Judgment of Daniel," as narrated in the "History of Susanna," wife of Joakim, one of the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament, beginning with verse 45.

"E. M.," Albany, N. Y.—The word *strength* can not be divided.

"C. D. S.," Gainesville, Fla.—"Please tell me where I can get a copy of the satirical poem entitled 'The Fool's Prayer,' the last line of which reads: 'O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool.'"

"The Fool's Prayer," is by E. R. Sill. You will find the entire poem given in F. L. Knowles's "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," published by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass., for $1.50.

"T. M. B.," Chicago, Ill.—"(1) Should the word *heaven* begin with a capital letter when it refers to the place of abode of all the happy spirits? (2) Should the word *hell* begin with a capital letter when it refers to the place of abode of all the spirits suffering punishment? (3) Should the word *earth* begin with a capital letter when used to refer to our planet?"

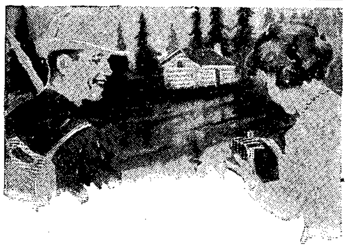
(1) *Heaven* takes a capital initial when it denotes the Supreme Being, and a small letter when used in any one of its many other meanings. (2) *Hell* takes a capital initial when it designates the dominion of Satan or the abode of the departed souls of the evil dead, especially when used in contrast with Heaven, as by Milton in "Paradise Lost," Book 6, line 867. (3) The word *earth*, being regarded as a common noun, is not written with an initial capital letter.

"L. F. G.," Stockton, Cal.—"Please settle for us a dispute about the word *merchandise*. Is it singular or plural? Is it ever correct to use 'merchandise *are*'?"

Modern usage considers the noun *merchandise* as a collective noun used with a verb in the singular, but formerly, that is to say, two hundred and sixty years ago, the word was used with a plural verb. This latter use, however, is now obsolete.

"M. M.," Montrose, Pa.—"Kindly tell me what relation, if any, Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court, is to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author."

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court, is the son of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author and philosopher.



TRAVEL

"Highlands of Ontario" Canada

Millions of acres of pine and balsam with thousands of lakes and streams. The mecca for outdoor men and women. "Algonquin Park"—"Muskoka Lakes"—"30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay"—"Timagami"—"Kawartha Lakes"—"Lake of Bays." Modern hotels. Good fishing and delightful climate. Altitude 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the sea. Write for illustrated literature:

C. G. Orttenburger, 907 Merchants Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
W. R. Eastman, Room 510, 293 West Washington St., Boston, Mass.
H. M. Morgan, 1019 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
J. H. Burgis, 819 Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
A. B. Chown, 1270 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TRAVEL

The greatest assurance of recovery from tuberculosis is provided in this region, chosen by the U. S. Government for its $2,000,000 Army Sanatorium. Over 300 days of sunshine. Low humidity. No dust. Protected from winds.

THE WHITE CROSS Sanatorium
Margaret Waelly, R.N., Superintendent. A homelike institution for a limited number of patients.

THE NEW MEXICO Cottage Sanatorium
Wayne MacVeagh Wilson, Manager. For all classes of Tuberculosis. Established 1905. Separate cottages. Resident physicians. Rates moderate, no extras for ambulant patients. Write for free Booklet "L."

GRANT COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

MODERN TENNIS

By P. A. VAILE, the International Tennis Authority. He deals in detail with every *branch of the game—all the strokes, foot*-work, grip of the racket, singles and doubles, etc., etc. With 34 diagrams and 48 full-page photograph-plates of McLoughlin Brookes, Williams, Wilding, etc., in action.

Cloth bound, $2.00; by mail, $2.16

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY - New York

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ESTABLISHED 1869

INVENTORS—DESIRING TO SECURE patents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch for our opinion of its patentable nature.
RANDOLPH & CO.
Dept. 415, Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW PATRIOTIC PLAYS, Recitations, Entertainments for War-time Benefits, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Minstrel Jokes, Tableaux, Drills. Musical Pieces, Make-up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 34, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

Salesman—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Natl Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 140-D, Chicago

Agents make $50 weekly selling Accident and Sickness Policies for $10 yearly. Pays $5000 death, increasing to $7500. Also $25 weekly benefit for accident or sickness. Quick claim settlements. Permanent income from renewals. $100,000 deposited with State. Address Insurance Co., Dept. P, Newark, N. J

Wanted: Ambitious Workers to start Collection Bureaus. Be independent—make big income yearly. We train and refer business to you. "Scientific Facts" FREE. Nat'l Coll'n Bureau, Dept. 3, 65 Maynard, Columbus, O

DON'T LOSE YOUR RIGHTS
to patent protection. Sign and witness form "Evidence of Conception." This form, book and information sent free. Lancaster & Allwine, 211 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

"MODERN" Duplicator—a business getter $1.50 up. 50 to 75 copies from pen, pencil, typewriter. No glue or gelatine. 35,000 firms use it. 30 Days' trial. You need one. Booklet free J. G. Durkin & Reeves Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.